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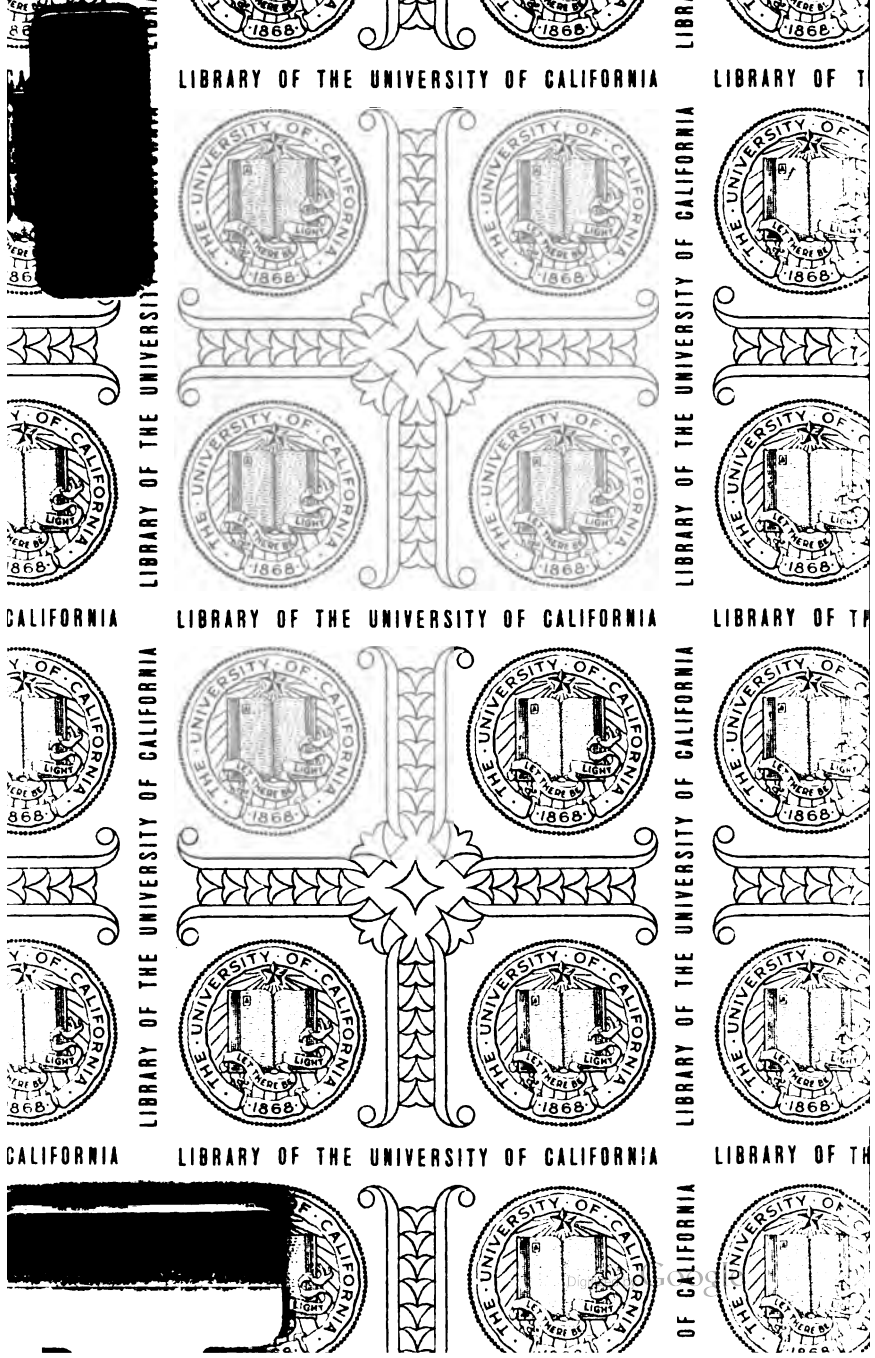
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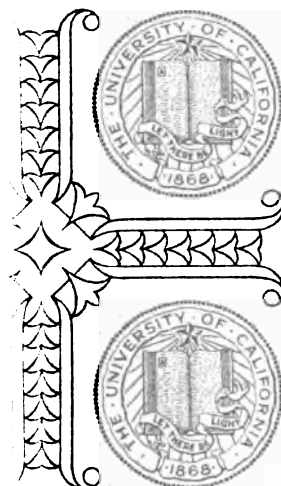
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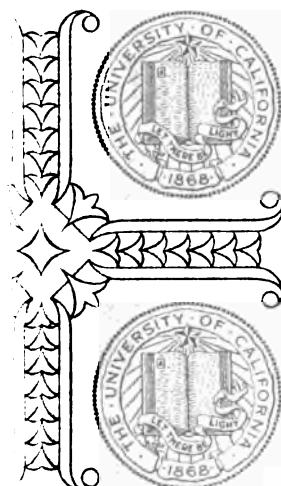
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A  
SECOND-CENTURY SATIRIST;

OR,  
DIALOGUES AND STORIES

FROM  
LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA.

The sage who laughed the world away,  
Who mocked at gods and men and care;  
More sweet of voice than Rabelais,  
And lighter-hearted than Voltaire.

A. LANG.

TRANSLATED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
BY  
WINTHROP DUDLEY SHELDON, LL.D.



DREXEL BIDDLE,

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## PREFACE.

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THE following translation contains nearly all of Lucian's more important and interesting dialogues. The best of the "Dialogues of the Gods" and of the "Dialogues of the Dead," have been included, enough to illustrate fully the character of these light and graceful productions, which have found not a few modern imitators. The "Dialogues of the Dead" have been grouped according to their leading characters, Diogenes, Charon, etc. The Greek text chosen is that of Jacobitz, and for convenience of reference the numbering of the sections in the original Greek has been retained in the translation.

It is the aim of the Introduction to give an account of Lucian's life and also of his times, so far as they throw light upon his career, together with a brief *résumé* of such of his writings as do not appear in these pages. In preparing it, the admirable and appreciative essay of M. Maurice Croiset<sup>1</sup> has been freely consulted.

Lucian abounds in mythological, archæological, literary, historical and biographical allusions. The Notes are intended to supply such information as the general reader, as well as the student of Greek, may require, in order to understand them. Much of the material of the Notes has been drawn from the standard authorities upon classical biography and mythology. And some valuable suggestions have been derived from several of the current editions of selections in the Greek for school use, especially from that of Professor Charles R. Williams.

The translator has endeavored to reproduce the precise thought of the original in clear, fluent,

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<sup>1</sup> *Essai sur La Vie et Les Oeuvres de Lucien*: Paris, 1892.

idiomatic English, and at the same time to preserve, so far as may be possible in passing from one language into another, the genuine spirit and life, the "bouquet" of Lucian himself. It is not always the highest praise, to say of a translation, that it reads as if "to the manner born," with no suggestion of the language from which it was made. A slight "brogue," so to speak, a dash now and then of the "foreign accent," adds, if anything, to its charm, bringing the reader into closer touch with the author.

In his *Essays and Studies* the distinguished Greek scholar, Dr. Basil L. Gildersleeve, says of our author: "Of all the Greek writers of the Empire Lucian presents the most fascinating problems to the student of history. Not Plutarch, . . . not Antoninus, . . . gives us half so much to think about, gives us half so many glimpses of that world which lived such a varied life, which moved under the impulse of such a complex of forces. . . . While Lucian is especially interesting to the Greek scholar, there are but few of his pieces that are interesting only to the Greek scholar. . . . There are not many ancient authors that retain for modern times so much of their essential oil."

W. D. S.

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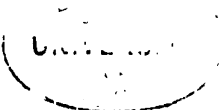
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# **A SECOND CENTURY SATIRIST.**





## A SECOND CENTURY SATIRIST.

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### I.

#### LUCIAN—THE MAN AND THE AUTHOR.

AMONG the literary men of the Second Century by far the most striking figure is Lucian, of Samosata. Living in the post-classical period, when there were few men of mark in the realm of letters, and obscured by the monotonous mediocrity about him, he has received much less attention than his intrinsic merits and his influence upon modern literature would warrant. His writings more than those of any other author, reflect with startling vividness the characteristic phases of the social and intellectual life of that, in many respects, memorable time; and such is their abounding wit and humor and sparkling style, together with the temperament of the man himself, that he has been called the Swift or Voltaire, the Rabelais or Heine of that day. Singularly unlike every one of them, yet he has enough in common with each, to suggest, if not to fully justify, the comparison. He was a kindred spirit with Aristophanes, whose successor he was in the direct line of literary descent; and no writer of antiquity has so distinctively a modern flavor and such a close affinity with the spirit and temper of the life of to-day. With wide knowledge and experience of the world, a shrewd and penetrating observer, with a highly poetic nature and fertile imagination, skillful in the delineation of character and of rare dramatic power, endowed with gifts of wit and satire seldom equalled in literature with which to smite the shams and follies of the day, and, withal, a man of independence and courage, he would have little difficulty in becoming naturalized in this century. Here and now he would find as varied and

congenial a field for the exercise of his special talent; for in many of its characteristic tendencies and types of thought and life, the age in which he lived had much in common with the present.

For several centuries after his death he seems to have been ignored by pagan writers, who saw their own traditions day by day losing ground and naturally enough entertained no friendly feeling toward one in whose writings their adversaries had found an arsenal of weapons. This may possibly account for the silence of Philostratus in his *Lives of the Sophists*. As for the representatives of Christianity, they could well avail themselves of the ammunition he had put into their hands; but one can readily understand why it was impossible for them to show any sympathy with his essential tendencies. In the middle ages Christianity, now become the arbiter of pagan reputations, regarded him with aversion as an Epicurean and an unbeliever who, it was claimed, had spoken irreverently of the "faith." At the same time it approved the satirist who had turned the Olympian gods into derision, and also accepted with favor certain sentiments of the moralist, especially his habit of estimating the good things of this life from the point of view of death. In like manner the Byzantine scholiasts, taking counsel of prejudice and misconception, rather than of fact, described him as an atheist, a liar, and a blasphemer and even an apostate<sup>1</sup> from Christianity. They studied him, however, and sought to profit by whatever excellences he seemed to them to possess. The imitations which have come down to us, of some of his dialogues, attest how much his works were at that time read and admired. It is, however, from the Renaissance that the wider influence of Lucian dates. It was then that he began to receive a juster and more generous appreciation. The list is a long one of those writers who during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were indebted to him. Erasmus is worthy of special mention. He not only translated into Latin a number of Lucian's writings, but, what is more, he proved himself in his own works the heir of his spirit.

<sup>1</sup> The charge that he was an apostate Christian was based upon the *Philopatris*, a tract now recognized as not Lucian's at all, but belonging to a much later date.

## BIRTHPLACE AND EARLY LIFE.

For the materials of his biography we have to depend almost exclusively upon the incidental and scanty allusions contained in his own writings.<sup>1</sup> From these, however, it is possible to determine the general outlines of his life and with a good degree of accuracy what manner of man he was.

The date of Lucian's birth is uncertain, but probably was not later than 125 A.D. There are some considerations which it is not necessary to enlarge upon here, that are thought to indicate the year 120 as, perhaps, the more likely date, unless we agree with M. Croiset that the *Hermotimus*, written when Lucian was forty years<sup>2</sup> old, was composed in 165. His death probably took place about the year 200, so that his life very nearly spanned that most remarkable period in the history of the Empire, the Age of the Antonines, covering the reigns of Hadrian, the versatile cosmopolitan, the unaffected, just and kindly Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, the consummate flower of Stoic philosophy, the cruel Commodus, and the earlier years of the strong, but unscrupulous Septimius Severus.

Samosata, his native town, was a Syrian city of considerable size and strongly fortified, upon the western bank of the upper Euphrates, and the ancient capital of the kingdom of Commagené. It was in the midst of a small, but rich district, and owed its importance to the fact, that it commanded one of the principal passages of the river and was therefore a leading thoroughfare for communication with Central Asia. Its ancient

<sup>1</sup> Such ancient writers as refer to him at all hardly more than mention his name, with some of his writings. The work which passes under the name of Suidas, but of a very much later date than Lucian, says he "was called a blasphemer or slanderer, because in his dialogues he maintains that the stories told about the gods are ridiculous. He was born in the time of the Emperor Trajan, or somewhat earlier. He was once an advocate in Antioch of Syria, but making a failure of it, he turned his attention to writing speeches for others to deliver, and composed no end of things. The story is that he was killed by dogs, because he raged against the truth, for in his life of Peregrinus (See Appendix II.) he attacked Christianity and blasphemed the very Christ—blackguard that he was. Therefore also for his fury he paid penalties enough in the present world; and in the world to come he will be heir of everlasting fire with Satan." The few glimpses we have of his early history are given in the *Dream*, which probably served as an introduction to a course of readings before his fellow-townsmen of Samosata, whither he had returned, when about forty years of age, after a long sojourn in foreign lands.

<sup>2</sup> The *Hermotimus*, 18.

name survives in the modern *Sempsat*, or *Samisat*. While its population remained essentially Syrian, it no doubt was powerfully affected by the wave of Greek influence which was set in motion toward the east in the latter half of the fourth century B.C. by the conquests of Alexander the Great, and which under the Seleucidae, kings of Antioch, to whom Samosata was long tributary, continued to rise higher and higher, until Syria had become substantially Hellenized, even before it fell under Roman rule. Commagené was made a province of the Empire in the year 18 B.C. and remained such until A.D. 38, when Caligula restored it to Antiochus Epiphanes, a prince of the ancient royal family, who was, however, deposed by Vespasian in 72, from which time the district was governed as a Roman province. Samosata was long garrisoned by a legion of Syrian troops as an outpost against the Parthians. Its people were of the same stock as the Phœnicians and Hebrews, and it was one of the few towns that retained their native names after the Macedonian domination had become fully established. The native religious cultus had not been superseded by the Greek, but outwardly at least had become assimilated to it, adopting side by side with its own the corresponding names of the Greek deities. Like his countrymen in general, Lucian seems never to have been ashamed of his Syrian birth. He mentions it several times<sup>4</sup> and apparently with considerable self-satisfaction. For his self-love was flattered, as he reflected upon the contrast between the culture and distinction he attained in his later years and his humble origin in remote Samosata, among a people who had never cultivated in any true sense science, art, or philosophy even in their chief city of Antioch, and who in all the centuries of Greek influence had never furnished another so notable a name in Greek literature. Syrians were everywhere throughout the Roman Empire, but they were known as jockeys and actors, flute players, street musicians and ballet dancers, wrestlers and boxers, buffoons and jugglers.

Less than two hundred miles from the populous, busy,

<sup>4</sup> The *Double Indictment*, 25, 27; the *How to Write History*, 24; the *Angler*, 19; the *Scythian*, 9.

splendid and luxurious Antioch and on the highway between Asia Minor and the East, Lucian's native town was affected, at least in the larger outlines of its life, by the intellectual activity that prevailed in the cities of Ionia. The Greek schoolmaster was no stranger in Samosata; and doubtless the usual school privileges found in the larger towns to the westward were to be had there, furnishing the youth with a knowledge of reading, writing, and counting, and including something of grammar and literature, music and gymnastics, geography, drawing, and geometry.

Lucian's parents were worthy working people of small means, fairly intelligent and of good common sense, with the honorable ambition to bring up their son to some regular employment by which he could gain an honest living. His mother was daughter of a statuary and had two brothers who followed the same calling. Lucian was sent to school, probably at quite an early age, and continued there until his sixteenth or seventeenth year. From a study of his manhood, coupled with one or two facts we know of his early years, we may reasonably infer that he was neither a dull, nor a precocious scholar, but a genuine, healthy boy of exuberant life, spinning his top, playing ball or other games with the best of them, a leader among his fellows, an honest, thoughtful, manly boy, quick-witted, enterprising and persevering, with a dash of playful mischief and a mind of his own, and not always occupied with the studies of the school curriculum. Lucian himself gives us one incident of his school days, which, trifling though it was, throws some light upon them and, as we shall see, came very near shaping his future career. He tells us that when the daily school session was over he used to amuse himself, notwithstanding the beating he got for it from his teachers, with scraping off the wax from his writing tablets and skillfully fashioning it into cattle, horses, and even men.

In these early years he obtained a fair knowledge of the Greek language, corrupted indeed into a provincial *patois* by contact with the native Syrian, but the basis of the skill and grace with which he came to use it afterward; and no doubt the seed was then sown, which,



under the culture of later life and more favorable surroundings, ripened into that wide familiarity with the masterpieces of Greek literature which his works illustrate.

#### HIS APPRENTICESHIP AS A STATUARY.

But at last his school days were over, and the same grave problem that so often puzzles modern parents, forced itself upon the father and mother of this bright, active, aspiring youth—what should they put him to? In their perplexity they took counsel with their family friends. He had been kept in school longer probably than was usual with the youth of Samosata, and at this gathering it was suggested that he be given a liberal education. But most of those present regarded this as out of the question. It would require too much time and an expense far beyond his parents' means. Moreover, the self-reliant youth seems to have had some notions himself about the matter. If he should master a trade, he would probably be able to get his living out of it and thus be no longer dependent upon his parents, and he could gladden their hearts by repaying them from his wages. Then as one and another suggested some employment for consideration, the father bethought himself of his son's *penchant* for moulding wax figures, of which he reminded the company; and turning to one of the uncles of the boy, a stone mason and Hermæ-carver<sup>6</sup> of some reputation, he said to him: "It isn't right that he should learn any other trade. So take the youth under your care and train him to be a good workman in stone and in carving statues." All agreed that this was the thing to be done and expressed their confident anticipations of the boy's ultimate success.

Accordingly on the appointed day Lucian began work in his uncle's shop, well-pleased on the whole at the turn affairs had taken, for now he would have an opportunity to show off before his mates, as they watched him with envious eyes, while he carved gods and made

<sup>6</sup> Hermæ consisted of a head, usually that of Hermes, resting upon a quadrangular pedestal, the total height being about that of a man. They were used to mark boundaries and were set up before houses, temples and tombs and in gymnasia, palæstræ, libraries and porticoes, also at the corners of streets and on the high roads as sign posts, with distances inscribed upon them and sometimes moral verses.

statuettes. But his elation was short-lived, for his very first lesson shattered the hopes of both himself and his friends, though in after years he must have regarded its issue as almost a prophecy of what was to be his future career. His uncle, placing a chisel in his hand, set him at work upon a slab of marble, with the caution to be careful about striking it too hard, encouraging him with the old saw, "Well begun is half-done," which has seen service since, at least, the days of Hesiod. From lack of skill, or in his youthful impetuosity he brought the chisel down too hard; and alas! the slab was broken. His uncle flew into a passion at the clumsiness of his apprentice, and seizing a stick which happened to be conveniently near, initiated him into his art, as Lucian says, in no gentle or persuasive fashion. His illusion thus rudely dispelled, the boy dropped his chisel and ran home crying, to his mother's protecting aegis. Into her sympathizing ears he poured the story of the treatment he had received and showed her his bruises, protesting that it was all owing to his uncle's jealousy of his promising talents. His mother naturally took the affair greatly to heart and bitterly upbraided her brother for his harshness. That night the high-spirited youth sobbed himself into a troubled sleep, anon awaking to brood over what had happened. As he slept, a wonderful vision, he tells us, came to him, which made such a vivid impression upon his mind, that he professes to have remembered it more than twenty years later in the minutest particulars, for it marked the turning point in his life. It is not improbable that he really did have a vision, in some of its essential features the same, though not so highly colored, as he afterward described it to the wondering listeners of Samosata. For we must remember that he lived in an age of dreams and was himself endowed with much of the lively imagination of his native orient, which, wrought upon by the excitement of beginning his new work and by the tragic events of the day, not unnaturally conjured up before his mind the "baseless fabric of a vision." It is fair to assume from the qualities of character and mind shown in his later career, that as he approached manhood he had not

looked forward with unmixed satisfaction to spending his days in Samosata in the irksome, monotonous round of some mechanical trade. Glimpses had come to him of that outer world to the westward, full of movement and intellectual activity in philosophy and the rhetorical art. Occasionally the sophists and rhetoricians in their travels had visited his native town to give their courses of lectures, just as he himself did many years afterward, and perhaps had drawn around them some of the youth of his own acquaintance. All this no doubt had awakened within him vague impulses and aspirations for something better, which only failed to take definite form because of the poverty of his home, and had been cheerfully put aside in obedience to his parents' wishes. The sudden and tragic issue of his first attempt at learning a trade now forced these old-time yearnings more distinctly upon his attention, and he could not endure to go back again into his uncle's studio. Thus the precise conditions were at hand, which might naturally be expected to supply the basis for such a vision as he describes.

#### THE DREAM.

Two women seized hold of him by his hands, each striving with might and main to get possession of him, so that in their mutual rivalry he was almost torn asunder; and meanwhile they angrily disputed each other's claims. The one was a muscular, masculine looking woman, the "horny-handed" daughter of toil, her hair unkempt and slovenly, her dress suited to her, occupation; and she was covered with the dust and dirt of the atelier, like his uncle, when polishing the marbles. But the other was beautiful to look upon, of handsome figure and tastefully and elegantly dressed. At last, wearied out, each makes her appeal to the youth himself to decide with which he would cast in his lot. The masculine one speaks first:<sup>6</sup>

"I, my dear child, am the Art of Sculpture, which yesterday you began to learn—a near friend of yours, and also one of your own kith and kin on your mother's side. For your grandfather"—speaking the name of

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<sup>6</sup> *The Dream*, 7, 8.

my mother's father—'was a marble-mason, and your two uncles are both very famous through me. If you are willing to eschew the stuff and nonsense which proceed from this one'—pointing to the other—'and to be my companion and dwell with me, first of all you will grow up manly and have the shoulders of an athlete, and you will not be exposed to any jealousy and will never leave your own country and kin and go away to a foreign land, nor will all applaud you for mere words. Don't be disgusted at the shabbiness of my looks or the squalor of my dress. For it was with no better start than this that the famous Phidias<sup>7</sup> came to portray Zeus to the life and Polyclitus executed his statue of Heré and Myron won golden opinions and Praxiteles was admired. Indeed, these men are revered along with their gods. If now you should become one of them, you will assuredly be thought famous yourself among all men; you will make your father, too, an object of envy and render your country also the admiration of all beholders.' This and yet more Sculpture said, stuttering much and speaking gibberish for the most part, stringing her words together with great urgency and trying hard to win me over. But I no longer remember it, for the most that she said at once escaped my memory.

When, however, she finished speaking, the other began substantially as follows:

"I, my child, am Culture, already an intimate acquaintance of yours, though as yet you have not made full proof of me. This woman has stated in advance what great benefits you will procure for yourself by becoming a marble-mason. Nay, you will be nothing but

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<sup>7</sup> Phidias: (490-432 B. C.) The most celebrated of Greek sculptors. His masterpiece, perhaps, was the statue of Zeus, referred to in the text, executed in gold and ivory for the temple at Olympia. The god was represented as seated upon a magnificent throne; his head bore a wreath of olive; in his right hand he held a statue of victory, in his left a sceptre surmounted by an eagle. Including the pedestal the statue was over fifty feet high. Polyclitus (452-412 B. C.) was a famous statuary in both bronze and marble. The statue of Heré, wife of Zeus, referred to in the text, was made in gold and ivory for a temple of hers near Argos. Myron (born about 480 B. C.), an artist in bronze, was especially famous for animal pieces, of which the "Cow" was the most celebrated. A work of higher art was his Discobolus, or quoit-thrower. Praxiteles (about 390 B. C.) especially excelled in representing the softer beauties and graces of the human form. His most important work was the statue of Aphrodite, which the people of Cnidus regarded as such a treasure that on no account would they part with it.

\* The Dream, 9-13.

a workman, toiling with your body and having invested in this toil absolutely all your life's hope, obscure yourself, receiving small and mean wages, dejected in mind and making a sorry show when you appear in public, neither much sought after by friends, nor feared by enemies, nor an object of envy to your fellow-citizens, but a mere workman and nothing more, one of the common herd, all your life long cowering before your superior and paying court to him who can talk, leading a hare's life, and a prize for every one stronger than yourself. But suppose you should become even a Phidias or a Polyclitus and should execute many admirable works, all will praise your skill, but not one of those who look on, if he is in his senses, would wish to become like you. However good a sculptor you may be, you will be regarded as a mechanic and artisan and as one who lives by the work of his hands.

"But if you obey me, I will in the first place show you many things that men of old have wrought; I will relate their wonderful doings and sayings and make you acquainted with almost everything; and your soul—that which is the supreme element of your being—I will adorn with many goodly ornaments, with self-control, righteousness, piety and gentleness, with sweet reasonableness, mother-wit, and patient endurance, and with the love of the beautiful and the impulse toward what is most noble. For these qualities are in very truth the soul's chaste adorning. Nothing pertaining to the past shall escape your notice, nor aught that is to happen in the present; nay more, in my company you will foresee even the future; in a word, all things that exist, both divine and human, I will soon teach you.

"'You who just now were poor, the son of What's-his-name, and had resolved on so mean a trade, will after a little be emulated and envied by all, honored and applauded and held in esteem for your most excellent talents and admired by those eminent for birth or wealth. You will wear such clothing as I do'—with this she pointed to her own apparel, for she was dressed with very great elegance—and you will be thought

worthy of a place in the civil service<sup>9</sup> and of a reserved seat<sup>10</sup> at the theater.

“ ‘And if perchance you visit foreign parts, you will not be unknown or unnoticed even in a strange land. Such are the marks I shall bestow upon you, that everybody who sees you will call his neighbor’s attention to you and point you out with his finger, saying: ‘There he is, yonder!’” And if any calamity befall either your friends or even the community at large, all will look to you for relief. Should you chance somewhere to say something, the multitude will listen with open mouths, admiring and congratulating you for your ability as a speaker and your father on account of his prodigy of a son. The common saying that some forsooth are made even immortal who once were human beings, I will bring to pass in your case. For even if you yourself depart out of the world, never will you cease associating with the cultured and holding intercourse with the best. You see the illustrious Demosthenes<sup>11</sup>—whose son he was, and how great I made him. You see the well-known Æschines, who was son of a kettle-drummer; but nevertheless on my account Philip paid court to him. And Socrates,<sup>12</sup> himself also bred in the sculptor’s art, as soon as he came to know what was better and, running away from her, deserted to me—you hear how his praises are sounded by all.

“ ‘But if you pay no regard to such great and distinguished men themselves, to brilliant deeds, sublime dis-

<sup>9</sup> Civil service: Under the Antonines scholars were often appointed to office. Lucian himself was given—probably by Commodus—a position in connection with the courts in Egypt.

<sup>10</sup> Reserved seat: It was an old Athenian custom to assign the front tiers of seats in the theatre to members of the Council and to generals, archons, priests, foreign ambassadors and other distinguished persons. These seats were generally more elaborate, e. g., the armchairs of Pentelic marble, in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens.

<sup>11</sup> Demosthenes was son of a manufacturer of arms, cutlery and furniture. Æschines, his famous rival, was son of Leucothea, the kettle drummer (*De Coronis*, 284). His mother is said to have been a priestess in the foreign religious cults, whose secret rites, not of a reputable character, were quite popular in Greece. The kettle-drum was used in the wild orgies of these occasions. Philip II. of Macedon treated Æschines with distinguished consideration and gave him landed property.

<sup>12</sup> Socrates was son of the sculptor, Sophroniscus, and in his youth, according to Grote, followed his father’s occupation and executed various works, among them a group of the Graces, which Pausanias of the second century A. D. speaks of as in his day still to be seen upon the Acropolis. It is at least doubtful whether he devoted himself to sculpture long enough to attain any such skill as this would indicate.

course and elegance of mien, to honor, glory and praise and opportunities for civic preferment, power and office, to reputation for eloquence and to compliments upon one's intelligence, it will be your lot to put on a dirty frock and assume a bearing befitting a slave; in your hands you will have crowbars, knives, chisels and graving tools; your body will be bowed down to your work and you will grovel in the dust, be of low estate and in every way abject, never lifting up your head or having any thought worthy of a man or of a freeman. Nay, while you take thought beforehand to have your carved work well-proportioned and full of grace, you will concern yourself least as to how you personally shall be symmetrical and well-ordered, but will render yourself more ignoble than your blocks of stone.'

"While she was still talking in this strain, I rose up without awaiting the conclusion of her appeal, and made known my decision; and forsaking yonder begrimed workwoman, I cast in my lot with Culture very joyfully, especially as the cudgel came into my mind and the thought that yesterday at the very beginning the former had caused not a few blows to be given me. But she who had been abandoned, in the first place was angry, smote her hands together and gnashed her teeth, and at last, just as we hear was Niobé's<sup>13</sup> fate, she became rigid and turned into stone. Well, if she did have an improbable experience, don't be incredulous, for wonder-working is characteristic of dreams.

"But the other woman looked at me and said: 'Rest assured I shall reward you for this decision, because you have decided the matter rightly. Come, then, at once! Mount upon this chariot'—pointing to a sort of car which had a kind of winged coursers like unto the Pegasus—'in order that you may see what great things you were sure to remain ignorant of, had you not followed me.'

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<sup>13</sup> Niobé, wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, was so proud of her seven sons and as many daughters that she presumed to regard herself as superior to Leto, who had only two, Apollo and Artemis, and forbade the Thebans to sacrifice to Leto. This so angered Apollo and Artemis that they slew them all. In her grief Niobé returned home to her father, Tantalus, king of Lydia. Here on Mount Sipylus the gods changed her into stone, which always in summer-time shed tears. The legend was a favorite subject in art, e.g., the famous Niobé group in the gallery of the Uffizi in Florence.

"When I had mounted, she held the reins and drove; and ascending on high, I began with the east and from there as far as the extreme west took a survey of cities, nations, and hamlets, while I sowed something upon the earth exactly as Triptolemus<sup>14</sup> did. Just now, though, I do not remember what it was that I scattered, but this circumstance only, that the men above whom I chanced to soar kept applauding, as they looked up from below, and attended me on my way with words of good augury. My companion, after showing me so many things and pointing me out to those who saluted us with their acclamations, conducted me back again, no longer clad in that dress, which I had when I started on my aerial voyage, but I fancied I was returning home something of a grandee. Then, too, when she met with my father who stood awaiting us, she showed him that beautiful costume and in what glory I had come back, and also gave him a gentle reminder of the plans concerning me which he came within an ace of consummating. I remember having seen these things when I was but just past boyhood, greatly troubled in mind, I imagined, because of the fear excited by the flogging."

In this graphic description, stripped of its poetic garb, we can discover that there was a critical moment in Lucian's early life, when like Heracles in the famous *Choice*<sup>15</sup> described by Prodicus, he stood at the parting of two ways and must choose either to walk in the humble path which his ancestors had trod for generations, or yield to those inner promptings, which told him there was something, though as yet he knew not what it was, higher and better for him to do in the world, than turning out Hermæ all his days in a little shop on a narrow, dirty lane of Samosata.

#### A STUDENT OF RHETORIC IN IONIA.

The next day after this night of dreaming we may be sure he did not return to his apprenticeship. He had

<sup>14</sup> Triptolemus, son of Celeus, king of Eleusis, commissioned by Demeter, the patron goddess of agriculture, traveled above the earth in a chariot with winged dragons and scattered grain seed, thus disseminating the knowledge of agriculture. See Ovid, *Fasts* 4, 507-578.

<sup>15</sup> The *Choice of Heracles*: See Appendix I. No doubt Lucian modelled the story of his dream upon the allegory of Prodicus.



made up his mind to that, and doubtless his mother sustained him in it. Unfortunately he has not told us what was the immediate sequel to the affair. But it is quite unlikely that he left home at once on those travels, which occupied most of the succeeding twenty or twenty-five years. Probably he remained for awhile longer in Samosata, either waiting for something to turn up, or going back for a season to his studies, possibly under the brief tuition of some traveling sophist or rhetorician, who, finding him a capable pupil, may have fired the imagination of the youth by stories of the attractions and opportunities of the cities of Ionia.

When next we hear of him he is wandering from place to place in western Asia Minor, intent upon fitting himself to be a rhetorician.<sup>16</sup> How he obtained the means to do this he does not tell us. But from the poverty of his parents he had to depend upon himself and hence must have had a hard struggle, from which, however, he did not flinch. A mere stripling less than twenty years of age, he sets forth from home to win his way in the world, staff in hand—for he must travel mainly on foot—clad in a coarse Median doublet after the Syrian fashion and betraying his origin by the mongrel provincial dialect of his native district, but with a certain natural buoyancy of spirits, though he was ignorant of what the future had in store for him. For several years he roamed from place to place, gaining a somewhat precarious livelihood and meanwhile preparing himself for the profession of 'rhetor,' which he may perhaps have definitely decided upon before leaving home, but more likely after he came to breathe the more stimulating intellectual atmosphere of the great Ionian cities. Here rhetoric, at that time the equivalent of our higher, or liberal, education, was sedulously cultivated at all the great centers, especially at Smyrna, Ephesus, and Pergamus, whither Scopelianus, Polemon, Aristocles, Aristides and others of almost equal celebrity attracted disciples from all over Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and even from Egypt. To use the

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<sup>16</sup> *The Double Indictment*, 37.

expression of Philostratus,<sup>17</sup> all Ionia was a kind of grand philosophical or rhetorical school, so universal was the enthusiasm for these studies. The very air was full of them; and no wonder that Lucian, ardent, imaginative, ambitious, conscious in some measure of his own powers and attracted by the emoluments of fame and fortune which such a career offered, gave himself up to the profession of rhetoric with a singleness of devotion, which he is fond of representing in the guise of a lover's passion for his betrothed. "He bowed down to her; to her he paid court, and she was the sole object of his worship."<sup>18</sup> It is scarcely probable that Lucian was a pupil of the more distinguished teachers like those mentioned above, else he would have given us some intimation of the fact. He was too poor to pay the large fees that they exacted, and so he had to content himself with instructors of less repute. Aside from the technique of the art and the practice which he received under their direction, he was probably more indebted for his education to his own individual efforts and to his close study of the accepted models of classic style. Whatever guidance he received, be it little or much, seems to have developed in a natural way what was in the young man himself.

The passion for public speaking was even more common then than now. It was an age of declamation and endless talk; and the primary purpose of a liberal education was to qualify a person to plead in the courts, write orations for others to deliver, pronounce show discourses, or to be a professional lecturer or teacher from the platform. Rhetorical masters were everywhere, some of them no doubt of well-deserved distinction, but the most, encouraging by their instructions the superficial, sensational, and affected style of discourse common in that age.

We may picture Lucian as diligently occupied for the next few years in the study of the Greek language and literature, reading Homer and the other poets, and Demosthenes and the orators, listening to his teacher's illustrations and explanations of them and practicing

<sup>17</sup> *Lives of the Sophists*, II, 91, III. edition Kayser:

πάσης τῆς Ἰωνίας ὡς Μουσίου πεπολισμένης (Croiset).

<sup>18</sup> *The Double Indictment*, 37.

the technical methods of oral and written expression. And incidentally he is storing his retentive memory with much of the material of discourse, with history and myth and literary allusion, and with a smattering perhaps of ethics and philosophy. At this time also he must have made some study of jurisprudence with a view to becoming an advocate, though the statement of Suidas, that he practiced law in Antioch, is perhaps better referred to a later period of his life. As a net result of his education thus far, he had acquired a fairly cultivated literary taste and a good degree of skill in the use of his adopted language and was now enrolled in the guild of rhetors and advocates. Meanwhile he had supported himself as best he could by the scanty earnings of such menial employments as offered themselves. He was recognized as an unusually clever and diligent pupil and may have had the benefit of the gifts which rich scholars in those days often gave to the sophists, as in the case of Aristides and Adrianus, that their lectures might be made free to the poorer students.

#### VISITS ATHENS AND OTHER PARTS OF GREECE.

He tried his 'prentice hand for a brief season as traveling lecturer, advocate, and especially as a writer of speeches for others, first in Ionia, with sufficient success, it would seem, to give him some reputation and the means with which to realize his cherished desire to visit Greece. He tarried for some time in Athens, then the chief seat of university learning in the Empire, perfecting himself especially in the Greek language at its very source and center, and pursuing further studies in literature, at the same time becoming imbued with the intellectual freedom and mobility which gave tone to the society of the place. In the exercise of his art he made excursions into various parts of Greece and for the first time was present at the Olympic games, perhaps the celebration of the year 145 A.D.

While in Athens he came into close contact with the philosophy of the day and no doubt gave the subject at least a superficial attention. Here he made the acquaintance of Nigrinus, a Platonist, with whom he afterward renewed his friendship in Rome, whither he

went, when about twenty-five years of age, to consult an oculist for an affection of the eyes, which had been steadily growing worse.<sup>19</sup> Nigrinus, according to Lucian's testimony, appears to have been a man of singular attractiveness, as good as he was eloquent, who agreeably tempered the severity of his doctrines with a certain sweetness of character and sprightliness of spirit. It would seem that about this time Lucian was strongly drawn toward the teachings of philosophy, indeed came very near being converted to them.<sup>20</sup> In the "*Hermotimus*," which professes to be a dialogue had with a Stoic philosopher when Lucian was about forty years of age,<sup>21</sup> he relates that about fifteen years before<sup>22</sup> a certain old man once and again discoursed to him of a blessed city whose inhabitants were altogether happy and of consummate wisdom, brave, just, and self-controlled, indeed hardly less than gods. He told him how things went on there. Nothing of the robbery, violence, and greed, so prevalent here, would he see there; but all its citizens live together in peace and harmony, free from all such things as gold, sensual pleasures, and ambition for glory, which breed strifes and eager rivalries, and leading a calm and perfectly happy life under good laws, with equality and freedom and all other blessings. The aged sage exhorted his youthful hearer to follow him hither, declaring that "he would himself lead the way and enroll him as a citizen upon his arrival, make him a member of his own tribe, and share with him the privileges of his brotherhood, that he might enjoy the common happiness."

It requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that this old man was none other than Nigrinus, whose amiable qualities, grace, and force of speech, sincerity, disinterestedness, elevation of thought and serenity of spirit appealed so powerfully at this time to Lucian's impressionable nature, that he was almost persuaded to renounce the hopes and ambitions which he had cher-

<sup>19</sup> The *Nigrinus*, 2.<sup>20</sup> The *Nigrinus*, 4.<sup>21</sup> The *Hermotimus*, 12:

τεταρακοντοίτης ὁχρόν.

<sup>22</sup> The *Hermotimus*, 22-24:

πρὸ πεντεκαίδεκα ὁχρόν ἑταῶν.

ished hitherto. When the philosopher ceased, his listener, under the spell of his words, continued for some time to gaze fixedly upon him. "His mind," he tells us, "was confused and distracted; his brain reeled; he was in a profuse sweat; he wished to speak, but could only stammer, and stopped short; his voice failed him; his tongue refused to articulate, and finally in utter perplexity he burst into tears."<sup>23</sup>

The effect was too sudden and overwhelming to be permanent. A revulsion of feeling was sure to follow when he came to consider what a radical change in his purposes and plans of life was involved. He had been carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, but not actually convinced. Young and full of anticipation for the future and encouraged by the success he had already won, he could not bring himself to resign the advantages which his profession promised him. Of this episode in his life Lucian years afterward said regretfully: "In my youthful folly—for it was about fifteen years ago—I did not obey him, else already I might be in the very suburbs of the city, yea, at its gates."<sup>24</sup>

Having accomplished the errand which had brought him to Rome, he returned to Greece, but only for a season. He again was present at the Olympic games—perhaps in the year 149 A.D.—which seem to have had a peculiar attraction for him, furnishing in the multitude of people gathered there an unusual opportunity to observe human life, of which Lucian was always an interested and acute spectator, and for the sophists and rhetors to ply their trade. It was characteristic of the craft to travel from place to place. The very nature of their business demanded it. For the masses of the people their lectures took the place of books and of the modern newspaper, ministering to the universal passion of the time, to see and hear some new thing. Asia Minor set the fashion for the Empire, and the most eminent sophists and rhetors of Rome and the West were either natives of Lesser Asia, or had obtained their professional education in her schools. Like the rest of them Lucian drifted westward, as the place which promised the largest rewards in fame and fortune.

<sup>23</sup> The *Nigrinus*, 35.

<sup>24</sup> The *Hermotimus*, 34.

## HIS SOJOURN IN ITALY AND GAUL.

Soon after his last mentioned visit at Olympia, he crossed the Ionian sea to Rome.<sup>25</sup> Here and in other parts of Italy he is believed to have spent several years. The satire which he afterward wrote *Concerning Salaried Companions*, in which he graphically portrays the trials of a literary dependent in the family of a wealthy Roman, shows such an intimate acquaintance with life in Rome as could only have been gained during a somewhat prolonged residence.

It is not necessary to suppose with some, that, having had a taste of the bondage himself, he wrote out of the fullness of his own experience. He was of too independent a spirit to submit to its degrading conditions, except under the direst necessity, and that necessity, he tells us, never came to him.<sup>26</sup> The Romans seem never to have stirred within him any sympathetic interest. The *Nigrinus* is for the most part a satire upon their vices and a contrast between the pomp and turmoil of life in Rome and the delightful repose and peace to be enjoyed at Athens. And in *Salaried Companions* he vividly describes the wealthy class as "brilliant upon the outside and admired of all observers, but within, beneath the purple, covering up ever so much tragedy, out of which some Euripides or Sophocles could find abundant material for a drama."<sup>27</sup>

A passage in his *Excuse à propos of an Inadvertence in Salutation*<sup>28</sup> seems to warrant the conclusion, that he was acquainted to some extent with Latin. It is quite probable that he was familiar with the works of Horace,<sup>29</sup> a man of congenial spirit; and he may have been better versed in Latin literature in general than he, as an adopted Greek, was willing to acknowledge.

Of his life in Italy he gives us only one glimpse which indicates that he traveled in Cisalpine Gaul, perhaps when on his way to the Gaul beyond the Alps, delivering lectures in the great cities as he proceeded.

<sup>25</sup> The *Double Indictment*, 27.

<sup>26</sup> *Concerning Salaried Companions*, 1.

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, 41.

<sup>28</sup> The *Excuse*, etc., 13:

εἰ τι καὶ ὡς τῆς Πρωμάτων φωνῆς ἐπαίτω.

<sup>29</sup> In *Timon*, 23, occurs the same comparison, that Horace uses (*Sat.* 2, 5), of a rich man besieged by legacy hunters, to a tunny fish.

He facetiously tells how years before<sup>80</sup>—probably in his boyhood days at Samosata—he had heard the familiar story of Phaëthon, the presumptuous son of Helios, and of his sister's sad fate; and how he himself had then resolved, that, if he should ever visit northern Italy, he would make it a point to test the truth of the story. He goes on to say, that having gone there for another purpose—no doubt a professional one—he took the opportunity to make inquiry; but the natives had never even heard of Phaëthon, and when, with mock credulity, he asked the boatmen as he sailed up the Po, when they would get to the poplars and the amber, they laughed and demanded to know what he meant. When he had related the story, how Phaëthon, losing control of his father's chariot, permitted it to approach too near the earth, for which Zeus smote him with a flash of lightning and he fell into the river Po, while his sisters for their part in yoking the steeds to the chariot were changed into black poplars and their tears into amber, which ever afterward distilled from the leaves—the boatmen asked him “*what deceiver and liar had told him that yarn and assured him that they had never seen any charioteer fall into the river, and as for the poplars he told about, they knew of none such.*”

After a sojourn of several years in Italy, Lucian turned his steps to southern Gaul, where he was to win his greatest triumphs in what may be termed the rhetorical period of his career. Like Ionia Gaul was a paradise for the sophist and rhetor. Hellenism was the dominant element in the culture of the province, as might have been expected from the closer affinity of the Gallic with the Greek mind than with the Roman. The Gauls, like the Greeks, were of a sanguine, galvanic temperament, alert and quick-witted, fond of display and much given to a diffuse, ornate style of diction. Nowhere had the rhetorical art, as it was then practiced, found a more congenial soil. Gaul was at that time the wealthiest province of the Empire, and the most famous seats of rhetoric and her handmaid, law, in the west were at Lyons, Marseilles, Arles and Toulouse, whither the most eminent professors of the day

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<sup>80</sup> Concerning Amber or Swans, 1 ff.

were attracted by the offer of large emoluments. Some of these schools were aided by subventions from the imperial government. Lucian was well fitted by nature and attainments to succeed in such a field, and his success during his sojourn there is attested by the fact that he received a very large public salary<sup>31</sup> as a professional sophist or rhetor and was among the best paid of them all. He is thought to have spent ten years in Gaul,<sup>32</sup> during a large part of the time as professor of rhetoric and law at some one of the great schools mentioned above, perhaps at Lyons, which, according to Eusebius and Irenæus, was especially famous at that time. In his works, however, there is a singular dearth of references to his life among the Gauls and nothing to indicate what place was the principal seat of his professional labors. The sole reminiscence of his residence there to be found in his writings is contained in the description of the god Ogmios, whom he identifies with the Greek Heracles.<sup>33</sup>

#### REVISITS SAMOSATA.

In Gaul Lucian maintained the attitude of a foreigner, devoting himself assiduously to his profession, winning applause and fortune, and that accomplished, glad to turn his face homeward. An accurate transcript of his own feelings at this time may be found in his *Eulogium upon the Fatherland*.<sup>34</sup> "No one," he says, "is so unmindful of his native land, as to take no thought of her, when he is in a foreign city. Nay, even those who fare ill in foreign parts unceasingly declare, that their fatherland is the greatest of all blessings; while the prospered, even when they fare well in every other particular, regard it as their greatest deficiency, that they are away from home, living in a strange land.

<sup>31</sup> The *Apology*. 15.

<sup>32</sup> Some suppose that his sojourn in Gaul was interrupted by a visit to the Olympic games in 157. This seems quite unlikely, otherwise there would be some intimation of the fact. The supposition rests upon the statement in *Peregrinus* 35—according to which Lucian attended the Olympic games on four occasions,

τε τράκεις ἥδη δρῶν

three of them before the death of Peregrinus, which, on the authority of Eusebius, has been assigned to 165. Perhaps, however, the announcement of his future self-immolation should be placed in that year, but the event itself in 169. This is the view of M. Croiset.

<sup>33</sup> The *Heracles*.

<sup>34</sup> The *Eulogium on the Fatherland*, 8.



For it is a reproach to live abroad. And they who during their absence have won renown, either on account of the acquisition of wealth, or the honorable reputation they have obtained, or because of their proved culture, or of their acknowledged valor—all such make haste to return to the fatherland, in order to exhibit their own fine accomplishments, where there are none to surpass them; and the greater the estimation he seems to have obtained with strangers, the more urgent is each one to reach his native country.”

It is unlikely that Lucian had ever revisited Samosata since his departure, when a mere stripling, having determined not to return until he had realized his ambitions. He was now possessed of a competency and his reputation was firmly established. It is not known precisely by what route he journeyed from Gaul to the East,<sup>36</sup> but he arrived in Ionia about the year 161 A.D. where he found the pamphleteers<sup>37</sup> of Ephesus and Smyrna discussing the Parthian war, which was then in progress upon the eastern frontier of the Empire. He was next in Antioch, whither Lucius Verus, the colleague of Marcus Aurelius, had come to take command of the Roman forces. Here he delayed a while, until the issue of the campaign upon the Euphrates was clear, in the meantime, perhaps, doing some work as an advocate,<sup>37</sup> and amusing himself with writing the *Portraits* and a *Defense* of the same, in the extravagant language of which he is supposed to describe the beautiful concubine of the Roman commander, who preferred to linger among the charms of the Syrian capital, rather than take the field in person against the enemy.

The year 163 finds Lucian at his old home, no doubt the object of wondering interest to his fellow-townsmen who saw him, whom they remembered only as an awkward, undisciplined youth, now transformed by study and experience of the world into an accomplished man of letters. Of course he was called upon to exhibit

<sup>36</sup> Some suppose that he went by way of Macedonia, inferring this from a passage in the *Herodotus* or *Ætion*, ? But this piece is perhaps better associated with an excursion thither after his settlement in Athens.

<sup>37</sup> The *How to Write History*, 14.

<sup>37</sup> The statement of Suidas, that he had been an advocate in Antioch, is perhaps better referred to this time, rather than, as is usually done, to the time immediately preceding Lucian's first visit in Greece, when he was a young man.

his powers, which he was nothing loath to do, and gave a series of lectures or readings, prefaced by the *Dream*, in which he at once glorified his own successes and sought to stir the ambition of the young men of Samosata.

#### HE DETERMINES TO SETTLE IN ATHENS.

But Lucian could not be content to remain long in that Syrian town. There was nothing to detain him there, or to draw him hither again, except that it was the home of his parents, for whom he seems to have entertained a truly filial regard. No doubt he had already determined to settle in Athens, which of all the places he had visited offered him the most attractions. There the imperial authority was least obtrusive. The spirit of the place was hostile to the luxury and ostentation that prevailed in Rome and Gaul, and imposed a salutary restraint upon any who came hither inclined to a life of luxurious indulgence and display.<sup>38</sup> The noise and bustle of the great metropolis were wanting. A kindly frankness characterized the manners of the people. Each lived as he pleased, respecting the liberty of others and undisturbed by their opinions. Each enjoyed a learned leisure, adorned with the taste for letters and art. Nowhere else in the Empire was there allowed so much of freedom in thought and speech. This calm and independence of life were especially agreeable to a man of Lucian's type. His own literary instincts were in accord with the moral and intellectual temperament of its people. They possessed a fineness of the critical sense which led the most distinguished *litterateurs* of the time to render homage to their authority by soliciting their suffrages. They were qualified by their native sprightliness and mobility of mind, to appreciate what was brilliant and clever, and at once to perceive the ridiculous. No doubt Athens was much the same in Lucian's time, as when the Apostle Paul visited it a few scores of years before. There was the same spirit of curious inquiry, the same eagerness to hear and tell some new thing, the same expectant welcome for the stranger who brought with him some item of news from

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<sup>38</sup> The *Nigrinus*, 13 ff.

the outside world, or could tickle their fancy with the latest *bon-mot* or give them some fresh conceit in philosophy to debate. Lucian's coming hither marks the beginning of that period in his life which possesses the most interest for us; for while we may not attribute to the atmosphere of the place the great change which at this time came over him, no doubt his surroundings there had much to do with the later development of his genius.

#### HIS ADVENTURE WITH ALEXANDER.

He probably left Samosata in the year 164, taking with him his father and the other members of the family. The direct route lay through Cappadocia, from which he turned aside to visit Abonotichos, a town in Paphlagonia on the Euxine, that he might see for himself the notorious hierophant and soothsayer, Alexander, whose brazen impudence and successful imposture crown him as the most extraordinary product, the very Cagliostro, of that superstitious age. According to Lucian's story,<sup>39</sup> being at a loss for the means of living, Alexander pretended to have discovered some bronze tablets, which foretold the early coming of Asclepius to Pontus. The god arrived in the form of a serpent—his well-known emblem—which the wily deceiver had placed in a goose egg, from which it was made to come forth at the opportune moment. With this serpent, which he called Glycon, as his chief stock in trade, to represent the younger Asclepius, he set up an oracle at Abonotichos, claiming that he was himself the son of Perseus. By means of his juggling tricks and magic arts he succeeded so well in playing upon the credulity of the populace, that his fame extended far and wide, even into Italy. The higher classes in Rome became affected with the craze; some sent their servants to consult the oracle and some went themselves in their eager haste to get the start of one another. Even a Roman senator, a certain Rutilianus, dispatched deputation after deputation to obtain Alexander's advice about a second marriage and other family affairs, and finally came himself. All these things were of such common

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<sup>39</sup> *The Alexander or the False Prophet*, 10 ff.

notoriety, that Lucian determined to satisfy his own curiosity by a personal visit and, if possible, expose the arrant humbug. As the incident illustrates so well our author's character, his utter contempt for all charlatan-ism, delusion, and falsehood, and the impulsiveness with which he attacked them, it is worth our while to dwell somewhat upon its details.

It appears, that in advance of his visit he had sent a variety of questions, under seal, with which to test the oracle. But Alexander had proved no match for his relentless inquisitor, and quickly divining his object and finding that he had shaken the faith of his rich and aristocratic patron, Rutilianus, he conceived an intense hatred for Lucian and at first tried to discredit him by casting reflections upon his character. When he learned of Lucian's arrival in Abonotichos, whither he had been escorted by two soldiers provided by his friend, the governor of Cappadocia, to conduct him to the sea-coast, Alexander sent for him with many professions of friendship. Our author thus describes the interview that followed:<sup>40</sup> "On entering his presence I found him surrounded by numerous attendants. As good luck would have it, I had brought with me my escort. Alexander extended his right hand for me to give the customary kiss. But holding it fast as if about to do so, I bit his hand so severely as almost to maim it. Those present attempted to throttle me for the sacrilege I had committed, already angered also because I had addressed their master as Alexander and not as a prophet. He, however, putting up with the affront, very magnanimously stopped them and readily promised to make me at home and show how good his god, Glycon, was, in that he changed into friends even those who are very angry. And putting all aside, he plead his cause with me, declaring that he was well aware of the advice I had given to Rutilianus. 'What possessed you,' said he, 'to treat me in this way, when through my influence you could have reached high preferment with him?' I was glad enough to accept this profession of friendship, when I saw the dangerous predicament I had got into; and after a little I went forward, having

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<sup>40</sup> *The Alexander*, 55.

been made his friend. It seemed a good deal of a marvel to the spectators—the change that had come over me with such ease.”

Lucian had sent his father and other relations in advance to Amastris, a town on the coast of Bithynia a little to the west of Abonotichos, and had with him only his friend, Xenophon. Wishing to escape as soon as possible from the clutches of Alexander, he rashly accepted the latter's offer of a boat and rowers to take him thither. When they had got well along on the voyage, seeing the captain in tears and expostulating with the seamen, he began to suspect that foul play was intended. It turned out that Alexander had ordered them to throw Lucian overboard; and such, he says, would have been his fate, had it not been for the tender-hearted captain, who declared that he had lived a blameless life of sixty years and had a wife and family and could not bring himself to stain his hands with murder. He landed his passenger at a place called the “Beaches” and returned home. Here Lucian found certain Bosphorian ambassadors sailing by on their way from King Eupator with the annual Roman tribute. Informing them of the danger which he had just escaped, he was taken on board and carried in safety to Amastris, where with the co-operation of many others he took measures to bring Alexander to justice. But Lollianus Avitus, at that time Governor of Bithynia and Pontus, would not hear to it, and Lucian was obliged to abandon the attempt. Accordingly he proceeded on his journey, reaching the Ægean by way of the Troad, from which he took ship to the Piræus.<sup>41</sup> During the voyage, which was somewhat protracted, he had as a fellow-passenger the Cynic, Peregrinus,<sup>42</sup> whom he had known of as a profligate youth. According to Lucian's account, Peregrinus had afterward connected himself with the sect of Christians, in order to further his own selfish schemes and had attained considerable authority among them, traveling about from place to place and supporting himself by the contributions of his fellow-believers. But hav-

<sup>41</sup> The *Peregrinus*, 43-44.

<sup>42</sup> The history of Peregrinus is given in Lucian's piece with that title.

ing been discovered in some profanation, perhaps of the Eucharist, he was excommunicated and subsequently made himself notorious in Egypt, Rome, and in Elis by his scandalous conduct. Fresh from his adventure with Alexander and with a keen scent for imposture and the ridiculous, Lucian amused himself with watching the extraordinary proceedings of his fellow-traveler, whom, years afterward, he was to meet again at Olympia under widely different circumstances.

#### HIS LIFE IN ATHENS.

He established his family in Athens, but was himself probably absent in Corinth<sup>43</sup> near the end of 164, or in the beginning of 165, perhaps on the way to Rome to accomplish a mission, with which he appears to have been charged by the people of Samosata.<sup>44</sup> On this same journey he attended the Olympic festival of 165.

Lucian was now in middle life, and his settlement in Athens marks the beginning of the most fruitful and interesting period in his career, when he turned his back upon the profession he had followed hitherto, and devoted himself to that work which was to give him an abiding fame. His contact with the world in his extensive travels had broadened his mind and matured his judgment. The varied spectacle of human life, which had passed before his eyes, had awakened within him many serious reflections. Gradually he had become discontented with the unreality of the profession which in his youth he had espoused with such enthusiasm, and weary of its artifices, its shallowness, and flippancy and brilliant pyrotechnics, its barrenness of ideas and plethora of mere words; and above all he detested the "deception and falsehood, the effrontery and shouting, the hot disputes and countless other vexations"<sup>45</sup> incident to the career of the rhetorician and advocate. At heart Lucian was too sincere ever to have yielded unreservedly to such methods and practices, or without a mental protest. Meanwhile he had been a close student

<sup>43</sup> *The How to Write History*, 14, 17.

<sup>44</sup> *The Toxaris* 24:

ἐν Ἰταλίᾳ πρεσβεύοντι ὑπὲρ τῆς πατρίδος,

words of Mnesippus, who apparently represents Lucian. Cf. *the Dream*, 12.

<sup>45</sup> *The Angler*, 29.

of human nature. Man, his illusions and follies, his passions and the comic phases of human life had challenged his attention and interested him more and more. Thus by a natural evolution he had arrived at that moral and intellectual emancipation, which was the capital event of his life, in that it secured for his genius a free and untrammelled development.

His first impulse upon abandoning rhetoric was to devote himself to philosophy, or, as he expresses it, "to escape, as it were, from the surging billows of the outer sea into some quiet haven and live out the remainder of his days beneath philosophy's sheltering arms."<sup>46</sup> Half-regretfully he thought of that moment in his youth, when he had refused her invitations; and he resolved to retrieve what now, perhaps, seemed to him a mistake. We see him in the first part of his sojourn in Athens frequenting the society of the philosophers and engaging in earnest discussion with them. He felt himself especially attracted toward the representatives of the Academy and the Lyceum.<sup>47</sup> He says of himself at this time<sup>48</sup> "I wandered long in search of philosophy's abode, that I might hold converse with her. Accordingly, falling in with certain persons clad in coarse cloaks and with long flowing beards, who said they had come from her very presence, and thinking that they knew, I would question them. But they, a good deal more ignorant than I, either made me no answer at all, lest they should betray their own lack of knowledge, or they pointed out to me one door after another. At all events, from that day to this, I have not been able to find her dwelling. Many a time, on the strength of my own conjecture, or under somebody's guidance, I would present myself at such and such a door, with the firm belief that now I had found the object of my quest, arriving at this conclusion on account of the throng of people going in and coming out, all of them of sad countenance, neatly dressed and of thoughtful mien. Accordingly, wedged in the crowd, I myself entered with them, only to be disappointed in the travesty of philosophy which was found there. Accordingly," he says, "I at once retired, with a pitying look for the poor

<sup>46</sup> *The Angler*, 29.<sup>47</sup> *The Double Indictment*, 32.<sup>48</sup> *The Angler*, 11-12.

wretches, whom she was leading around, not by the nose, but by the beard, and who, like Ixion, were consorting with a phantom, instead of with Heré."

In the *Menippus in the Rôle of Icarus*,<sup>40</sup> where he puts some of his own reflections into the mouth of his favorite Cynic, he represents himself as having come to despise all human things, the grotesqueness, insignificance, and instability of which his observation of life had forced upon his attention, and to recognize that there are higher problems worthy of one's serious study, pertaining to the origin of this cosmos, its maker, the phenomena it presents, and what its consummation is to be. "I assumed," he says, "that the best thing to do was to get a complete explanation from the philosophers. I thought they at least would be able to tell me all the facts in the case. . . . Accordingly I put myself into their hands with considerable cash, paying part of it down on the spot and agreeing to pay the rest afterward in return for the sum and substance of their wisdom. . . . But so far were they from ridding me of my former ignorance, that they quickly plunged me into even greater perplexities, showering daily upon me first principles, final causes, atoms, vacuums, matters and archetypes. But what to me at least seemed most embarrassing of all was this—although there was no consistency in what they said, but all their teachings were at loggerheads and contradictory, nevertheless they expected me to obey them and endeavored to bring me over, each to his own view."

The result was that philosophy which had won his admiration<sup>40</sup> as he had viewed it from a distance, or in the person of a Nigrinus or a Demonax, lost its attractiveness upon closer inspection, when he saw the confusion and jarring inconsistencies of its various schools and their passion for disputation and strife; and it became even repulsive to him, when he looked at it through the lives of its exponents. He turned away with disgust and indignation at the burlesque they made of it.

He had abandoned rhetoric; philosophy he found himself unable to adopt, for he could not affiliate with

<sup>40</sup> The *Menippus in the Rôle of Icarus*, 4 ff.

<sup>40</sup> The *Angler*, 30.



those who professed to be philosophers, but belied the name. Henceforth, to use his own words,<sup>61</sup> he was to "make it his business to hate quacks, hate jugglery, hate lies and hate conceit and hate every such class of wicked men" and to be "a lover of truth, a lover of beauty, and a lover of simplicity and whatever else has to do with loving;" in short, to "hate the bad, and praise and love the good." He had discovered at last his true vocation, the gift that was in him.

There is but little to note during the next ten or fifteen years of his life beside the publication of his satirical dialogues, in which he attacked with invective and biting sarcasm the popular conceptions of religion, the vanity of the rhetorician, the insincerity of the philosopher, and the manifold weaknesses, follies, and conceits of human life. In order to get the public ear, he took advantage of the lecture or public reading, which was then all the fashion. The nature of his writings and their dramatic quality made them especially available for this mode of publication. It would seem that before giving them to the general public, he was accustomed to read his works before a select company of the leading literary men<sup>62</sup> of Athens, and with something of the animated delivery, which he had acquired by long practice in the courts and upon the platform. We can easily imagine what a sensation in that community his works must have made, as they appeared in rapid succession. People were at first astonished at the wanton freedom with which he handled the pagan Olympus, for no one before had ventured to assail the gods with such free and easy nonchalance. But they soon began to laugh, as they saw the divine myths stripped of the poetic glamour, which had hitherto warned off the sceptical intruder, and held up to ridicule in the cold, matter-of-fact realism of Lucian's dialogues. And all except the victims relished with the greatest gusto the sallies of wit and sarcasm with which he attacked the pretentious philosophers of the day.

Lucian's reputation at this time, in the new departure which his genius had taken, probably did not extend much beyond the bounds of Athens and its neighbor-

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<sup>61</sup> *The Angler*, 20.

<sup>62</sup> *The Angler*, 26.

hood. His life there was varied by occasional excursions, but these did not take him very far away.

In the *Zeuxis*<sup>53</sup> he describes the admiring reception that was accorded him in some foreign city; and to this time is probably to be assigned the visit to Macedonia referred to in the *Herodotus*<sup>54</sup> and in the *Scythian*, when he may have extended his journey to Philipopolis in Thrace, the position of which is briefly described in the *Fugitives*,<sup>55</sup> a dialogue written about 170.

Lucian was present for the fourth time at the Olympic games in 169,<sup>56</sup> where he met again his former fellow-voyager, Peregrinus. The consummate impostor, or as some regard him, the sincere fanatic, had announced at the previous festival that on this occasion he would publicly burn himself to death. Lucian was an eye-witness of his self-immolation, which, after several postponements, took place one moonlight night among a crowd of the Cynic's friends and admirers. An affair of this kind possessed a special interest to Lucian as a student and satirist of the social phenomena of the time, and with his usual frankness he did not hesitate to say on the spot what he thought of it. If we may take his word for it, his scoffings came near costing him dear. The Cynics were so indignant that they almost tore

<sup>53</sup> The *Zeuxis*, 1: "Quite recently, let me tell you, after reading my discourse I essayed to go to my quarters; but many of my hearers—for there is no reason why I should not speak of such things even to you, my long-time friends—many of my hearers approaching extended the right hand in welcome and seemed to be desirous of testifying their admiration. At all events, they accompanied me, and one from one quarter and another from another cheered and applauded, until I turned red in the face, fearing lest I fell short of deserving such praises. 'What novelty,' they exclaimed. 'What a wondrous tale!' 'You are an ingenious man.' 'Nobody could say anything fresher than your production.' Many such things they said, so evidently had they been charmed by what they heard. For what reason had they for saying what was false, and flattering a stranger thus, who in other respects was not at all deserving of attention on their part."

<sup>54</sup> The *Herodotus*, 7-8, and the *Scythian*, 9.

<sup>55</sup> The *Fugitives*, 25.

<sup>56</sup> The *Peregrinus*, 85. If we agree with M. Croiset in placing the death of Peregrinus in 169 rather than 165, the usual date assigned to it. M. Croiset (*Essai*, p. 73-4) infers from the dramatic power which it exhibits, that the narrative of the death of Peregrinus was composed after Lucian had written most of his principal dialogues. Hence it could not have been written so early as 165. But as it was composed under the immediate impressions of the event which it narrates, we are led to conclude that the celebration at Olympia, at which Peregrinus gave himself to death, was that of 169. Moreover the *Peregrinus* is naturally associated with the dialogue of the *Fugitives*—written as late as 170—which is to be regarded as Lucian's reply to the attacks of the Cynics, who had been irritated by the former work. Had the death of Peregrinus taken place at the celebration of 165, we should find some allusions to it in the midst of the mockeries of all sorts which, in his other works of the years immediately following, Lucian heaped upon the philosophers, and especially upon the Cynics.

him in pieces.<sup>57</sup> On his return to Athens he wrote and published his narrative of the death of the pretended martyr, with the effect of arousing still further the wrath of the Cynics, who naturally retaliated upon their assailant for the shame and ridicule he had brought upon them. It has been conjectured, and not without reason, that the somewhat obscure dialogue of the *Fugitives* was our author's reply to his critics.

Of his private life nothing is known apart from the few hints contained in his writings. As we have seen he brought with him to Athens in 164 his father and the other members of the family. It is probable that owing to his itinerant life he had not married until his settlement in Athens, and there is nothing in his writings to indicate that his home life was other than happy and pleasant. From the *Eunuchus*,<sup>58</sup> a dialogue composed near the end of the reign of Marcus Aurelius, we learn that he had a son, at that time quite young. He lived a simple, frugal life in keeping with his own modest tastes and fortune. A man of his genial temperament and sparkling wit would naturally mingle in the social life of the place and be welcome upon festive occasions. But he mingled in society rather as an interested, wide-awake observer than as a conspicuous actor; and it was there that he obtained much of the material for his most pungent satires. His social attitude in the houses to which he was invited is well illustrated in the *Banquet*, where he represents himself as witnessing a series of grotesque and scandalous scenes without mixing in them otherwise than by the liveliness of his impressions. Again in the *Philopseudes, or Lover of Lies*, he appears as a frequent visitor at the house of Eucrates, a venerable Athenian addicted to philosophy; and on one occasion, when Eucrates was laid up with the gout, his visitor, calling to inquire after his health, asks leave to sit beside him upon his couch, while with familiar frankness he makes fun of the marvelous stories, told by his host and a few sympathizing friends gathered about him, of haunted houses, apparitions, goblins and magic arts. In the *Ship, or the Wishes*, we see him, in company with some friends, following the crowd which had

<sup>57</sup> The *Peregrinus*, 2.

<sup>58</sup> The *Eunuchus*, 12.

been drawn to the Piræus to see a large ship that had recently arrived, and then while returning on foot to the city, discoursing sagely to his companions of "day-dreaming and castle-building and idle-wishing for impossible blessings." Whether these scenes be actual or purely of his own invention, they are doubtless a transcript of the qualities which characterized his daily intercourse with friends, a keen discernment and ready common-sense and lively conversation, abounding in unexpected turns and lighted up with playful mockery. It is probable that he gathered about himself a limited circle of intimates, some of whom he may have introduced by name in various of his writings. The account of Peregrinus is addressed to Cronius. To his dear Sabinus he writes the *Defense* of his course in accepting official station in Egypt under one of the Emperors, after having condemned such dependence upon the great in a letter *Concerning Salaried Companions* addressed to Timocles, another of his friends. In a long letter to Philo he exposes the absurdities of some contemporary historians and tells *How History Should be Written*; and under the pseudonym Tychiades he recounts to his friend Philocles in the *Philopseudes* some of the marvelous stories, upon which the credulity and superstition of the age were wont to feed. It is not unlikely that Celsus, the Epicurean, at whose request he wrote the *Alexander*, is the same person whose *True Discourse* was refuted by Origen.

The only one among the Athenian friends of Lucian about whom he gives us any positive knowledge is the philosopher, Demonax, with whom he had a long and affectionate intimacy. Demonax was a philosopher of the Cynic school, though not of the straitest sect, a friend of Epictetus and universally respected and beloved. The portrait<sup>59</sup> of him which Lucian traces in terms of glowing eulogy describes him as impelled to the study of philosophy by the love of honor and virtue, as despising ordinary pleasures and devoted to liberty and truth; living a sober, irreproachable life, and an example of prudence and wisdom to all; not a narrow sectarian, but one of those rare characters which seem

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<sup>59</sup> The *Demonax*, 1-10.

to blend naturally all sects and opinions in one; associating freely with all, without pride or ostentation; with nothing of the rigor of the ascetic, but eating and drinking like other people; never noisy, angry, or quarrelsome, severe upon the offense, but merciful to the offender. By his kindly advice and the severity of his reproofs he made those about him more decent and orderly, and through his gentle, benignant philosophy they became more cheerful and were animated with better hopes of a hereafter. He was thoroughly unselfish, and in the spirit of that familiar line of Terence, he thought that for one to be a man was sufficient title to his regard;<sup>60</sup> and, withal, there was a liveliness of humor and repartee which imparted an indescribable charm to the whole man. Of himself he said: "Socrates I venerate, I admire Diogenes, Aristippus I love;"<sup>61</sup> and Lucian declared him to be the best philosopher he had ever known. He was one of the few contemporaries of his whom Lucian recognized as having a genuine zeal for philosophy and as keeping in view the principles of the old masters and ordering their own lives in accordance therewith. His admiring friendship for Demonax was highly creditable to Lucian and throws an interesting side light upon his own character. Here was a man after his own heart, a fine type of the sincere, truth-loving, well-rounded philosopher, whose fidelity to the best ideals woke a responsive echo in his own nature and served to remind him that philosophy itself was not a sham, and at the same time pointed with a keener edge the shafts of mockery and satire, which he levelled at her false and unworthy professors.

A satirist like Lucian, audacious, persistent, at times impulsive, would be sure to arouse hostility; and the enemies he made, at least most of them, were they better known to us, would doubtless reflect equal honor upon him with his friendships. Many of the portraitures that appear in his dialogues were no doubt drawn from life and with such precision of detail as to be readily

<sup>60</sup> The *Demonax*, 10:

*οὐκ ἔστιν ὄντινα οὐκ ἀκείρον ἐνόμισεν, ἄνθρωπὸν γε ὄντα.*  
Cf. Terence's famous line: *Homo sum; humani nihīl a me alienum puto* *Héaut.*  
1, 1, 28.

<sup>61</sup> The *Demonax*, 62.

recognized, such characters, for example, as Thesmopolis, Zenothemis, Damis, Hecæmocles and Alcidas; and it would not be strange, if they winced, when thus held up to public derision. The satirist revels in the exercise of his gift and is liable to use it sometimes without due discrimination and often with glaring exaggeration. Lucian himself was by temperament peculiarly exposed to these faults. He did not always distinguish accurately the false from the true, and sometimes he carried exaggeration further than is permissible even in satire, the force of which largely consists in a certain verisimilitude. But for all that, it must be admitted, that the philosophers and rhetoricians, the fortune hunters, the *parvenus* and the arrogant and ostentatious rich for the most part deserved the full measure of ridicule which he heaped upon them. The daring ribaldry of the *Auction of Philosophers*, in which Lucian represents the great masters in philosophy, Socrates, Pythagoras, Diogenes, Democritus, Heraclitus and others, as being auctioned off in a slave market, most of them for a trifling sum, naturally gave offense to the philosophers, whose eccentricities of appearance and dress and inconsistencies of life he was never weary of satirizing. According to his own story he was in imminent danger from their hatred; but we can hardly believe that it proceeded any further than threats of vengeance. At all events, he wrote the *Angler or the Resurrection*, ostensibly in his own defense; but even there he could not refrain from his wonted assaults.

In the *Professor of Rhetoric* Lucian is thought to have traced the portrait of his contemporary, Julius Pollux, a sophist and grammarian, who had a private school in Athens and was afterward appointed by the Emperor Commodus to the chair of rhetoric in the university. The anecdotes and biographical allusions are too precise not to have applied to some real person, who in fact is indicated by a periphrasis<sup>63</sup> based upon the name Pollux. As the official representative of the art

<sup>63</sup> The *Professor of Rhetoric*, 24:

ἀλλ' ἤδη τοῖς Διὸς καὶ Ἀθήας παῖσιν ὁμώνυμος γέγεννημαι,

'but now I have come to have the same name with the sons of Zeus and Leda.' Sommerbrodt, it would seem without sufficient warrant, regards this passage as an interpolation.

of rhetoric before the Athenian public and undoubtedly a man of reputation as an authority and literary critic, he had probably indulged in some unfavorable criticisms upon the writings of Lucian, who had made himself obnoxious by publicly disparaging the art of the rhetors and ostentatiously separating from them. Lucian prided himself, and not without reason, upon his fine Attic style, and any reflections upon that touched him in a sensitive spot. Without some such provocation as this Lucian's satire seems difficult either to justify or to understand.

The period of Lucian's greatest literary activity closed with the reign of Marcus Aurelius. From this time on he rarely wrote and rarely appeared before the public. He was now about sixty years of age, and naturally wished to escape from the heated atmosphere of controversy and recrimination in which the satirist often finds himself involved. But after a few years of quiet life, we find him again taking to the platform, perhaps because his purse was running low; the same reason which appears to have influenced him a little later, when quite old and with "one foot," as he says, "in Charon's boat,"<sup>63</sup> to accept an appointment as law registrar, or master of the rolls<sup>64</sup> at Alexandria, in Egypt, from the Emperor Commodus, or, as some think, from Severus.

From this time we lose sight of him entirely. No information worthy of credence has come down to us concerning the time, or place, or the circumstances of his death. Suidas has an improbable story that he was torn in pieces by dogs, a righteous chastisement, according to him, for Lucian's unbelief and the blasphemies he was charged with uttering against the Christian faith. This story doubtless had its origin in Lucian's own statement, that he had come near being torn in pieces by the Cynics, whose name Suidas construed too literally. When he became a Roman official in Egypt, he was old and in impaired health. He wrote, perhaps out of his own experience, in his old age a serio-comic drama entitled *Tragodopodagra* in which he sets forth the tortures of the gout.

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<sup>63</sup> The *Apology*, 1, 4.

<sup>64</sup> The *Apology*, 10, 12.

## LUCIAN AS A MAN OF CULTURE.

He was not a profound scholar, any more than were his contemporaries, but was remarkable rather for the range of his acquisitions in the somewhat narrow and exclusive lines which then constituted a liberal education. As a rhetorician he had studied his art thoroughly, and without becoming a slave to the methods then in vogue, he knew how to appropriate to his own use the best it had to give. His practical sense and fine literary instinct enabled him to distinguish the true art from the meretricious display, the affectations, trivial refinements and empty platitudes, which had gathered about it. Mathematics and natural science had no interest for him. In the *Hermotimus*<sup>66</sup> he mentions, in passing, some of the definitions of geometry only to ridicule them; and through his favorite character, Menippus, he mocks at the philosophers for trying to measure the circumference of the sun, the dimensions of the stars, the heights of the air, the depths of the sea and the circuits of the earth.<sup>66</sup> Lucian apparently sympathized with the Sceptics in their contempt for the subtleties of mathematics; but in the Humanities he was altogether at home. His writings abound in apt quotations, showing an intimate acquaintance with classic poetry and prose, though, after the literary fashion of the day, he had certain stock passages, which were made to do duty on every possible occasion. His mind was steeped in mythologic lore, which he employed with marvelous ease and freedom.

History had become an essential element in Hellenic culture, and the sophists of the second century regarded it as one of the forms of their art, and from it they drew many of the subjects of discourse. Lucian's familiarity with this department is attested by the multitude of historical allusions contained in his works. That he was a critical reader is shown by his tract upon *How to Write History*, in which he ridicules the current methods and points out the true principles which should control in this form of composition. While he made his seeming credulity the subject of ridicule, he had a warm admiration for Herodotus, for the simplic-

<sup>66</sup> The *Hermotimus*, 74.<sup>66</sup> The *Menippus* in the *Rôle of Icarus*, 6.



ity, beauty, and Ionian grace of his style and the wisdom of his reflections; and he was not less sensitive to the dramatic form of many of the scenes and events described by the historian and to the simple grandeur of his imagination.<sup>67</sup> In the same way he had a superficial appreciation of Thucydides, of the form rather than of the substance, of the force of his thought, his truthfulness and independence, the gravity of his style, the simple brevity of his exordium and the just proportions of his descriptions.<sup>68</sup>

Greek philosophy had lost the boldness and originality of its earlier apostles and was really in its dotage. It consisted of little but the formal, distorted, dry-as-dust iteration of the old arguments, the old objections, and the old replies, with nothing of the poetic grace and fine discretion which informed the discussions of the old masters. No wonder that Lucian found this prosing scholasticism distasteful and insufferably tedious, while at the same time it served to hide from him the true philosophy. His reading of Plato, Xenophon, and of Æschines, the disciple of Socrates, no doubt suggested to him that facile instrument of his genius, the dialogue, which he turned to unwonted uses, stripping it of the dignity with which philosophy had clothed it, and making it the servant of rollicking laughter and biting satire. "I found him (Dialogue)," he says, "still wearing the air of melancholy to the multitude and reduced to a skeleton by continuous questioning, apparently regarded with awe on this account, but not altogether agreeable or pleasing to the mass of people. In the first place, I accustomed him to walk upon the ground in the fashion of men; then I made him more attractive to the beholder by cleansing him of the grime with which he was covered, and constraining him to wear a smile. But above all I yoked comedy to him and in this way won for him good will from the hearers, who before this were on their guard against him, being afraid of getting in their hands the thorns that were on him, just as in the case of a hedgehog."<sup>69</sup>

<sup>67</sup> The *Herodotus*, 1. Cf. the *Charon*, 9-13.

<sup>68</sup> The *How to Write History*, 43, 49, 54, 57.

<sup>69</sup> The *Double Indictment*, 32-34. Cf. the *Reply to one who Styled Him a Literary Prometheus*, 7; and the *Angler*, 26.

Another interesting characteristic of Lucian's culture was his knowledge and fine appreciation of the arts of painting and sculpture. Love of the beautiful was an instinct with him. He belonged to a family of sculptors, such as they were, and in his boyhood he had no doubt learned something of the technical processes of the art by frequenting the studio of his uncles. In his travels he had looked with delight upon the monuments, statues, and paintings which abounded in the great cities of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy and Gaul; and his writings strikingly testify to the vivid impressions, which they had made upon his mind. In the *Zeuxis*<sup>70</sup> he describes minutely a painting by that artist, called the "Female Hippocentaur," which was lost at sea, when Sulla carried it away, but a copy of which was still preserved at Athens in Lucian's time. The Marriage of Alexander and Roxana, a work by Aëtion, from which Raphael is said to have obtained suggestions for one of his frescoes, is charmingly sketched in the *Herodotus*,<sup>71</sup> and in one of the *Dialogues of the Sea Gods*<sup>72</sup> he gives a fine description of the Procession of Europa, the details of which he is supposed to have drawn from a painting he had somewhere seen. No one among the writers of antiquity exhibits more taste, delicacy, and at the same time more sincerity, in the treatment of art.

#### HIS PERSONAL CHARACTER.

Judged by the standard of morals prevailing in his day, Lucian in his personal character was a representative of the better element in heathen society. He was to be sure a mocker, but his mockery was penetrated with honest indignation and a profound seriousness of purpose. He uniformly directed it against evil, against deception, and superstition, against quacks in religion and quacks in philosophy, against those who made a god of their wealth, or committed crimes and cruelties through unscrupulous ambition and avarice, and against that false conception of life, so common in all ages,

<sup>70</sup> The *Zeuxis*, 4 ff.

<sup>71</sup> The *Herodotus*, 5.

<sup>72</sup> The *Dialogues of the Sea Gods*, 15.

which makes it consist in the abundance of the things that a man possesseth. It is impossible to conceive of Lucian as other than a person of earnest, manly character, with the defects of his time, but essentially a man of moral force and though not of the highest, yet of worthy conceptions of right and duty, which in the main he carried out in his own life. Through the various characters whom he parades before us, he leaves us in no doubt as to where his own moral sympathies lie. He makes Diogenes say to the King of Caria: "Mausolus shall tell of the tomb erected to himself in Halicarnassus by his wife and sister, Artemisia; whereas Diogenes doesn't even know whether his body has any tomb over it, for he didn't concern himself about that. But he has left behind among the best men the reputation of having lived a manly life—a prouder memorial than yours, O most servile of Carians! and one reared upon a firmer foundation."<sup>78</sup> Lucian was honest and frank, on the whole a sincere lover of truth and the consistent foe of hypocrisy, a man of unselfish instincts and without malignity, meanness, or pretense.

#### HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD RELIGION.

His attitude toward religion seems to have been that of an agnostic. Constitutionally incredulous, the supernatural was repugnant to his intelligence, and he appears not to have believed in a personal god in relation with the world. He did not assume the positive attitude of denial, but rather contented himself with mocking at those who claimed to know. As for himself he did not know and was apparently resigned to his ignorance. And this resignation was easy for such a practical man of the world, whose mind was so occupied with the objective realities about him, with life as he actually found it, as to take little thought for the dim beyond, much less to accept the absurd and puerile conjectures that formed the staple of current beliefs. The world in which dwell the shades of the dead interested him as the place especially, where the glaring inequalities of this present life are removed and all are upon a

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<sup>78</sup> *The Dialogues of the Dead*, 24.

level, and where crime and injustice receive their due reward.

Christianity had not yet attained a commanding position. It was only one among a vast number of sects, and thus far had found its adherents almost exclusively among the humble and obscure. It was two centuries before the new faith succeeded in establishing itself in the place of the slowly disintegrating fabric of paganism. But still it already held a sufficiently important position in the world of the second century to attract the attention of the curious observer. In the East the Christian communities were quite numerous, and Lucian in his travels there must have obtained some glimpses of them. But, like that of the world in general, his knowledge of them was vague and superficial. There are only three or four passages in which he makes explicit mention of the Christians. In the *Alexander*<sup>64</sup> he represents the arch imposter as commending them to popular execration along with the followers of Epicurus, because they, equally with the latter, stood in the way of his designs. In the *Story of the Death of Peregrinus*<sup>65</sup> occurs a passage of singular interest for its testimony to the simple virtues of the early Christians, the fraternal devotion which bound them together, the zeal with which they stood by one another in time of persecution, their ungrudging liberality, community of goods, and unfailing sympathy, their faith in immortality and contempt of death, their renunciation of the gods of the Greeks and worship of the "crucified sophist," to whose laws they conformed their lives. / To Lucian Christianity was only one more phase of religion, or rather of superstition. He gave it apparently only a passing thought. He did not penetrate to its underlying principles, so utterly foreign to the pagan cultus, by which it was surrounded, as not to be readily comprehended by the transient observer. Its votaries seemed to him worthy only of a half-disdainful commiseration, because so easily duped, as he thought, by any clever impostor like Peregrinus. Denunciation and caricature he reserved for polytheism. For the

<sup>64</sup> The *Alexander*, 25, 33.

<sup>65</sup> The *Peregrinus* 11-13. See *Appendix II*.

Christians he has scarcely the shadow of mockery and ridicule; for it is not necessary to read a tone of irony in his description of their belief as "marvelous," or of their great leader as the "crucified sophist." Nor does he concern himself with any of the unfounded accusations preferred against them. We may well believe, that so far as he gave the Christian faith any consideration, he had a certain respect for the sincerity and uprightness of its followers and was favorably disposed toward them, because of their rejection of the whole system of paganism.

Notwithstanding the notable religious revival fostered by Marcus Aurelius, Greek and Roman polytheism was tottering to its fall. Even by those who like Tacitus and Pliny had lost their faith in the ancient religion, it was regarded as a political necessity to maintain it; for they rightly judged that the very existence of the state would be imperilled, if the popular faith were swept away. Just how much Lucian hastened the process of disintegration, it is impossible to decide. His writings doubtless weakened the loyalty of some to the old system; but it is altogether unlikely that they had any considerable determining influence upon the general drift of religious thought. They were the symptom, rather than the cause, of the deep undercurrent of skepticism which was undermining the entire structure.

#### SUMMARY OF HIS WRITINGS.

The writings commonly included in the collections of Lucian's works number eight-three, covering thirteen hundred pages of Greek text in the edition of Jacobitz. Doubtless he wrote other pieces, especially in the rhetorical manner, which have not survived. But we may safely conclude that we now have all, or nearly all, of those that possess any special interest or value. Of the number above mentioned Bekker rejects twenty-eight as apocryphal, Dindorf eleven, and Sommerbrodt twenty-two. They agree, in eliminating seven, namely, the *Halcyon*, or *Concerning Transformation*, the *Defense of Astrology*, the *Philopatris*, *Examples of Longevity*, *Encomium on Demosthenes*, *Charidemus*, or *Concerning Beauty*, and *Concerning the*

*Syrian Goddess.* Of the remainder these critics by common consent recognize forty-eight as genuine. M. Croiset agrees with them in the rejection of all the above list except the tract upon the *Syrian Goddess* which, it has been thought, was not written by Lucian, because in the Ionic dialect and so at variance with his usual manner, as to contain no ridicule or scoff at the superstitions described therein. M. Croiset regards it as a satiric imitation of Herodotus, whom Lucian does not directly attack, but with ingenious address assumes his air, borrows his style, copies his mode of thought, and under this mask recounts the marvels and fables. The purpose of the piece he conceives to be in the same line with that of the *How to Write History*, i.e., to expose, but by means of burlesque, the false methods of historical writing.

The French critic adds to the foregoing list (with Bekker and Dindorf) the *Amours* and *Lucius or the Ass*; (with Bekker and Sommerbrodt) the *Sacrifices*, *Nero or the Isthmian Canal* and the *Epigrams* and (with Bekker alone) the *Cynic* and the *Pseudosophist*, making thirteen in all, which from the literary point of view—not to speak of certain impossibilities in the matter which they contain—seem to him to present different characteristics from Lucian's genuine writings. He accepts seventy as authentic, not all of them with equal certitude, but at least as not subject to serious contest. It is enough that the authenticity of scarcely any really important work attributed to Lucian can reasonably be called in question.

Various attempts, with perhaps more or less of success, have been made to determine their chronological order. It is, however, sufficient for our purpose to classify them according to the two-fold division of Lucian's life, which naturally separates itself into the rhetorical period, extending to the establishment of his residence in Athens in 165, when he was from forty to forty-five years of age, and the period of his maturity, when he produced those works of social and religious satire, which have given him his fame. To the former period belong various short pieces, which were employed as prologues—*προσλαλιαί*—to lectures or read-

ings, and in which skillful use is made of some striking incident or description, in order to gain the attention of the audience to what might follow—such pieces as *Concerning Amber or the Swans*, *Hippias* or the *Bath*, *Harmonides*, *About the Serpents*, the *House*, and the *Dream* or a *Chapter from the Life of Lucian*; and some more formal pieces, or declamations, such as the *First and Second Phalaris*, a defense of the tyrant of Agrigentum, the *Disinherited Son*, the *Tyrannicide*, the *Eulogium upon the Fatherland*, and the *Encomium Upon the Fly*. To this time also belong the *Nigrinus* which was one of Lucian's earlier works, if we adopt the conjecture alluded to in the account of his life; and the *Portraits* and the *Defense* of the same, believed to have been composed at Antioch about 162-3; and the *Trial Before the Vowels*, an amusing *jeu d'esprit* in which Sigma pleads his cause against Tau, by whom he has been despoiled of his rightful place; and as has been already stated, the *How to Write History* was written near the close of the Parthian war in 165.

Most of the works composed during the fifteen or twenty years subsequent to his settlement in Athens are of a satirical cast, either distinctly so, or with an undertone of satire. According to their main intent they fall naturally into three classes: First, those in which the pagan Olympus is attacked; second, the satires upon human life and society, its vices, follies and wrongs; and third, the satires upon the philosophers—a classification, observed for convenience in the present translation. Even where the leading motive is religious, human, or philosophical, the others are often skillfully introduced in a by-play of satire.

Besides the strictly theological or religious dialogues contained in the following pages, there belong to this class the *Prometheus* or *Caucasus* and the *Zeus Confuted*. In the former, while Hephæstus and Hermes are engaged in chaining Prometheus to the mountain, he vigorously protests against the cruelty and injustice of his fate and ventures to demand the reasons which led the king of the gods to condemn him to the cliff and the vultures. Hermes, coming to the

defense of his master, reminds the Titan of his pretended crimes, his deception in the division of the victim, the creation of man, and the theft of the fire, all of which Prometheus turns so skillfully into arguments in his own favor, that Hermes at last exclaims: "In making a show of defending yourself, Prometheus, you have brought a terrible indictment against Zeus."<sup>16</sup> The *Zeus Confuted* or cross-examined, is an attack upon Zeus and the gods over the shoulders of the Fates. A Cynic, obtaining from him the confession that Homer and Hesiod were right in saying that the Fates order all things, proves to his face that the so-called ruler of gods and men is himself subject to inexorable destiny and in fact has no power whatever; and he further argues, that, as everything is foreordained, it is manifestly unreasonable and unjust to reward or punish men for what they do, and sacrifices and prayers are of no avail. In a somewhat similar vein is the *Saturnalia*, in which the priest of *Cronus*, taking advantage of the liberty of his festival to mock at the gouty and superannuated Titan, propounds some questions concerning the legends about him current among men and not very complimentary to their subject, and asks why he resigned the government.

Among the satires upon human life and society contained in the following pages may also be classed the *Alexander or False Prophet*, the *Ship or Wishes* and the *Lover of Lies*, the scope of which have already been described; and *To an Uneducated Bibliomaniac*, in which our author satirizes the rich ignoramus who thought to pass himself off as a very learned man by gathering about him a large library; also the *Menippus or Necyomancy* in which Menippus tells of his descent into Hades to consult Teiresias, what he saw there, especially the fate of the great and powerful. The *Crono-Solon and Letters of Cronus*, apropos of the festival of the Saturnalia, treat of the relations of the rich and the poor. In the latter Cronus appears as a mediator between them; in the former his priest and prophet lays down the laws that are to govern the rich in their treatment of the poor during the *fêtes*. The

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<sup>16</sup> The *Prometheus*, 20.



*Hetæric Dialogues*, probably Lucian's work, though that is questioned by some, are clever pictures of the manners and customs of the Greek *Hetærae*, with perhaps a lurking vein of satire.

The satires upon the philosophers include also the *Fugitives* a reply to the attacks of the Cynics, whom it describes as vagabonds and runaway slaves; the *Hermotimus*, the longest and most argumentative of his dialogues, in which he cleverly employs the Socratic method, to convince a Stoic friend of the futility of trying to find out what is truth by following the speculations of the Stoic or of any other school of philosophy; and the *Double Indictment*, which derives its name from the two-fold arraignment of Lucian by Rhetoric and Dialogue, the former charging him with ungratefully deserting her, after she had conferred upon him such distinguished honor, and the latter with having prostituted him to the base uses of comedy.

Besides many attacks which Lucian made incidentally upon the rhetoricians and the formal one contained in the *Professor of Rhetoric* already alluded to, he wrote the *Pseudologist or Concerning the Word "Αποφράς,"* in which he defended his use of the word against the claim of the sophist, Timarchus, that it was un-Attic; and the *Lexiphanes*, ostensibly the name of a young rhetorician, or grammarian, whom he takes as a type of such writers as delight in archaisms and strange and unintelligible expressions. The handsome Lexiphanes comes to Lucian one day for his approval of a composition, which the young rhetorician has just written in this style. Lucian bids him read it; but he has not proceeded far, when the former in disgust declares he has had enough of it and will go distracted, unless the youth at once gets rid of all this stuff by taking an emetic. A physician happening along just then, Lucian lays the case before him. The latter gravely assures Lexiphanes that he is afflicted with a very serious disease and prescribes an emetic, that he "may think and talk like a human being." After many protestations the patient swallows the medicine and is straightway relieved. Lucian then advises him to place himself under instruction in the best poets and

orators, and Thucydides and Plato, and comedy and tragedy, in order to prevent any recurrence of his malady.

It is not to be supposed that Lucian abruptly forsook the style of the "rhetor" and passed at once to his new manner. The transition was in a degree gradual, and traces of his former manner still appear in some of the earlier works of the second period of his life, in such as the *Toxaris* or *Friendship*, a discussion between Mnesippus, a Greek, and Toxaris, a Scythian, as to which of these two peoples the better comprehended friendship and its duties; the *Anacharsis* or *the Gymnasia*, in which Solon and the Scythian, Anacharsis, argue respectively for and against the grand passion of the Greeks for gymnastic exercises; the tract upon *Dancing* and that which sets forth the duty of *Not Hastily Believing a Slander*. To this time belong also several pieces, which may be classed as rhetorical prologues, namely, the *Herodotus* or *Aëtion*, the *Scythian* or *Foreigner*, the *Zeuxis* or *Antiochus*, and the *Reply to Somebody Who had Styled Him a Literary Prometheus*. In the last mentioned he accepts the comparison, which had no doubt been intended as a disparagement, and applies it especially to the fact that he had ventured to introduce an original style of composition—a new manner in literature—the union of Platonic dialogue and Aristophanic comedy, of philosophic gravity and comic mirth, in harmonious and elegant proportion.

There are three narrative, or biographical sketches, which remain, the *Life of Demonax*, the *Alexander* or *the False Prophet*, and the *Death of Peregrinus*. These have already been characterized sufficiently.

Lucian has shown no little skill in the field of romance. Three pieces may be classed under this head viz., *Lucius* or *the Ass*, which inspired some of the incidents in *Gil Blas*; the *Dream* or *the Cock*, which is included in the present translation and may have suggested Le Sage's *Le Diable boiteux*, and the *True History*. By many, e.g., Bekker, Dindorf, Croiset, it is considered doubtful whether the first was really Lucian's work. It tells how a youth by the

name of Lucius, visiting at the house of a sorceress in Thessaly and seeing her change herself into a night-hawk by anointing her body with some magic oil, conceived the desire to experience the same transformation. Making friends with her maid-servant who obtained access to the closet where she kept her ointments, he happened to anoint himself from the wrong box and, to his dismay, was transformed into an ass. The story describes the varied adventures through which he passed in his search for the rose leaves, by eating which he was at last disenchanted and restored to his former self. The *True History*, in two parts, is, next to the *Hermotimus*, the longest single piece among Lucian's works, covering forty-three pages in the Greek. The purpose of this extravaganza is to satirize the extraordinary and incredible stories of the old poets and historians, and of the philosophers and certain writers of his own day, by outrivaling them in the flights of his fancy and the exuberance of his imagination, and, incidentally, to ridicule the universal passion for the marvelous and sensational. He wittily avows in the preface that it is a "true history" only so far as the confession is concerned, that there is not one word of truth in it; and throughout his preposterous adventures on sea and land, above the earth in space and in the ocean depths, upon the sun and moon and in the Islands of the Blest, he preserves a verisimilitude and shows a fertility of invention that the most skillful romancer might envy. Either directly or indirectly, in general scope or in minor details, this romance of Lucian's no doubt influenced, some of them perhaps unconsciously, such modern writers as De Bergerac in his *Voyage to the Moon* and *Empire of the Sun*, Rabelais in his *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, Voltaire in the *Princess of Babylon* and *Micromégas*, Swift in the *Travels of Gulliver*, Baron Münchhausen, and Jules Verne in his numerous *jeux d'esprit*. Lucian does not lose by comparison with these famous writers in this style of fiction. There is in him a verve, a facility, an affluence and a flow of spirits fairly astonishing.

Among the works assigned to his old age, or to the time just preceding, are the *Heracles* and the *Dio*

*nysus*, two prologues written for the public *séances* which he resumed for a season in his later years; the *Apology*, avowedly a defense of himself in accepting an office of state in Egypt, after having implicitly condemned such a course in the *Salaried Companions*; the *Excuse apropos of an Inadvertence in Saluting* some important personage in the morning with *ὕγιαυς* instead of *χαῖρε*; the tract upon *Mourning*, which in a serious vein of polished satire sets forth the strange and contradictory conceptions of the popular mythology respecting the state of the dead, and the inconsistent acts of those who accept them; and two short compositions in verse, the *Tragedy of the Gout*, and the *Ocypus*, or *Nimble Foot*. There seems to be no sufficient reason for regarding these last as apocryphal.

As the author who struck out a new path in those forms of composition which have given him a recognized place in literature, Lucian has had no little influence, by direct or indirect suggestion, upon later authors in the same field. Besides those already mentioned, Fontenelle, Fénelon and Lord Lyttleton in their dialogues, the novelist Fielding, Walter Savage Landor in his *Imaginary Conversations* and Henry D. Traill in his *New Lucian*, if they have not paid him the compliment of imitation, have at least felt the impulse of his example and original genius.

## II.

## SATIRES UPON THE PAGAN OLYMPUS.

## 1.—DIALOGUES OF THE GODS.

## 2.

*EROS, god of love.*

*ZEUS, supreme deity of the Greek Olympus.*

1. *EROS.* Well, Zeus, even if I did do wrong, make allowances for me, I'm only a little child and there's a deal of foolishness in me yet.

*ZEUS.* What! you a little child, Eros<sup>1</sup>—you who are older far than Iapetus! Because you haven't grown a beard or any gray hairs, do you for that reason claim to be regarded a mere child—old as you are and up to all manner of mischief?

*EROS.* Why, what great injury have I done you—old as you say I am—that you are minded even to clap me in irons?

*ZEUS.* Just consider, you scamp, whether these are trifling matters. You treat me with such disrespect, that there's nothing into which you haven't metamorphosed me—satyr,<sup>2</sup> bull,<sup>3</sup> gold, swan, and eagle. But not one woman whatsoever have you caused to become enamored of me, nor to my knowledge have I ever succeeded through your agency in bewitching any woman;

<sup>1</sup> Eros: The first being, with Gæa and Tartarus, to come forth from original Chaos, and thus long antedating Iapetus, son of Gæa, and one of the Titans, who was regarded by the Greeks as the ancestor of the human race. "Old as Iapetus" was a proverbial expression.

<sup>2</sup> Satyrs: Wood and mountain deities who formed the attendant train of Dionysus, god of wine. Represented with a snub nose, bristly hair, ears pointed at the top, a goat's tail and legs, and small budding horns.

<sup>3</sup> Bull, etc.: Zeus assumed the form of a white bull when he made off with Europa to Crete (*Dial. of Sea-Gods*, 15); came down through the roof in a shower of gold into the chamber where Danaë was immured (*Dial. of Sea-Gods*, 18); appeared to Leda as a swan, to Antiope as a satyr, and to Ganymedes as an eagle, when he carried him off to Olympus to be cupbearer to the gods.

but I must needs resort to philters with them and keep myself out of sight. It's the bull or the swan that the women take to, but if they catch sight of me, why! they die from fright.

2. EROS. I dare say. For they are but mortal, Zeus, and can't endure your presence.

ZEUS. How is it, then, that Branchus and Hyacinthus<sup>4</sup> are fond of Apollo?

EROS. Well, Daphné,<sup>5</sup> you remember, steered clear of him even, in spite of his long hair and beardless face. But if you wish to be fascinating, why, you shouldn't flourish that ægis<sup>6</sup> of yours, or take your thunderbolt along with you, but make yourself as charming as possible, let your hair flow loosely down in curls on both sides of your face and tie them up with a head-band; wear a purple garment, put on gold-embroidered shoes and walk, keeping time to the music of flute and kettle-drums—and you'll see more women following after you then, than the Mænads<sup>7</sup> of Dionysus.

ZEUS. Get along with you! I shouldn't look very engaging in such guise as that.

EROS. Well, then, Zeus, don't fall in love! *that's* easy enough, you know.

ZEUS. Nay, but I mean to keep right on with my love-making. But you mustn't put me to so much trouble to get possession of my loves. Upon these terms I let you off this time.

<sup>4</sup> Branchus and Hyacinthus: Youths of extraordinary beauty and greatly beloved by Apollo, who endowed the former with prophetic power, which he exercised at Didymi, near Miletus, and accidentally killed the latter in a game of quoits. From his blood sprang the flower of the same name.

<sup>5</sup> Daphné: A beautiful maiden with whom Apollo fell in love. To escape his attentions she was changed, according to Ovid, into a laurel tree.

<sup>6</sup> Ægis: Originally the hide of the goat Amalthea, which had suckled Zeus in infancy. To conquer the Titans he was told to wear a goatskin with the head of the Gorgon upon it. Cf. Il. 5, 738 ff., where he lends it to Athéné:

About her shoulders then she cast the tasseled  
Ægis dread, which Terror wreathes all round about;  
Therein is Strife and Prowess and chilling Rout withal;  
Therein the Gorgon head of monster dread, dismay  
And fear inspiring, sign of ægis-bearing Zeus.

In statues of Athéné the ægis generally appears as a short cloak thrown over the shoulders and covered with scales, with the Gorgon head in the center of the breast, and fringed with snakes.

<sup>7</sup> Mænads: Bacchantic women who accompanied Dionysus, and were so called because of their frenzied behavior.

## 4.

ZEUS, *king of the gods.*

GANYMEDES, *cupbearer of the gods.*

1. ZEUS. Come! Ganymedes—for we've reached our destination<sup>1</sup>—kiss me now, that you may realize that I no longer have a hooked beak, sharp talons, or feathers—as, to all appearance, I was of the feathered tribe, when I showed myself to you.

GAN. Weren't you just now an eagle, sir, and didn't you swoop down and snatch me from the midst of my flock? How is it, then, that those feathers of yours have fallen off and you now look like quite another being?

ZEUS. Well, my lad, it's neither a man you see nor an eagle; but the king of all the gods—that's what I am. I metamorphosed myself to suit the occasion.

GAN. What do you say? Why! Are you the far-famed Pan?<sup>2</sup> How is it, then, that you haven't got a shepherd's pipe, or horns, or hairy legs?

ZEUS. Why! Think you he's the only god there is?

GAN. Yes, and we are accustomed, indeed, to sacrifice to him a he-goat, which we bring to the grotto, where the god has his abode. But *you* I take to be a sort of kidnapper.

2. ZEUS. Tell me, haven't you heard the name of Zeus, or even seen the altar reared in Gargarus<sup>3</sup> to him who sends rain, thunder, and lightnings?

GAN. Why! Do you mean to say, my dear friend, that you are the person who lately poured down upon us that tremendous hailstorm—the being who says he dwells on high, who makes the noise we hear and to whom my father sacrificed the ram? Pray what harm have I done you, that you kidnapped me, O sovereign of the gods? But the chances are the wolves will straightway fall upon my flocks in their defenseless condition and tear them in pieces.

<sup>1</sup> Our destination: Olympus, whither Ganymedes was carried by Zeus, who appeared to him on Mt. Ida in the form of an eagle.

<sup>2</sup> Pan: God of woods and meadows and of rural life, hence worshipped especially by shepherds. Described as having horns, a puck nose, goat's beard and feet, and playing upon a pipe.

<sup>3</sup> Gargarus: A part of Mt. Ida, where Ganymedes tended his flocks.

ZEUS. What! Are you still concerned about your flocks, now that you have become immortal and are going to be with us?

GAN. What do you mean? Aren't you going to take me back to Ida right off, this very day?

ZEUS. Not a bit of it! For in that case my changing from a god into an eagle would have been all for naught.

GAN. Well then, my father will seek after me and be plunged into sorrow at the fruitless search; and by and by, I shall get a sound thrashing for having left my flock.

ZEUS. Why, where will he get sight of you?

GAN. Oh, don't detain me, don't! For already I yearn after him. If you'll take me back, I promise you he'll sacrifice to you another ram as a ransom for me. We've got one three years old, a big fellow, who leads the way to the pasture.

3. ZEUS. (Aside). How naïve and artless the lad is, and that, notwithstanding he's a lad still. (Resuming the conversation). But, Ganymedes, dismiss all those things from your mind and forget them—your flock and Mount Ida. As for yourself—for you are already a god—from here you will be able to confer many blessings upon your father and fatherland. Instead of cheese and milk you will live on ambrosia<sup>4</sup> and drink nectar. Indeed you shall yourself act as cup-bearer and provide this for the rest of us also. And to crown all, you'll be no longer a man, but immortal, and I'll make your star to give a most brilliant light, and you shall be perfectly happy.

GAN. But if I should want to have some sport, who will play with me? For on Mount Ida there were many mates of us.

ZEUS. Here, too, you shall have some one to play with you—this Eros<sup>5</sup> here—and dice in any quantity. Only take heart and be cheery and don't be hankering after the things below.

4. GAN. How in the world, then, can I be useful to you? Shall I have to herd sheep here too?

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<sup>4</sup> Ambrosia and nectar: The food and drink of the gods, withheld from mortals, as containing the principle of immortality.

<sup>5</sup> Eros: God of love.



ZEUS. Oh, no! You shall pour the wine and be put in charge of the nectar and have the management of the symposium.

GAN. Oh, that won't be hard. For I know how one should pour the milk and proffer the rustic drinking cup.

ZEUS. (Aside). There, that reminds him again of milk, and he thinks he's about to wait upon men. (Resuming). But here it's heaven, and as I remarked, we drink nectar.

GAN. Is that more delicious, Zeus, than milk?

ZEUS. Oh, you'll find out by and by, and when you've once tasted of it, you will no longer hanker after the milk.

GAN. And where shall I sleep at night? With my companion, Eros?

ZEUS. Oh, no! You shall share my couch. That's why I carried you off.

GAN. Why, can't you sleep by yourself? Or is it pleasanter to sleep with me?

ZEUS. Yes, with such an one, indeed, as you, Ganymedes—so beautiful.

5. GAN. Why, of what use is my beauty in promoting your slumber?

ZEUS. Oh, there's a sort of bewitching spell about it and it brings sleep on more gently.

GAN. And besides, my father, for his part, was annoyed at my occupying the same bed with him and used to tell in the morning how I deprived him of his repose by tossing upon my pillow and kicking and talking somewhat in my sleep. Therefore he usually sent me to my mother to go to bed. If, as you say, you kidnapped me with this object in view, it's high time for you to set me down again upon the earth, or else you'll suffer from sleeplessness. For I shall disturb you by my constant tossing.

ZEUS. You'll do the very thing that's most agreeable to me, if I should lie awake along with you and hug and kiss you again and again.

GAN. Well, you yourself should know. But I shall fall asleep, if you fondle me.

ZEUS. Oh, we shall know what to do then. But at

present, Hermes,\* do you take him away and, after he has drunk of immortality, bring him back to pour the wine for us; but mind you teach him beforehand how he is to hold out the cup.

## 5.

HERÉ, *wife of Zeus.*  
ZEUS, *king of the gods.*

1. HERÉ. Ever since, Zeus, you kidnapped that Phrygian lad<sup>1</sup> from Ida and brought him here, you treat me with less attention.

ZEUS. Why, Heré! Are you already jealous of him, too—such a simple-hearted boy and perfectly in-offensive? I thought you took umbrage at those ladies only who consort with me.<sup>2</sup>

2. HERÉ. Well, even in those affairs you don't do right, nor do such proceedings become yourself. You are sovereign of all gods, and yet you forsake me, your lawful wife, and disguised as gold or as a satyr or bull,<sup>3</sup> you go down to the earth to play the gay Lothario. Albeit those women of yours remain even upon earth, but as for this youngster from Ida, O most noble of gods, you seized and flew up here with him, and now he lives with us, thrust headlong into my presence, ostensibly, indeed, to pour the wine for us. Were you in such sore need of cupbearers, and have Hebé<sup>4</sup> and Hephæstus<sup>5</sup> grown weary, forsooth, of your service? And, too, you never receive the cup at his hands without first giving him a smack in full view of the whole company, and the kiss is more grateful to you than the nectar; and for this reason, even when you are not thirsty, you often

\* Hermes: Messenger and general factotum of Zeus.

<sup>1</sup> Phrygian lad: Ganymedes.

<sup>2</sup> Those ladies only who consort with me—Semelé, Leda, Danaë, Alcmené, Europa, Io, and Antiope.

<sup>3</sup> Satyr or bull: See notes *Dial. of Gods*, 2.

<sup>4</sup> Hebé. Daughter of Zeus and Heré, and personification of youth. In *Homer* she pours the nectar for the gods according to the patriarchal custom of the Greeks, by which young unmarried daughters, even in royal palaces, waited at table.

<sup>5</sup> Hephæstus: Son of Zeus and Heré, and god of fire and the forge. Il. 1, 595 ff., tells of his acting as cupbearer to the gods, and how inextinguishable laughter arose among them, as they saw him bustling and hobbling about through the palace halls.

call for a drink. And when, after taking only a sip yourself, you have passed the cup back to him, you even take it up again when he has drunk, and what's left in it you drain off at the very place from whence the lad drank and where he touched his lips, in order that you may both drink and make love at the same time. Why, only the other day you, the king and father of all, doffed your ægis<sup>6</sup> and thunderbolt and sat down to a game of dice with him—you who have such a long flowing beard! Yes, I see all these performances—so you needn't think to escape my notice.

3. ZEUS. And what is there so dreadful, Heré, in kissing tenderly such a handsome boy in the midst of one's drinking, and in enjoying the kiss and the nectar both? Anyhow, if I should permit him to kiss you even once, you would no longer find fault with me for thinking his kiss more precious than the nectar.

HERÉ. (In disgust.) That's the way they talk who dote upon boys. But *I* wouldn't be so beside myself as to touch my lips to this effeminate Phrygian—faugh! so womanish!

ZEUS. Don't you abuse my favorites—my most noble lady!—I want you to understand. For this one here—the womanish, the barbarian, the effeminate, as you are pleased to call him—is sweeter to me and more longed-for than—well, I won't say, lest I exasperate you still more.

4. HERÉ. O that you would marry him, then—for my sake at least. At all events, bethink yourself how offensively you act toward me because of this wine-pourer.

ZEUS. Nay, but your son, Hephæstus, had to pour the wine for us, hobbling about and when just in from his furnace and still chock-full of sparks, having just laid aside his fire-tongs. And we were obliged to receive the cup from those fingers of his and actually to draw him to us and kiss him between-whiles, when not even you, his mother, could take pleasure in kissing his face, all burnt and sooty as it was. All this is more agreeable!—is it not so? Yes, and *that* wine-pourer is far more in keeping with the symposium of the gods!

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<sup>6</sup> *Ægis*: See *Dial. of Gods*, 2. Note 6.

But Ganymedes must be sent down again to Ida! For he's neat and tidy, has rosy fingers and is an adept at presenting the cup, and—what disturbs you most—his kiss is even sweeter than the nectar.

5. HERÉ. Yes, at present, Zeus, Hephæstus is lame and his fingers are not worthy to touch your cup and he is full of soot and the sight of him turns your stomach, ever since Ida bred this long-haired beauty! But of old you didn't notice these things. Neither the sparks, nor the furnace deterred you from receiving the cup at his hands.

ZEUS. You are distressing your ownself, Heré,—nothing else—and only intensifying my love for him by your jealousy. If you are annoyed at receiving the cup from a blooming boy—why, your son shall pour the wine for *you*—but do you, Ganymedes, give the cup to me only and kiss me twice every time, both when you offer it full and again when you receive it back from me. (Heré bursts into tears.) Why, what does this mean? Are you weeping? Don't be alarmed! He shall howl for it, whoever would cause you grief.

## 7.

HEPHÆSTUS, *god of fire and the forge.*

APOLLO, *god of light, music, and prophecy.*

1. HEPH. Hey, Apollo! Have you seen that nursing<sup>1</sup> of Maia's—the one just born? What a beauty! Smiles at everybody and already bids fair to prove a good deal of a blessing.

AP. What, Hephæstus! Turn out a blessing—that bantling, who, on the score of<sup>2</sup> knavery, is the senior of Iapetus!<sup>3</sup>

HEPH. And what harm can he have done—seeing he has just come into the world?

AP. Well, ask Poseidon<sup>4</sup>—he stole his trident—or Ares.<sup>4</sup> Yes, ask him, for on the sly the brat extracted

<sup>1</sup> That nursing: Hermes, son of Zeus and Maia. He was patron of thieving and conductor of the shades of the dead to the lower world. He is represented as wearing a cap, golden sandals, wings upon his head, cap, or ankles, and as carrying a staff, or magic wand. Cf. *Dial. of Gods*, 24.

<sup>2</sup> Senior of Iapetus: See *Dial. of Gods*, 2, note 1.

<sup>3</sup> Poseidon: Son of Zeus and god of the sea.

<sup>4</sup> Ares: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 4.

his sword from its scabbard—not to speak of myself, whom he stripped of bow and arrows.

2. HEPH. What! That chit, who can scarcely stand upon his feet, do all that?—the one in the swaddling clothes!

AP. You'll realize it yourself, Hephestus, if only he makes you a call.

HEPH. Nay, but he has already done so.

AP. Very well! Are all of your tools still in your possession and not one of them gone?

HEPH. All here, Apollo!

AP. But look carefully!

HEPH. Good heavens! I don't see my anvil.

AP. Oh, you'll light on it somewhere in the child's swaddling clothes.

HEPH. Why, is he so light-fingered as all that, as if he had practiced the thieving art before he was born?

3. AP. Ah! You didn't hear him just now jabbering and rattling on. And he wants even to wait on us. Yesterday he challenged Eros<sup>a</sup> to a wrestling bout and threw him in a jiffy, having somehow or other knocked his feet from under him. Then, right in the midst of the bravos in honor of his victory, he stole Aphrodite's girdle, as she folded him to her bosom, and the scepter of Zeus, while the old fellow was still convulsed with laughter. And had not the thunderbolt been too ponderous and piping hot, he would have made off with that, too.

HEPH. That child's quite a prodigy, according to your story.

AP. Not only so, but he's already proficient in music, too.

HEPH. From what can you infer that?

4. AP. Why, he found a dead tortoise somewhere and constructed an instrument<sup>b</sup> out of it. He fitted horns to it, joined these together by a cross-bar and then inserted pegs, and having put a bridge underneath stretched seven strings upon it; and he played such a

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<sup>a</sup> Eros: God of love.

<sup>b</sup> Constructed an instrument out of it: Hermes invented the lyre upon his return from the theft of the cattle of Apollo. The latter discovered the thief, but was so entranced by his playing upon this extemporized instrument that he allowed him to keep the oxen.

very pretty melody, Hephaestus, that even I, long a practiced hand at the lyre, was envious of him. And Maia was telling me that he doesn't stay in heaven nights, but out of curiosity goes down clear to the nether world—in order to steal something from there too, I'll warrant you. He has wings and has made himself a sort of wand—and wonderful is its potency—with which he pilots and leads the souls of the dead down to the nether world.

HEPH. Oh, I gave him that for a plaything.

AP. So then he has recompensed you by stealing your——

HEPH. It's good of you to put me in mind of it. I must, therefore, be off in order to get it back again. I'll see if, as you say, it may not be found somewhere in the child's swaddling clothes.

## 13.

*ZEUS, king of the gods.*

*ASCLEPIUS, god of the healing art.*

*HERACLES, the national hero of Greece, deified.*

1. ZEUS. You there, Asclepius and Heracles, stop squabbling with one another just like mortals! Such doings are unbecoming and inappropriate to a banquet of the gods.

HERA. But, Zeus, is it your pleasure that that pill-vender there sit above me?

ASC. Yes, by Zeus! And why shouldn't I? I'm his better.

HERA. In what respect, you gaping fool? Because Zeus struck you with his bolt<sup>1</sup> for doing what you'd no business to, and now out of compassion you've been made a partaker of immortality again?

ASC. Why, Heracles! Have you even forgot how you burned yourself to a cinder on Mount Oeta,<sup>2</sup> that you cast in my teeth my cremation?

<sup>1</sup> Struck you with his bolt: Asclepius was reputed to be able not only to cure the sick, but also to restore the dead to life. While practicing the latter art he was killed by Zeus with a flash of lightning, as the latter feared men might be able to escape death altogether. At the request of Apollo, Zeus gave him immortality.

<sup>2</sup> On Mt. Oeta: Out of jealousy, Deianira, the wife of Heracles, sent her husband a sacrificial garment anointed with an ointment prepared from the blood

HERA. No, but our lives haven't been on the same footing or similar. I'm the son of Zeus and have performed so many labors<sup>3</sup> by way of purifying the world, subduing wild beasts and punishing arrogant men. Whereas, *you* are a gatherer of roots and a quack, good, perhaps, at applying salves to sick folks, but never having displayed any manly quality.

2. ASC. That's fine talk on your part, seeing I cured your burns, when the other day you came up here half-charred, your body disabled from the combined effect of the tunic and of the fire afterward. Even if I haven't done anything else, I didn't serve as a slave,<sup>4</sup> as you have, or card wool in Lydia, clad in a woman's purple garment, nor did Omphalé take her gilt slipper to me. No, nor did I in a fit of madness kill my wife and children.<sup>5</sup>

HERA. If you don't stop twitting me, you'll find out right here and now that your immortality won't profit you much. For I'll fling you headlong out of heaven, with the result that not even Pæon<sup>6</sup> can mend your shattered skull.

ZEUS. Stop, I say, and don't you be disturbing our meeting for us, or I'll bundle you both out of the banquet hall. But it's reasonable, Heracles, that Asclepius should have a seat above you—inasmuch also as he died before you.

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16.

HERÉ, *wife of Zeus and mother of Hephæstus.*

LETO, *mother of Apollo and Artemis.*

1. HERÉ. (With a contemptuous toss of the head).

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of the Centaur Nessus, which he had declared would be a sure means of retaining the affections of her spouse. This proved a virulent poison, which penetrated the hero's body, while he was sacrificing, and produced fearful agony, so that he erected a funeral pyre upon Mt. Oeta, that he might end his torments. And the story goes that as the flames ascended he was carried up to Olympus in a four-horse chariot amid furious peals of thunder, and so became a god.

<sup>3</sup> So many labors: Especially his twelve labors in the service of Eurystheus.

<sup>4</sup> Serve as a slave: Heracles was sold to Omphalé, queen of Lydia. This episode in his career is well represented in the Farnese group in the Naples museum. Omphalé has thrown about her the lion's skin and holds in her right hand the hero's club; while Heracles, upon whom she is smiling in triumph, is clad in female attire and has a distaff in his hand.

<sup>5</sup> Kill wife and children: On his return from Hades, his twelfth labor, Heracles was seized with a madness in which he killed his wife, Megara, and her children.

<sup>6</sup> Pæon: In Homer the name of the physician of the Olympian deities, who heals, for example, the wounds of Hades and Ares.

Verily a fine pair of bantlings, Leto, you've borne to Zeus!

LETO. (Flushed with anger). Yes, not *all* of us, Heré, can have children the like of Hephæstus.

HERÉ. (Somewhat taken aback). Well, he's quite useful, notwithstanding his lameness.<sup>1</sup> He's a first-class craftsman<sup>2</sup> and has put heaven in complete order for us. Then he has wedded Aphrodité, and she thinks the world of him. But as for those children of *yours*—the girl<sup>3</sup> is exceedingly masculine and makes the mountains her haunt. And her latest prank everybody is cognizant of—how she went off to Scythia<sup>4</sup> and puts strangers to death and devours them, imitating the Scythians themselves in their man-eating customs. As for Apollo—he pretends to know everything—how to use the bow and play the cithara and practice medicine and augury. He has established factories, where he turns out oracles to order—one at Delphi,<sup>5</sup> another at Clarus and a third at Didymi—and bamboozles those who resort to him by returning equivocal answers, susceptible of being taken on either side of the question, so that he runs no risk of tripping up. Yes, and he's getting rich out of it. There are shoals of fools, you know, who hold themselves in readiness to be duped. The more intelligent, though, know him like a book, notwithstanding he utters such marvelous things. Anyhow, though himself a seer, he didn't perceive that he was to slay his favorite<sup>6</sup> with the quoit, nor did he fore-

<sup>1</sup> His lameness: According to Il. 1, 590 ff. it was the result of his interference in a quarrel between Zeus and Heré, when the former catching him by the foot hurled him from the threshold of heaven.

"From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon till dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropped from the zenith, like a falling star,  
On Lemnos, the Ægean Isle."

—Milton.

<sup>2</sup> A first-class craftsman: The poets give many illustrations of his skill, e.g. the scepter and sceptre of Zeus, trident of Poseidon, armor of Achilles, especially his famous shield described in Il. 18, 478-616.

<sup>3</sup> The girl: Artemis, whose favorite amusement was the chase.

<sup>4</sup> Went to Scythia: The reference here is to a Taurian goddess, whom the Greeks identified with Artemis and to whom strangers cast upon the coast of Taurica (modern Crimea) were sacrificed.

<sup>5</sup> Delphi: In central Greece; the most important of the oracles of Apollo, for a long time exercising a powerful political influence, especially among the Dorian tribes. Clarus and Didymi were both in western Asia Minor.

<sup>6</sup> His favorite: Hyacinthus, accidentally killed by Apollo in a game of quoits.



tell that Daphné<sup>7</sup> was going to fly from him, in spite of his beauty and flowing locks. So then I don't see how you came to be regarded as having more beautiful children than Niobe.<sup>8</sup>

2. LETO. Yet these children of mine, whom you stigmatize as the slayer of strangers and as the false-prophet—yes, I know how it grates upon your feelings to see them among the gods, particularly when the young lady is complimented upon her beauty and the young gentleman plays the cithara at the symposium amid the admiring plaudits of the whole company.

HERÉ. Why, I can't help laughing, Leto. The idea that there's anything extraordinary about that youngster's playing, when, had the Muses chosen to render a just decision, Marsyas<sup>9</sup> would himself have flayed *him*, for in fact it was the former who got the victory in the musical contest. As it was—poor fellow!—having been outwitted, he was seized and came to his death unjustly. And as for that handsome girl of yours, she is such a beauty, that, when she found she had been observed by Actæon,<sup>10</sup> she set the dogs on *him*, fearing that the young man would let it be known that she looks like a fright. I say nothing of the fact that she used even to practice midwifery, when she was herself a mere girl.

LETO. You give yourself a good many airs, Heré, because you are wife of Zeus and share the sovereignty with him; and therefore you insult us without fear. However, by and by, I shall see you crying your eyes out again, when he forsakes you and goes down to the earth in the guise of a bull or swan.<sup>11</sup>

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19.

APHRODITÉ, *goddess of beauty and love.*

EROS, *son of Aphrodité and the god of love.*

1. APHR. What in the world can be the reason,

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<sup>7</sup> Daphné: See *Dial. of Gods*, 2, note 5.

<sup>8</sup> Niobé: See Introduction, note 13.

<sup>9</sup> Marsyas: A satyr who challenged Apollo to a trial of skill upon the flute, the conditions being that the conqueror should do whatever he would with the vanquished. Apollo was adjudged victor by the Muses and flayed Marsyas alive.

<sup>10</sup> Actæon: While hunting he had surprised Artemis bathing. The latter changed him into a stag, and he was torn in pieces by his own hounds.

<sup>11</sup> Guise of a bull, or swan: Zeus appeared to Europa disguised as a bull, and to Leda as a swan.

Eros, that when you have subdued all the other gods—Zeus,<sup>1</sup> Poseidon, Apollo, Rhea and me, your mother—you fight shy of Athené only, and in her case your torch hasn't a spark of fire in it, your quiver is empty of arrows, you miss your mark and are as good as without bow and arrow?

ER. The fact is, mother, I'm afraid of her. For she's frightful,<sup>2</sup> her eyes glare at me and she looks marvelously like a man. At all events, whenever I bend my bow and go toward her, with a shake of her helmet-crest she frightens me out of my wits, a tremor creeps over me and the arrows fall from my hands.

APHR. Why, wasn't Ares<sup>3</sup> more terrible? Nevertheless, you disarmed him and have reduced him to subjection.

ER. Yes, but he, nothing loth, lets me approach him and calls me to him; whereas Athené is all the time eying me suspiciously. And once when I heedlessly flew near her with my torch, says she: "If you come near me, by my father<sup>4</sup> I'll drive my spear through you, or catch you by the foot and hurl you into Tartarus,<sup>5</sup> or with my own hands I'll tear you in sunder and make short work of you." She has uttered many threats to that effect. And then, she gazes at me with such a piercing look and has upon her breast a horrid visage of some sort, with long falling hair, consisting of snakes; and this I'm especially afraid of. It has the effect upon me of a hobgoblin,<sup>6</sup> and I make off whenever I catch sight of it.

<sup>1</sup> Zeus, etc.: The reference here is to the many love affairs of Zeus with Danaë, Leda, Europa, etc. Poseidon, the god of the sea, married Amphitrité, one of the Nereids; she fled to Atlas to avoid his rude wooing, but was brought back by his dolphin. Mythology gives no hint that Apollo was ever susceptible to the tender passion. It was much with him as with Athené, who was purely an intellectual being—*virgo intemerata*—with "nothing of sex except the gender, nothing of the woman except the form." Rhea was wife of Cronus, the Titan father of Zeus. As for Aphrodité, goddess of love, she was pre-eminently under the sway of Eros, as witness her relations with Hephaestus, Ares, Anchises, etc. The insignia of Eros were a bow and arrows and a burning torch.

<sup>2</sup> She's frightful: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 12.

<sup>3</sup> Ares: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 4.

<sup>4</sup> My father: Zeus.

<sup>5</sup> Tartarus: A dark abyss beneath Hades; prison of the Titans; later applied to the nether world in general.

<sup>6</sup> Hobgoblin: The Mormo, a hideous she monster used by Greek nurses to frighten children.

2. APHR. Well, according to your account you are scared at Athené and her Gorgon, and that, too, though you were not frightened at the bolt of Zeus! And the Muses<sup>7</sup>—why are they invulnerable for you and beyond reach of your missiles? Do they, too, flourish helmet-crests and exhibit Gorgon heads?

ER. Mother, I stand in awe of them—they are such stately ladies, always in a thoughtful mood and occupied with their music; and I oftentimes stand beside them enchanted by the melody.

APHR. Well, let them alone—they are grand ladies. But, Artemis<sup>8</sup>—why don't you try and wound her?

ER. The long and the short of it is, it's impossible even to overtake her, for she's always scouring the mountains. And besides, she already has on hand a sort of love affair of her own.

APHR. With whom is she in love, my child?

ER. With prey—deer and fawns. She delights both to take them in the chase and to bring them down with the bow and is wholly given over to that sort of life. At any rate, when I aimed a shaft at her brother—albeit he is himself also an archer and shoots to a great distance—

APHR. Yes, my child, I know all about it. You've hit *him* many a time.

## 20.

### *The Judgment of Paris.*

ZEUS, HERMES, HERÉ, ATHENÉ, APHRODITÉ, PARIS,  
or ALEXANDER.

*Introduction.* When Peleus, king of the Myrmidons in Theessaly, wedded the Nereid, Thetis, all the gods and goddesses were invited to the festivities, except Eris, goddess of discord. To avenge the slight, Eris cast among the company a golden apple inscribed with the legend: "For the fairest." The three rival beauties, Heré, sister and wife of Zeus, and his two daughters, Athené and Aphrodité, at once fell into a hot dispute as to which of them was entitled to the apple. Unwilling himself to assume the responsibility of deciding, Zeus bade Hermes conduct

<sup>7</sup> The Muses: At first goddesses of song only, and three in number. Later there were nine, each representing some special form of poetry, art or science.

<sup>8</sup> Artemis: Goddess of the chase; a maiden divinity, never conquered by love, but especially venerated by young maidens, whose patroness she remained until their marriage. Apollo was her brother.

the goddesses to Mount Ida in the Troad and submit the matter to the shepherd, Paris—otherwise called Alexander, defender of men—the son of Priam, king of Troy at the time of the Trojan war. Paris, when a child, had been exposed upon Mount Ida by his mother, Hecabé, because it had been foretold that he should bring about the ruin of his native city. He was brought up by one of the shepherds there and, subsequently discovering his real origin, was restored to his home. See *Dial. of Sea-Gods*, 5.

1. ZEUS. I say, Hermes, take this apple here and go to Phrygia<sup>1</sup> to Priam's son, the herdsman—he's tending his flocks upon Mount Gargarus, a part of Ida—and say to him: "Paris, since you are yourself beautiful and wise in love matters, Zeus bids you decide for the goddesses as to which one of them is the fairest. Whichever one wins the prize in the contest shall receive the apple." Yes (turning to the goddesses), and it's high time for you yourselves also to be off to the judge. For I love you all alike and so must decline the office of arbiter; indeed, were it possible, I should like to see you all win. Above all, whoever awards the prize of beauty to one must inevitably incur the bitter enmity of the majority. Therefore I'm not a suitable person to act as judge for you myself, but there's that young Phrygian—go to him; he's of royal birth and kinsman of Ganymedes<sup>2</sup> here, and as for the rest, an artless youth of the mountains. No one would deem him unworthy of such a sight.

2. APHRODITÉ. Well, Zeus, even if you should appoint Momus<sup>3</sup> himself as judge for us, I would go to the display with full confidence. For what imperfection could he possibly find in me? The man ought to be acceptable to these also.

HERÉ. Nor are we afraid, Aphrodité, no not even if your Ares<sup>4</sup> be intrusted with the decision of the matter. Yes, we accept even this Paris, whoever he may be.

<sup>1</sup> Phrygia: Troas, in western Asia Minor.

<sup>2</sup> Ganymedes: Son of Tros, king of Troy. Zeus in the form of an eagle carried him off to Olympus and installed him as cupbearer to the gods. Cf. *Dial. of Gods*, 4.

<sup>3</sup> Momus: The critic god, personification of mockery and censure and general grumbler of the Olympian court. On one occasion Athené, Poseidon, and Hephestus, having got into a wrangle over their respective artistic skill, referred the matter to his decision.

<sup>4</sup> Ares: God of war; called here "your" Ares in reference to her amour with him, described in *Odyssey*, 8, 306-306.

ZEUS. (To Athené.) Is this agreeable to you also, my daughter? What say you? Do you turn away and blush? Modesty, at least in such matters, is characteristic of you maidens. You nod assent all the same. (To them all.) Now take yourselves off, and you who prove unsuccessful, see to it that you don't get angry with the judge, or do any damage to the youth. For it isn't possible that you should all be equally beautiful.

3. HERM. Well, let us make straight for Phrygia—I'll act as guide, and don't you be slow in following me, and be of good cheer! For I know Paris—he's a handsome youth and, as for the fest, of an amorous turn and most competent to judge in such matters. He couldn't possibly make a wrong decision.

APHR. That's altogether good, what you say about our judge being impartial, and just suits me. But is he a bachelor, or has he a wife living with him?

HERM. Well, I can't say he is entirely single, Aphrodite.

APHR. What do you mean?

HERM. Why, there seems to be living with him a woman of Mount Ida,<sup>a</sup> capable enough, but countrified and dreadfully mountainish. He appears, however, to be not much attached to her. But be that as it may, why do you ask?

APHR. Oh, I had no particular reason for asking.

4. ATHENÉ (interrupting—to Hermes). I say, you fellow there, you aren't honestly executing your mission in taking counsel with this one only.

HERM. Oh, there was nothing dreadful in what she said, or to your disadvantage, my dear Athené. She only inquired of me whether Paris is unmarried.

ATH. Why, pray, is she so curious on that point?

HERM. I don't know. She declares, though, that she asked the question casually, just as it came into her head and not of set purpose.

ATH. Well, how is it? Is he unmarried?

HERM. It appears not.

ATH. Pray, does he take to warlike exercises, and is he sort of fond of glory, or simply a herdsman?

<sup>a</sup> Woman of Mt. Ida: Oenoné, whose story is exquisitely told in Tennyson's poem with that title.

HERM. I'm unable to tell you the truth of the matter; but from the fact that he is young, one can conjecture that he is also fond of these things and desires to be foremost in battle.

APHR. (To Hermes). See! *I've* no fault to find, nor do *I* charge you with talking privately with this woman. Such a course is characteristic of querulous people, not of Aphrodité.

HERM. Well, as to that, she asked me pretty much the same question you did. Wherefore, don't take it to heart, or fancy that you are being thrown into the background, if I gave her also a straightforward answer. 5. But, if I may interrupt the conversation, we've already got on our journey a long distance from the stars and indeed are almost in Phrygia. I see clearly both Ida and the whole of Gargarus, if I'm not deceived, yee and Paris himself, your judge.

HERÉ. Where is he? I don't make him out.

HERM. Look around in that direction, Heré, to the left, not at the top of the mountain, but along the side, where the cave is, where you see the herd.

HERÉ. But I don't see the herd.

HERM. What say you? Don't you see some diminutive cattle, just about as large as my finger here, coming out of the midst of the rocks and a man running down from his lookout place with a shepherd's crook and restraining the herd from scattering too far?

HERÉ. Now I see, if indeed that is he.

HERM. Yes, that is he. But as we are now so near let us descend, if you please, and walk upon the earth, that we may not utterly confound him by flying down from on high all unobserved.

HERÉ. Very well! Let us do so! (They alight). Now that we have got down, 'tis time for you, Aphrodité, to go ahead and lead the way for us. For *you* are of course acquainted with the place, having often gone down to visit Anchises,<sup>\*</sup> so it is reported.

APHR. Your gibes don't annoy me very much, Heré.

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<sup>\*</sup> Anchises: Related to the royal house of Troy and king of Dardanus on Mt. Ida. Zeus inspired Aphrodité with an intense love for him. Virgil's hero, Aeneas, was their son.

6. **HERM.** Nay, I will conduct you. I'm abundantly competent to do so, for I myself spent some time upon Mount Ida, when Zeus, you know, was in love with the Phrygian lad;<sup>7</sup> and oftentimes I came hither, sent down by him to look after the boy. And, indeed, once when the king of heaven appeared in the form of the eagle, I flew along by his side and helped to keep the handsome fellow above water; and if indeed I remember rightly, he kidnapped him from this rock here, for the boy happened just then to be playing his pipe to the flock. Flying down behind him, Zeus himself very lightly clasped him about with his talons, and with his beak seizing his headgear carried the boy up on high, who was utterly confounded and, with neck bent back, gazed steadfastly at his captor. Then I, taking his pipe, for he had thrown it aside out of fear—but enough of this, for here's the umpire right at hand. Let us, therefore, accost him! 7. Hail, sir shepherd!

**PARIS.** And you, young man, who are you, that you have come here to visit us? And who are these women, that you are bringing with you? For they are not fit to be ranging over mountains, so very beautiful are they.

**HERM.** Nay, but they are not women, Paris; but you see before you Heré, Athené, and Aphrodité; and I am Hermes, sent hither upon a mission from Zeus. But why do you tremble and turn pale? Don't be afraid! There's nothing difficult for you to do. He bids you act as judge of their beauty. "For," to quote his own words, "as you are yourself both handsome and wise in love matters, I intrust the decision to you. You will know what the prize in the contest is, when you have read the inscription upon the apple."

**PAR.** Come! Let me see just what he wishes. (Taking the apple, he reads.) "For the fairest," it says. But, Master Hermes, how can I, mortal that I am myself and only a country bumpkin, how can I be a judge of such an incredible sight and one beyond a herdsman's capacity to comprehend? The decision of such matters belongs rather to dainty city folks. For my part I could quickly decide according to the prin-

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<sup>7</sup> Phrygian lad: Ganymedes.

ciples of my craft, whether one goat is more beautiful than another, or one heifer than another. 8. But these ladies are all equally beautiful, and I don't know how any one could possibly tear away his gaze from one and transfer it to another. For it cannot easily withdraw, but wherever the eye rests first, there it clings closely and admires what is right before it. And suppose it does pass to something else, it sees beauty there also and there remains fixed and is captivated by what is near at hand. In short their beauty has poured itself around and altogether compassed me about, and I'm vexed because I cannot myself also, like Argus,\* see with my entire body. To my mind, I should decide well, if I were to concede the apple to all. And with reason, for add to this the fact, that that one (pointing to Heré) is sister and wife of Zeus, while these are his daughters. Surely, then, from this point of view also, it is hard to decide the matter.

HERM. Well, I don't know. Only it is impossible to hesitate in reference to a command of Zeus.

9. PAR. But, Hermes, prevail upon them to agree to this one condition, not to get angry with me—the two who are vanquished—but to regard it as the fault of my eyes.

HERM. They agree to your request. But it is high time for you to be rendering your decision.

PAR. Well, I'll make the attempt, for how can one help himself? But I desire to know this first. Will it be enough to look at them just as they are, or must they also disrobe, that a minute examination may be had?

HERM. It would be your business as judge to settle that. So give your orders exactly to suit yourself.

PAR. Exactly to suit myself? Well, then, I wish to see them with their robes off.

HERM. (To the goddesses). Get ready, you there! (To Paris.) Now do you proceed with the inspection, while I have turned away.

10. HERÉ. Well said, Paris! And I will be the very first to do as you bid, that you may learn that not

\* Argus: Surnamed Panoptes, the all-seeing, because he possessed a hundred eyes, some of which were always awake.



only I have white arms and pride myself upon my large, finely-rounded eyes,<sup>9</sup> but am equally and alike beautiful in every respect.

PAR. And, Aphrodité, do you also disrobe!

ATH. But, Paris, have her first lay aside her girdle<sup>10</sup>—for she's a sorceress—lest by means of it she bewitch you. And further she ought not to present herself here so beautifully adorned, or painted with so much rouge, just as though she were in fact a sort of hetæra<sup>11</sup> but she should display her beauty without any embellishments.

PAR. (To Aphrodité.) As respects the girdle they have the right of it. So put it off!

APHR. Yes, and why shouldn't you, Athené, take off your helmet<sup>12</sup> and expose your head bare? But do you intend to shake the crest at the judge and intimidate him? Or are you afraid lest the gleam<sup>13</sup> of your eyes be proved false, if one see it without something to inspire terror.

ATH. There! I've doffed my helmet for you.

APHR. And I my girdle, as you desired.

HERÉ. Now let us proceed!

11. PAR. (Going into raptures). Oh, Zeus, god of

<sup>9</sup> White arms and large, finely-rounded eyes: The reference is to the stock epithets,

*λευκώλενος* and *βοῶπις*,

which Homer applies to Athena.

<sup>10</sup> Her girdle: The famous magic girdle, which she could lay aside at will and lend to others, and to which was attributed her wonderful power of inspiring love, II. 14, §14 ff.

She spoke, and from her breast the brodered girdle loosed,  
Rich-wrought; and all her magic spells therein abide.  
Therein is love, therein desire and fond discourse,  
A charm that steals men's wits, however wise they are.

<sup>11</sup> Hetæra: In Attic mostly opposed to a lawful wife, and so with various shades of meaning from a concubine (who might be a wife in all but the legal qualifications of citizenship, e.g. Pericles' Aspasia) down to a courtesan, but distinguished from a

*πόρνη*,

who was generally a bought slave (Liddell and Scott).

<sup>12</sup> Your helmet: As goddess of war, Athena was represented with a close-fitting helmet surmounted with a crest. She carried a long spear in her right hand and wore a sort of cape over her shoulders, with the head of Medusa, one of the Gorgons, upon the breast and bordered with serpents.

<sup>13</sup> Gleam of your eyes: Referring to the epithet

*γλαυκῶπις*,

bright-eyed, which Homer uses of Athené.

wonders! What a sight! What beauty! What voluptuousness! Oh, what a lovely maiden here! How like a queen and with what majesty that one shines and verily in a manner worthy of Zeus! And this one, what a sweet look she has on, and what a pretty, bewitching smile!<sup>14</sup> Well, I already have enough of this good fortune. But if it is agreeable, I would like to look upon each one separately, for just now I'm in doubt and don't know at what to look, my eyes are so distracted in all directions.

APHR. Well, let us do so!

PAR. (To Athené and Aphrodité.) Do you two, then, retire! And you, Heré, remain!

HERÉ. Yes, I'll stay behind, and (aside to Paris) when you take a good look at me, it will be just the time for you to consider some other things too, and see whether the gifts I offer you for a decision in my favor are also beautiful in your eyes. For, Paris, if you award me the palm for beauty, you shall be lord of all Asia.

PAR. Nay, my suffrage can't be had in return for gifts. But get you gone! I shall do just as I please.  
12. Now, Athena, do you come forward!

ATH. Here I am, at your side. Now, Paris, if you adjudge me the prize for beauty, you shall never retire from the battlefield vanquished, but always as conquerer. For I will make a warrior of you—yes, a victorious one.

PAR. But, Athené, I've no occasion for war and battle, for peace, as you see, at present prevails throughout Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's kingdom is not being warred upon. But be of good cheer! You shall not come short of the prize, even if we don't base our decision upon the number of presents. Well, don your robe at once and your helmet! I've seen enough. Now it's time for Aphrodité to present herself.

13. APHR. Here I am for you, close by. Now carefully scrutinize every point one at a time! Don't omit anything, but dwell upon each part! And if you please, my handsome fellow, just attend to what I have

<sup>14</sup> Bewitching smile: Lucian has in mind Homer's

*Φιλομειδής* (laughter-loving) *Ἀφροδίτη*.

to say! I long ago observed that you were young and beautiful. I doubt whether Phrygia rears another the like of you. I deem you happy, because of your beauty, but I blame you because you do not abandon these cliffs and rocks here and live in a city, but spoil your good looks in a wilderness. For what enjoyment can you have of the mountains? And what benefit can the cattle get out of your beauty? It were fitting that you had got married before this even, not, however, to some coarse, country girl, such as are the women on Mount Ida, but some one from Hellas,<sup>16</sup> Argos, or Corinth, or a Laconian woman, such for instance as Helen, young and beautiful, and in no respect inferior to me, and above all of an amorous disposition. For verily, should she only catch sight of you, I know she would leave everything, give herself entirely up to you, follow and live with you. At any rate, you also have heard something about her.

14. PAR. Nothing, Aphrodité; but now I should like to hear from you a complete description of her.

APHR. She is daughter of Leda, that beautiful lady, to whom Zeus flew down in the form of a swan.

PAR. How does she look?

APHR. Of fair complexion, as might be expected in the case of one born of a swan, and delicate, as she was bred in an egg, practised in many accomplishments and expert in wrestling, and indeed so much sought after, that war even arose on her account, Theseus<sup>16</sup> having carried her off while yet a mere girl. Still in spite of that, after she had arrived at maturity, all the noblest of the Achæians came for the purpose of wooing her; but Menelaus,<sup>17</sup> of the family of the Pelopidæ, was preferred. If indeed you wish it, I'll accomplish the marriage for you.

PAR. What do you mean? A marriage with one who is already married?

<sup>16</sup> Hellas: Here used of all Greece, except the Peloponnesus.

<sup>16</sup> Theseus: The legendary hero of Attica. He carried off Helen from Lacedæmon; she was afterwards rescued by her brothers, Castor and Polydeuces.

<sup>17</sup> Menelaus: Grandson of Pelops, who founded the family of the Pelopidæ, the history of which was full of the most revolting crimes and a favorite subject for the tragic poets. To escape the fury of his uncle, Thyestes, he fled to the king of Lacedæmon, who gave him his daughter, Helen, in marriage. She was subsequently carried off by Paris to Troy, which act led to the Trojan war. In this Menelaus was one of the most distinguished heroes of the Greeks.

APHR. Oh, *you* are young and a country lout. But I know how such things can be done.

PAR. How? For I myself also would like to know.

15. APHR. Well, you shall go on a journey, ostensibly, you know, to take in the sights of Greece, and when you arrive in Lacedæmon, Helen will espy you, and thereafter I'll attend to the matter and see that she fall in love with you and follow you.

PAR. Why, that's just what seems to me actually incredible, that she should be willing to abandon her husband and sail away with a barbarian and stranger.

APHR. Take courage, my friend, from this fact. I've got two beautiful sons, Himerus<sup>18</sup> and Eros, whom I will let you have as guides for your journey. Eros shall enter her bodily and constrain the woman to love you, while Himerus shall pour around your own person an essence that shall render you charming and lovely, and I myself too will be present to aid you. I shall request also the Graces<sup>19</sup> to accompany us, that we may all bring persuasion to bear upon her.

PAR. Well, Aphrodité, it's all uncertain as to how these things will turn out. Anyway, I'm already in love with Helen, and somehow, I don't know how, I fancy I also see her and I'm sailing straight for Greece, I find myself in Sparta and return with the woman, and it irks me that I'm not already doing all these things.

16. APHR. Pray, don't fall in love, Paris, until you have by your decision requited me for acting as match-maker and conducting the bride from her home to the bridegroom's house. For it would indeed be fitting that I, having carried off the prize, should be present to aid you and celebrate simultaneously your nuptials and my victory with a feast. For it is in your power to buy everything for this apple here, love, beauty, a wedding feast.

PAR. But I'm afraid you won't care anything about me, after my decision has been rendered.

APHR. Would you, then, have me take oath to it?

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<sup>18</sup> Himerus: Personification of desire.

<sup>19</sup> The Graces: Aglala, Euphrosyné and Thalia, whose office it was to dress and adorn their mistress, Aphrodité.

PAR. By no means! But give me your promise again.

APHR. Well, I promise you for certain, that I will give you Helen for a wife, that she shall surely accompany you and arrive at your home in Ilium, and I myself will be near and assist you in everything.

PAR. And will you bring along Eros, Himerus, and the Graces?

APHR. Never you fear! Yes, I'll take along, in addition to these, Pothus<sup>20</sup> and Hymenæus.

PAR. Well, then, upon these conditions, I award you the apple. Here! Take it upon these terms.

## 21.

*ARES, god of war.*

*HERMES, messenger of Zeus.*

1. AR. I say, Hermes, did you hear the gasconade,<sup>1</sup> which Zeus poured forth upon us the other day, and note how disdainful and improbable it was? Why, says he, "If I wish, I'll let down a rope out of heaven, and you, hanging on to it, shall try your hand at pulling me down by main force. But you'll have only your labor for your pains. For manifestly you won't succeed in dragging me down. But if I should wish to draw you up, I'll lump together not only you, but also the earth and the sea, and then hoist up the whole at the same time." And then, there's all the other boastful talk of his, which *you* have heard besides. Well, I won't deny that he's superior to all taken separately and has more strength. But that he surpasses so many together to such a degree that we can't tire him out at

<sup>20</sup> Pothus: Personification of longing. Hymenæus, god of marriage.

<sup>1</sup> Gasconade: The harangue of Zeus to the assembled gods, in which, having promised to avenge Agamemnon's affront to Achilles, he bade them refrain from the war and boasted of his power, II. 8, 18 ff.

Come, ye gods! if so ye please, and trial make, that ye  
All may know. A chain of gold from heaven hanging,  
Suspend yourselves thereby, ye gods and goddesses all!  
E'en then from heaven ye could not earthward draw the  
Counsellor, Zeus, supreme, not though ye labored sore.  
But when with heart and mind I fain would draw,  
Upward could I swing you, earth and sea and all;  
Then 'round Olympus' peak the chain I'd bind.  
Thus high in air should all these things be hung.  
So far do I surpass the gods, so far mankind.

last, even if we add the earth and the sea, I will not believe.

2. HERM. Mind what you say, Ares! It isn't safe to utter such things, lest too we come to grief through your foolish talk.

AR. Why, do you suppose I would say these things to everybody and not to you alone, who I was sure would keep mum? Anyhow, I couldn't refrain from telling you what appeared to me particularly ridiculous as I listened the while to his vaporing. For I remember how not long ago, when Poseidon, Heré, and Athené rose in insurrection<sup>2</sup> and plotted to seize and bind him hand and foot, in his alarm he resorted to all manner of expedients, and that, too, though there were only three of the conspirators. And indeed, had not Thetis<sup>3</sup> taken pity on him and summoned to his aid Briareus,<sup>4</sup> the hundred-handed giant, he would even have been bound thunderbolt and all. As I thought it over, it came into my head to laugh at his bravado.

HERM. Whist there, I say! It isn't safe either for you to utter such things, or for me to hear them.

## 24.

## HERMES and MAIA.

1. HERM. Why, what divinity is there in heaven, mother, more wretched than I?

MAL. Oh, don't talk in that strain, Hermes!

HERM. Why not? Nobody else has such a hard time as I—wearied out and distracted as I am in performing so many services. Why, I have to get up early in the morning and sweep the banquet hall, and after making ready his easy-chair and putting everything to rights, to stand near Zeus, and acting as courier, to carry the messages from him to and fro in all directions; and then on my return, though still covered with dust, I have to set the ambrosia before him. Yes, and before this newly-purchased cupbearer<sup>1</sup> came,

<sup>2</sup> Rose in insurrection: See II. 1, 396-406.

<sup>3</sup> Thetis: One of the Nereids and mother of Achilles.

<sup>4</sup> Briareus: On another occasion he and his two brothers aided Zeus in conquering the rebellious Titans.

<sup>1</sup> Cupbearer: Ganymedes. See *Dial. of Gods*, 4.

I used also to pour the nectar. And most dreadful of all, unlike the rest, I have no opportunity to sleep at night, but I must needs even at that time do escort duty for Pluto<sup>1</sup> and conduct the dead down to the nether world and attend the court of justice. Why, the labors of the day, it would seem, are not enough for me—attendance at the wrestling schools, acting as herald at the public assemblages and giving instruction to the orators—but I have been assigned the added duty besides of transacting all business pertaining to the dead.

2. And further, there are the sons of Leda<sup>2</sup>—each one of them, you know, is in heaven or in Hades every other day; but I have to do things both there and here every day. Yes, and the sons<sup>3</sup> of those unhappy women, Alcmené and Semelé, fare sumptuously, with not a care to worry them. Whereas I—son of Maia, the daughter of Atlas—wait on them. And now, just so soon as I have got back from Sidon,<sup>4</sup> from the daughter of Cadmus—he sent me to her to observe what the girl was about—without giving me time to take breath, he has dispatched me again to Argos to visit Danaë<sup>5</sup> and “Then,” says he, “go hence to Bœotia and, as you pass, take a good look at Antiope.” The fact is I’m completely played out already. If indeed it were possible, I would gladly demand to be sold off, just as slaves on earth do, when they are ill used.

MAL. Oh, well, my son, put up with these things! You are only a young man and so ought to render every possible service to your father. And now, off with you to Argos, just as you were sent, and then to

<sup>1</sup> Pluto: God of the infernal regions.

<sup>2</sup> Sons of Leda: Castor and Polydeuces. The former having been killed in a quarrel, the latter persuaded Zeus to permit them to remain together, provided they passed alternately one day in Olympus and the next in Hades.

<sup>3</sup> Sons of those unhappy women, Alcmené and Semelé: Heracles and Dionysus, who had both been deified. Unhappy women because of the troubles brought upon them through the jealousy of Heré, wife of Zeus.

<sup>4</sup> Sidon: In Phœnicia, whence Zeus in the guise of a bull carried off to Crete Europa, sister (not daughter) of Cadmus, son of King Agenor and founder of Thebes in Bœotia. See *Dial. of Sea-Gods*, 15.

<sup>5</sup> Danaë: Daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, and one of the numerous lady loves of Zeus, who appeared to her in a golden shower through the roof of the subterranean apartment, or of the brazen tower, in which her father had immured her, that she might be secluded from all lovers. Cf. *Dial. of Sea-Gods*, 12.

<sup>7</sup> Antiope: Daughter of Nycteus, king of Thebes. Zeus appeared to her in the form of a satyr.

Bœotia, lest you get soundly thrashed for loitering. Those in love are mighty choleric, you know.

## 25.

*ZEUS, supreme deity of the Greek Olympus.*

*HELIOS, the Sun-god.*

1. ZEUS. What have you done, you basest of Titans?<sup>1</sup> You've utterly destroyed everything on the earth by intrusting your chariot to a silly boy.<sup>2</sup> Carried too near the earth, he has burned up one side and caused the other to be destroyed by the cold, having withdrawn the heat far away from it. In a word, there's nothing he has not turned topsy-turvy and thrown into confusion. If I hadn't got wind of what was going on and struck him down with my thunderbolt, not even a remnant of the human race would have survived. Such a driver and charioteer for us has that handsome youth proved, whom you sent out in your place!

HELIOS. Yes, I did wrong, Zeus. But don't be angry, if I did comply with my son's oft-repeated importunities. For how could I possibly have foreseen that so great disaster would come of it?

ZEUS. But didn't you know what precision the matter required and that, if one veered only a trifle from the track, universal ruin would ensue? And were you ignorant also of the temper of your horses, that it is necessary to hold them in check by main force? For, should one give them the rein, they immediately run away, just as they doubtless made off with this youth, springing now to the left and the next minute to the right and sometimes going in the opposite direction and prancing up and down—in a word following their own sweet will. This youth wasn't able to manage them.

2. HELIOS. Yes, I was aware of all this and there-

<sup>1</sup> Basest of Titans: Helios, son of the Titan, Hyperion; represented by the poets as a handsome youth with flashing eyes and shining hair, his head encircled with a golden helmet, or crown, which gives forth twelve rays, corresponding to the number of months. He traverses the firmament in a chariot drawn by four fiery steeds.

<sup>2</sup> A silly boy: Phaëthon, the shining one; killed with a flash of lightning for his presumption in undertaking to drive his father's chariot. He fell into the river Eridanus, the modern Po.



fore I held out for a long time and didn't allow him to drive. But when he besought me with tears, and his mother, Clymené, with him, I made him mount the chariot and gave him advice as to how he was to drive it—how far upward he was to permit it to be borne and then how far downward again to descend, and to keep fast hold of the reins and not yield to the frisky temper of the horses. I told him also how great the danger was, unless he kept a straight course. But he—he was only a boy, you know—having mounted upon such a mass of fire, naturally enough, was frightened out of his wits, as he stooped over and peered into the yawning depths below. And when the horses perceived that it wasn't I who had hold of the ribbons, caring nothing for the lad, they turned off from the road and occasioned these dreadful calamities. The boy let go the reins—I presume, for fear of being thrown out himself—and held on to the chariot rail. Well, he already has his punishment, and my sorrow, Zeus, is adequate expiation on my part.

3. ZEUS. "Adequate," do you say, when you've had the effrontery to do such things? Well, in the present instance I forgive you; but for the future, if you transgress in similar fashion again or dispatch any such person in your place, you'll find out forthwith how much hotter my thunderbolt is than your heat. As for that lad let his sisters bury him near the Eridanus—where he fell when thrown from his chariot—shedding tears of amber over him, and let them in memory of the sad affair be turned into black poplars. But do you put your chariot in thorough repair—the pole, you know, was broken all to pieces and both wheels shivered to atoms—and harness up and drive the horses yourself. Mind you don't forget any of these things.

## 2.

## DIALOGUES OF THE SEA-GODS.

## 2.

## CYCLOPS and POSEIDON.

1. CYC. Oh, father, what tortures I've suffered at the hands of that accursed stranger!<sup>1</sup> He made me drunk and then set upon and blinded me, while I was asleep.

Pos. Who was it, Polyphemus,<sup>2</sup> that mustered up courage to do these things?

CYC. At the outset he nicknamed himself—"Nobody."<sup>3</sup> But when he had made off and was out of range, he said his name was Odysseus.

Pos. Oh, I know whom you refer to—the Ithacan.<sup>4</sup> He was sailing back from Ilium. But how did he make out to do this deed, for he isn't a plucky<sup>5</sup> fellow at all?

2. CYC. Why, when I returned from pasturing the sheep, I found quite a number of men hatching a plot of course against the flocks. For when I stopped up the entrance with the barricade—it's a huge rock, you know—and kindled up my fire, having ignited the tree which I brought from the mountain, they were evidently trying to hide themselves. But I caught some of them, and as was natural because they were robbers, I made my supper off of them. Thereupon that fellow—be he "Nobody" or Odysseus, matters not—up to all sorts of deviltry, gives me to drink some kind of draught that he had poured into the cup—sweet and fragrant, but most insidious and muddling in its effect. For as soon as I drank of it, it seemed to me as if everything was whirling around; the cave itself was turned

<sup>1</sup> Stranger: Cf. *Odyssey* 9, 316-542.

<sup>2</sup> Polyphemus: Son of Poseidon and chief of the Cyclopes, whom Homer represents as a gigantic, insolent, lawless race of shepherds, inhabiting southwestern Sicily, according to later writers.

<sup>3</sup> Nobody: *Οἷτις*

<sup>4</sup> The Ithacan: Odysseus, whose home was in the island of Ithaca, west of Greece, whence long years before he had gone to the Trojan war.

<sup>5</sup> Plucky: Homer describes him as of ready wit, crafty, prudent, and courageous; but later poets (Virgil, Ovid) as cowardly and deceitful.

topsy-turvy and I no longer had any control of myself at all. At last I was overcome with slumber. Then, sharpening a stake—yes, and setting it afire beside—he put out my eye, as I lay asleep, and ever since, you see, I've been blind, Poseidon.

3. Pos. How soundly you must have slept, my child? in that you didn't jump up, while your eye was being punched out! But how did Odysseus make his escape, For assuredly, he wasn't able to move the rock away from the door.

Cyc. Oh, I took it away myself, in order that I might be more certain of nabbing him when passing out; and sitting down near the door, I tried to clutch him by reaching out my hands, while I allowed the flocks only to go forth to their wonted pasturage, having given the ram directions as to what he was to do in my stead.

4. Pos. Oh, yes, I understand. They clung to the bellies of the sheep and so slipped out without being observed. But you should have called the other Cyclopes to your assistance against him.

Cyc. Father, I did call and they were on hand. But when they inquired the name of the schemer, and I said it was "Nobody," why, they thought I was crazy and went away. Thus with the name that accursed fellow outwitted me. And what provoked me most, he even kept casting my misfortune in my teeth. Says he: "Not even your father, the great Poseidon, will heal you."

Pos. Take heart, my son! For I'll punish him, in order that he may learn, that even if I can't cure blindness, at any rate I have in my power the fate of those who sail the sea—their safety and their destruction—and Odysseus is still afloat.\*

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\* Still afloat: According to Homer the Cyclops asked that Odysseus might never reach home; but if this should be granted him, may he reach there late and in evil case, after losing all his comrades, and in a stranger ship, and find sorrows in his house. Poseidon fulfilled the latter alternative.

## 3.

## POSEIDON and ALPHEUS.

1. POS. How's this, Alpheus?<sup>1</sup> You alone of all rivers empty into the sea, without mingling with its brine, as all rivers usually do; nor do you give yourself rest by blending with it, but pursuing the even tenor of your way through the sea and keeping your waters fresh—still clear and pure—you hurry onward, I know not where, having plunged into the depths just like the gulls and herons. And likely enough you will pop up somewhere and again show yourself.

ALPH. It's a sort of love affair, Poseidon. So don't be inquisitive. You yourself also have often lost your heart.

POS. Is it a woman you are in love with, or a nymph, or even one of the Nereids themselves?

ALPH. No! It's a fountain, Poseidon.

POS. Where in the world is her fountain-home—this lady-love of yours?

ALPH. She lives in the island of Sicily. They call her Arethusa.

2. POS. Yes, Alpheus, I know Arethusa is not unlovely. On the contrary she is limpid and gushes out through a clear channel, and her waters go shimmering over the pebbles quite like a sheet of silver upon them.

ALPH. Really, Poseidon, you are acquainted with the fountain! It's to her side, then, I'm going.

POS. Well, be off, then, and good luck to you in your attachment! But, tell me this—where did you ever set eyes upon your Arethusa, since you are an Arcadian yourself, whereas she belongs in Syracuse?

ALPH. You're detaining me, Poseidon, when I'm in a hurry, with your meddlesome inquiries.

POS. Very well! Take yourself off to your dulcinea, and coming up again out of the sea, mingle with the fountain and become one stream!

<sup>1</sup> Alpheus: A river in the Peloponnesus, flowing from Arcadia westward into the Ionian Sea. It was fabled to force its hidden way through the sea, reappearing in the fountain of Arethusa on the island of Ortygia, near Syracuse in Sicily. According to Pausanias, Alpheus was a hunter who fell in love with the nymph, Arethusa. To escape his advances she fled to Ortygia and metamorphosed herself into a fountain. He then changed himself into a river, which, passing beneath the sea, united its waters with those of the fountain.

## 5.

## PANOPÉ and GALENÉ.

1. PAN. Did you observe, Galéné,<sup>1</sup> what Eris<sup>2</sup> did yesterday at the marriage feast in Thessaly, because she did not herself also receive an invitation to the banquet?

GAL. No! I didn't participate with you in the entertainment. For, Panopé, Poseidon bade me meanwhile keep the sea calm. By the way, what did Eris do, because she wasn't present?

PAN. Why, Thetis and Peleus had already retired to the bridal-chamber under the escort of Amphitrité and Poseidon, when Eris, who had, meanwhile, escaped the notice of all—she could easily do so, as some were drinking and some listening with rapturous applause to Apollo playing upon the lyre or to the Muses while they sang—Eris threw right into the midst of the banquet hall an apple surpassingly beautiful, all of gold, Galéné. It had been inscribed with the legend: "For the fairest." Rolling along, as though of set purpose it came right where Heré, Aphrodité, and Athené were reclining. 2. And when Hermes picked it up and conned over the inscription, we Nereids held our tongues—for what did it become us to do in the presence of such a galaxy? But they each put in a claim for it and deemed the apple hers. Indeed, had not Zeus parted them, the affair would have proceeded even to blows. But says he, "I am myself no judge concerning this matter"—and yet they kept demanding that he should pass judgment—"but betake yourselves to Mount Ida to Priam's son.<sup>3</sup> He knows how to distinguish what is more beautiful, for he's a connoisseur in such matters. He won't make a wrong decision."

GAL. Well, what are the goddesses going to do about it, Panopé?

<sup>1</sup> Galéné: She and Panopé were among the fifty lovely daughters of Nereus, the good spirit of the Ægean Sea, who were called Nereids and formed the train of Poseidon and Amphitrité, riding upon dolphins, Tritons, etc. Thetis, whose marriage with Peleus is here described, usually figures as their leader. Galéné, meaning "stillness of the sea," is appropriately detailed to keep the sea calm for the marriage procession. Panopé means "all-seeing."

<sup>2</sup> Eris: Goddess of discord. See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, introduction and notes.

<sup>3</sup> Priam's son: Paris. See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, introduction.

PAN. To-day, I presume, they'll set out for Ida, and by and by somebody will bring us news of the victor.

GAL. Oh, I can tell you right off. No one else will win the day, when Aphrodité takes a hand in the contest, unless the umpire has very poor eyesight.

## 12.

## DORIS and THETIS.

1. DOR. Why are you in tears, my Thetis?

THET. O, Doris,<sup>1</sup> I saw a maiden<sup>2</sup> of wondrous beauty, cast by her father into a wooden box, herself and her newborn child. And her father bade the sailors take the box, and after dragging it far out from the shore, to drop it into the sea, that the poor girl might perish—herself and the child.

DOR. And for what, my sister? Tell me, if you know the whole story in any wise accurately.

THET. Well, Acrisius, her father, notwithstanding her extraordinary beauty, threw her into a sort of brazen chamber and sought to bring her up as a maid. Then—whether it is true I can't say—anyhow the story is, that Zeus, turning into gold, streamed down upon her through the roof and that she received the god into her bosom, as he rushed down. Her father—a pretty cruel and jealous old fellow—observing the fact, flew into a passion, and thinking that somebody had debauched her, cast her into the chest, when she had just become a mother.

2. DOR. And what did she do, Thetis, when she was being let down into the water?

THET. Never a word, Doris, did she say in her own behalf, and submitted to the sentence. But with tears she pleaded for the life of her child, holding it out to its grandpa, for it was exceeding fair. While the child, all unconscious of its hard lot, gently smiled as it gazed upon the sea. My eyes are again filling with tears at the remembrance of them.

<sup>1</sup> Doris: She and Thetis were Nereids. See *Dial of Sea-Gods*, 5, Note 1

<sup>2</sup> A maiden: Danaë, daughter of Acrisius, King of Argos. The Pythian oracle had declared that she was to have a son, who would kill his grandfather. The dialogue tells the story of what followed.

DOR. You've brought tears to my eyes too. Well, by this time, it's all over with them, I suppose?

THET. Oh, no! The box is still drifting about in the neighborhood of Seriphus,<sup>3</sup> keeping them alive.

DOR. Well, then, why don't we rescue it by driving it into the nets of these Seriphian fishermen here? They will no doubt draw it up and save the contents.

THET. Very good! Let us do so! No! the woman herself shall not perish, nor the child<sup>4</sup>—so lovely is it!

## 15.

## ZEPHYRUS and NOTUS.

1. ZEPH. Never since I was born or began to blow, have I beheld a more splendid pageant upon the sea. Didn't *you* see it, Notus?<sup>1</sup>

NOT. What was this pageant, Zephyrus, to which you refer? Who composed the procession?

ZEPH. You've lost a most charming spectacle, the like of which you'll never behold again.

NOT. No! I didn't behold it, for I was busy around the Red Sea and blew also upon a portion of India—so much of that country as lies by the seaboard. Accordingly I know nothing of the matter you speak of.

ZEPH. But you know Agenor of Sidon?<sup>2</sup>

NOT. Yes, Europa's father. Of course I do.

ZEPH. She's the very person I'm going to tell you about.

NOT. But surely you aren't going to tell me that Zeus has been this long time an adorer of the girl? You needn't put yourself to that trouble, for I was aware of it ever so long ago.

ZEPH. Oh, then, you know about his tender passion for her. But hear now the *dénouement* of the affair.

<sup>3</sup> Seriphus: An island in the Aegean Sea.

<sup>4</sup> Nor the child: Danaë and her child, Perseus, were cast upon the island of Seriphus, where at first they were kindly received by its ruler, Polydectes. But his proposal of marriage having been rejected, he made Danaë his slave and fearing her son's vengeance, sent him upon a dangerous mission to bring the head of the Gorgon, Medusa. Being successful, Perseus changed Polydectes into stone by means of the Gorgon head, which he then presented to Athené.

<sup>1</sup> Notus and Zephyrus: Personifications respectively of the south and west winds.

<sup>2</sup> Sidon: On the coast of Phœnicia. Agenor was its king.

2. Europa had gone down to the beach on a picnic in company with her mates, when Zeus having assumed the form of a bull frolicked with them—a most ravishing sight! For he was white, with not a spot on him; there was a graceful curve to his horns and he wore a look of gentleness. He, too, capered about upon the shore and bellowed with such witchery, that Europa ventured even to mount him. And when this had been done, Zeus started on a run for the sea with her upon his back, and plunging in swam off; while she, in mortal terror at the affair, kept fast hold of his horn with her left hand, so as not to slip off, and with the other secured her robe as it fluttered in the breeze.

3. NOT. A bewitching sight that you saw, Zephyrus, and rather amatory—Zeus swimming away with his lady-love upon his back!

ZEPH. And yet, Notus, what followed<sup>3</sup> was more charming still. The sea at once became tranquil and overspreading herself with a dead calm presented an unruffled surface; while all of us, keeping silent, followed along as spectators merely of what was going on. And the Loves hovering near a little way above the sea, so that every now and then they lightly touched the water with their toes, bore lighted torches and were singing in chorus the wedding hymn. The Nereids,<sup>4</sup> too, the most of them half-naked, came up out of the sea and were riding alongside upon their dolphins and clapping their hands. The family of Tritons and whatever else among the dwellers in the sea is not a terror to behold were all dancing around the maiden. The procession moved straight forward, for Poseidon, having mounted upon his chariot with Amphitrité<sup>5</sup> riding by his side, exultantly led the way, smiting a path for his brother<sup>6</sup> as he swam along. And to crown all, two Tritons were conveying Aphrodité,<sup>7</sup> who was reclining upon a conch-shell and scattering flowers of all kinds upon the bride. 4. This continued from Phœnicia as far

<sup>3</sup> What followed: This description is not unlikely taken from some famous painting Lucian had seen. Cf. *Moschus*, Idyl 2.

<sup>4</sup> Nereids: See *Dial. of Sea-Gods*, 5, note 1. The Tritons were a lower race of sea-gods with fishes' or sometimes horses' tails.

<sup>5</sup> Amphitrité: Wife of Poseidon, ruler of the sea.

<sup>6</sup> His brother: Zeus.

<sup>7</sup> Aphrodité: Goddess of love.



as Crete. And as soon as he stepped upon the island, the bull was no more to be seen; but Zeus taking Europa by the hand conducted her to the Dictæan cave,<sup>†</sup> blushing and with downcast eyes. For by this time she knew for certain with what intent she was carried off. But we plunged in, and, one here, another there, began to ruffle the sea with waves.

NOT. Oh, you lucky fellow, Zephyrus, for beholding such a sight! Whereas, I was looking out upon griffons,<sup>‡</sup> elephants, and black men.

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<sup>†</sup> Dictæan cave: On Mt. Dicte, in eastern Crete. Lucian seems to have in mind the place where the Cretan Zeus was said to have been born. Tradition had it, that it was under a plane tree, near a fountain, that Zeus made love to the blushing Europa.

<sup>‡</sup> Griffons: A fabulous animal with the head and wings of an eagle and the rest of the body a lion.

## 3.

## THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS.

*Interlocutors:—ZEUS, HERMES, MOMUS.*

SCENE. *Olympus. Many aliens and foreigners having been illegally enrolled among the gods, much to the disgust of those "to the manner born," Zeus assembles a council to inquire into the right and title of these interlopers to the privileges of the Olympian mansions.*

1. ZEUS. Stop your muttering, ye gods, and getting together off in some corner and whispering in one another's ears—in your displeasure, that many unworthy ones share the symposium with us! But now that a council concerning these matters has been allowed, let every one speak right out just what he thinks and lodge his complaint. And do you, Hermes, make the usual proclamation in due legal form!

HERMES. (Making proclamation.) Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Who among the all-perfect deities that have that privilege, wishes to address the house? The business to be considered relates to the alien and foreign divinities, who have established themselves among us.

MOMUS. I, Momus,<sup>1</sup> O Zeus, with your permission, would like to speak.

ZEUS. The proclamation already permits it. There will, therefore, be no need of my intervention.

2. MOM. Well, then, I say some of us are behaving in a shocking manner. It isn't enough for them to have been themselves changed from men into gods. Nay, but unless they place their followers and attendants upon an equality of privilege with us, they think

<sup>1</sup> Momus: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 3.

they haven't accomplished anything great or mighty. I demand, O Zeus, that you permit me to speak with frankness. For I couldn't do otherwise. On the contrary, all know that I'm free in the use of my tongue and cannot possibly keep silent, when things don't go on right. For I put everything to the proof and say right out what I think, without fear of anybody or concealing my opinion out of shame. Accordingly, most people think me a nuisance even and by natural disposition a slanderer, and they call me a sort of public accuser. Albeit, since it is allowed and proclamation has been made to that effect, and since you, O Zeus, grant me leave, I shall speak without any dissimulation.

3. Well, to proceed—many, I say, not content with themselves participating in the same council-board and faring sumptuously upon equal terms with us—and that too, though they are half-mortal—have, besides, brought up even their attendants and followers into heaven and have illegally enrolled them among us, and now equally with the rest they receive allowances and come in for a share of the offerings, without having paid us even the alien tax.<sup>2</sup>

ZEUS. Don't speak in riddles, Momus, but plainly and explicitly, and let us also have their names. For you have now brought the subject directly before us, so that many are trying to divine whom you mean and to make now this one, now somebody else, tally with your description. As you are a plain-spoken person, you ought not to hesitate to tell.

4. MOM. Well said, Zeus, in that you even urge me to frankness of speech. For you do this in right royal fashion, magnanimously too. Therefore, I will also name them. Well, to proceed—there's Dionysus,<sup>3</sup> of the noblest extraction indeed!—half-human, not even a Greek upon his mother's side, but the grandson of Cadmus, a sort of seafaring merchant of Syro-Phœnicia. Since, forsooth, he has been deemed worthy of immortality, I'm not going to say what sort of a fellow he is

<sup>2</sup> Alien tax: Lucian takes his cue here from the annual tax of twelve drachmas for each family, laid upon the metoecus, or resident foreigner, in Athens.

<sup>3</sup> Dionysus: Son of Zeus and Semele and god of wine and vineyards. Represented in art with almost a feminine expression of face. His hair falls about his shoulders in long ringlets and is intertwined with a wreath of vine leaves or ivy. A crowd of nymphs, satyrs and fauns usually accompanied him.

personally as respects his headgear, his getting drunk, or his gait. For you all, I presume, see how womanish and effeminate he is in his nature, half-demented and smelling of strong drink from the first blush of dawn. He has introduced his tribe among us *en masse* and is present here with the gang at his heels. Yes, and he has made gods out of Pan,<sup>4</sup> Silenus<sup>5</sup> and the Satyrs<sup>6</sup>—sort of country bumpkins, goatherds most of them, frisky fellows and of divers uncouth shapes. The first mentioned has horns and resembles a goat all below the waist and allows his beard to grow long and thick—indeed he differs but little from a billy-goat. The second is a bald old chap, with a puck nose, and is generally mounted upon a donkey—he's a Lydian,<sup>7</sup> you know. Then there are the Satyrs, who have pointed ears and are themselves bald and have horn-shaped protuberances like the rudimental horns of young kids—they are sort of Phrygians. And they all have tails besides. Do you see what sort of deities he is making for us?—the generous fellow! 5. And are we then surprised that mankind despise us, when they see such grotesque monstrosities of gods? For I omit to mention that he has introduced among us even two women, one his innamorata, Ariadne<sup>8</sup>—whose crown, too, he has placed in the company of the stars—and the other, daughter of Icarius,<sup>9</sup> the farmer. And what is most

<sup>4</sup> Pan: See *Dial. of Gods*, 4, note 2.

<sup>5</sup> Silenus: A Satyr who tended and brought up Dionysus and was afterward his companion. Represented in art as holding in his arms the infant, upon whom he looks with fond affection, or as a jolly old man, bald, with a puck nose, pot-bellied like the wine-skin he carries, and half-intoxicated.

<sup>6</sup> Satyrs: See *Dial. of Gods*, 2, note 2.

<sup>7</sup> A Lydian: Here used to throw contempt upon these newly-made gods. Under Persian sway the people of Lydia and Phrygia in Asia Minor had been forced to engage in menial occupations and had a reputation for servility and cowardice.

<sup>8</sup> Ariadne: Daughter of Minos, King of Crete. She fell in love with the Attic hero, Theseus, and aided him in his enterprise against the Minotaur. On his return home he took her with him, but deserted her while asleep upon the island of Naxos (see statue of sleeping Ariadne, Vatican). Here she was found by Dionysus, returning from his travels in India, and became his bride. The crown which he gave her at their marriage, he placed among the stars.

<sup>9</sup> Icarius: A citizen of Athens who hospitably received Dionysus when he visited Attica. In return the god taught him the cultivation of the vine and gave him bags filled with wine. Some shepherds, becoming intoxicated with it and supposing that Icarius had poisoned them, killed him and buried his body under a tree, where after long search it was found by his daughter, Erigone, with the aid of his dog Mæra. Out of grief Erigone hung herself to the tree, and she and her father and the dog were placed among the stars, becoming respectively the Virgin, Boötes, or Arcturus, and the Dog-star.

ridiculous of all, ye gods, there's Erigone's dog, even this he has brought up here, lest the girl should be distressed, if she hadn't with her in heaven that pet poodle, which is wont to accompany her. Doesn't all this seem to you a piece of insolence, behavior befitting an old toper, and matter for laughter? Listen, however, while I name others also.

6. ZEUS. Look here, Momus! Don't you say anything whatever about either Asclepius<sup>10</sup> or Heracles.<sup>11</sup> For I see whither you are steering with your talk. As for these, why, one of them is a medical practitioner and heals diseases and is "worth a legion of men;"<sup>12</sup> while the other, Heracles, is a son of mine and purchased his immortality at the cost of not a few labors.<sup>13</sup> So don't you reflect upon them!

MOM. Well, Zeus, for your sake I'll keep mum, though I've got much to say concerning them. And yet, if nothing else, they still retain the marks of the fire.<sup>14</sup> Yes, and if I were also permitted to indulge in plain-speaking about yourself, I should have a long story to tell.

ZEUS. Well, as respects myself above all, I give you *carte blanche* to say what you please. But surely you don't accuse me too of being an alien?

MOM. Why, not only is this said in Crete,<sup>15</sup> but also they say something else about you and they point out your tomb. I don't believe them, though, nor the people of Ægium in Achaia, who affirm that you are a changeling. 7. However, I will mention those things, with which especially I think you ought to be charged. For, Zeus, it was you, let me tell you, who furnished the precedent for transgressions of that sort and the opportunity for the adulteration of our council by your

<sup>10</sup> Asclepius: God of the healing art; his principal seat was Epidauros in Greece. See *Dial. of Gods*, 13, note 1.

<sup>11</sup> Heracles: For account of his death and apotheosis, See *Dial. of Gods*, 13, note 2.

<sup>12</sup> Worth a legion of men: Cf. *Il.*, 11, 514.

<sup>13</sup> Not a few labors: Especially his twelve labors in the service of Eurystheus.

<sup>14</sup> Marks of the fire: Cf. *Dial. of Gods*, 13.

<sup>15</sup> Said in Crete: According to Cretan tradition Zeus was born there in a grotto on Mt. Dicte, where his mother, Rhea, had taken refuge, lest her husband, Cronus, should swallow her child, through fear of being dethroned by him, as had been prophesied by Uranus. Here she remained hidden until he was grown up.

liaisons<sup>16</sup> with mortals, going down to them now in one shape and now in another; so that we are apprehensive that somebody will take and offer you in sacrifice, whenever you are a bull, or that some goldsmith, when you are gold, may work you up into some object and you become for us, instead of Zeus, a necklace, or bracelet, or earring. You have actually filled heaven with these semi-deities. For I couldn't possibly speak otherwise. Yes, and the matter becomes superlatively ridiculous, whenever one hears all of a sudden that Heracles has been made a god, while Eurystheus,<sup>17</sup> who imposed commands upon him, is dead, and that in close proximity are the temple of Heracles, who was his servant, and the tomb of Eurystheus, who was Heracles' master, and again, that Dionysus is regarded as a god in Thebes, while his first cousins, Pentheus,<sup>18</sup> Actæon<sup>19</sup> and Learchus<sup>20</sup> are of all men most ill-starred.

8. Ever since you, O Zeus, opened the doors to such as these and betook yourself to mortal womankind, they all have followed your example, not only the masculine deities, but—what is most disgraceful—even the goddesses. Why, who does not know of Anchises<sup>21</sup> and Tithonus,<sup>22</sup> Endymion<sup>23</sup> and Iasion<sup>24</sup> and the others? I think, therefore, I'll pass over these examples, for it would be a long story to show them up.

ZEUS. Look here, Momus! Don't you say anything

<sup>16</sup> Your liaisons: See *Dial. of Gods*, 2, note 3; and 5, note 2.

<sup>17</sup> Eurystheus: King of Mycenæ, or Tiryns, and cousin of Heracles, whom Heré, wife of Zeus, made subject to the king's will from jealousy of Alcmena, Heracles' mother.

<sup>18</sup> Pentheus: King of Thebes. When Dionysus returned from his wanderings, Pentheus declined to receive him. Whereupon he made the king's mother and other Theban women mad, and in their fury they mistook Pentheus for a wild boar and tore him in pieces.

<sup>19</sup> Actæon: See *Dial. of Gods*, 16, note 10.

<sup>20</sup> Learchus: Son of Athamas and Ino. The latter, upon the death of Semele, mother of Dionysus, took charge of the infant and thus incurred the anger of Heré, who avenged herself by driving Athamas mad. While in this state he killed his son.

<sup>21</sup> Anchises: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 6.

<sup>22</sup> Tithonus; Husband of Eos, goddess of the dawn. At her request Zeus made him immortal, but she had forgotten to ask also for eternal youth, and so he became at last a shrivelled up, decrepit old man.

<sup>23</sup> Endymion: A youth of extraordinary beauty, who passed his life in perpetual sleep. He was secretly beloved by the Moon (Selené) who nightly visited him as he lay asleep in the rocky grotto on Mt. Latmus. The sleeping Endymion was a favorite subject for sculpture upon sarcophagi and monuments.

<sup>24</sup> Iasion: Son of Zeus and Electra. Demeter became enamored of him, in consequence of which Zeus killed him with a lightning bolt. See *Od.*, 5, 118-129.

about Ganymedes.<sup>25</sup> For I shall resent it, if you tease the lad by twitting him upon his origin.

MOM. Shall I, then, say nothing concerning the eagle<sup>26</sup> even, how he too is in heaven and sits perched upon the royal scepter and builds his nest all but upon your head—a god, to all appearance?

9. Or shall we, forsooth, let him also alone, for Ganymedes' sake? But, Zeus, there's Attis,<sup>27</sup> at any rate, and the Corybant and Sabazius—from what quarter, pray, have these rolled in one upon another? or Mithras, that Mede—the one with the robe and tiara, who can't even speak Greek, so that even if one drink to his health, he doesn't take any notice of it? Therefore, the Scythians<sup>28</sup> and the Getæ, observing these things, have dismissed us far from their minds and of their own motion deify and by show of hands choose as gods whomsoever they please, just as Zamolxis, for example, though a slave, was on the sly—I know not how—illegally enrolled among our number.

10. However, all these, ye gods, are trifling matters. But you, O dog-faced Egyptian,<sup>29</sup> with your muslin garment tucked up, who are you, my dear friend? Or how is it that you claim to be a god—you yelping cur? And there's the spotted bull<sup>30</sup> from Memphis—what does he mean by receiving homage, giving oracular responses and having interpreters? I'm ashamed to mention the ibises, apes, goats and other things far more ridiculous, thrust into heaven from

<sup>25</sup> Ganymedes: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 2.

<sup>26</sup> The eagle: One of the attributes of Zeus. In the "Jupiter Verospi," of the Vatican Museum, the eagle is represented as looking up toward his master from beneath the chair, or throne, upon which the latter is seated.

<sup>27</sup> Attis: A beautiful Phrygian youth, whom Rhea Cybelé, mother of the gods, made her husband. Corybant was the name given to her priests. Sabazius was a Phrygian divinity, son of Cybelé. Mithras was the Persian sun-god, whose worship was introduced throughout the Roman Empire in the time of the emperors.

<sup>28</sup> Scythians: Probably of Scythia Parva; living, with the Getæ, near the mouth of the Danube. Zamolxis was a Getan slave to Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos. Being manumitted, he returned to his native country and introduced there the civilization and religious ideas he had obtained while abroad. He was a priest and afterward was himself worshipped as a god.

<sup>29</sup> Dog-faced Egyptian: Anubis, worshipped in the form of a dog, or of a human being with a dog's head. The Greeks identified him with Hermes, and his worship was introduced at Rome at the beginning of the Empire.

<sup>30</sup> Spotted bull: Apis, the chief seat of whose worship was at Memphis in Egypt. The sacred bull was black, with white spots of peculiar shape upon his forehead and right side.

Egypt—I know not how. My fellow-gods, how can you endure seeing them treated with equal, or even greater, reverence than yourselves? Or you, O Zeus, how can you stand it, when they represent ram's horns<sup>31</sup> as growing out upon your head?

11. ZEUS. Yes, what you say concerning the Egyptians is disgraceful indeed. But be that as it may, Momus, the most of them are enigmas, and it is not at all the thing for one who is uninitiated to be poking fun at them.

MOM. Yes, by all means, Zeus, we have need of mysteries, so as to recognize as gods those who are gods, and as dog-headed those who have dogs' heads.

ZEUS. Dismiss, I say, these matters respecting the Egyptians. We'll consider them another time at our leisure. Go on and name the rest.

12. MOM. Well, Zeus, there's Trophonius,<sup>32</sup> and—what most of all chokes me with vexation—the case of Amphilochus,<sup>33</sup> who though son of a man under a curse and of a matricide, has an oracle in Cilicia—the excellent gentleman—and lies like a trooper and plays the wizard—all for the usual fee of two obols. Hence it happens, Apollo,<sup>34</sup> that you are no longer held in honor; but now every stone and every altar delivers oracles, if only it have olive oil poured over it and be wreathed with garlands and furnished with a conjurer—their number is legion. Already even the statue of Polydamas,<sup>35</sup> the athlete, is healing those ill of the fever in Olympia, and that of Theagenes<sup>36</sup> those in Thasos; and

<sup>31</sup> Ram's horns: The reference is to Zeus Ammon, at first a Libyan divinity worshipped later in Egypt and Greece; represented as a ram, or a man with the head or simply the horns of a ram, because he bore to mankind as guide and protector the same relation as the ram to his flock.

<sup>32</sup> Trophonius: With his brother he is said to have built the temple at Delphi. He had an oracle of his own and was worshipped as a hero.

<sup>33</sup> Amphilochus: Took part in the Trojan war and on his return settled in Cilicia, where he had an oracle.

<sup>34</sup> Apollo: God of prophecy, with oracles at Clarus and Didyma in Asia Minor and his chief seat at Delphi.

<sup>35</sup> Polydamas: Victor at the Olympic games 408 B. C. Such was his strength that he killed without weapons a huge lion on Mt. Olympus.

<sup>36</sup> Theagenes: Another famous athlete of the fifth century B. C., who, according to Plutarch, won twelve hundred, and, according to Pausanias, fourteen hundred crowns at the Olympic and other national games of Greece. Thasos was an island in the northern part of the Aegean Sea off the coast of Thrace. Upon the death of Theagenes a bronze statue was erected there in his honor, of which Pausanias tells the following story: An enemy of the athlete's went every night and scourged the statue with all his might, in the hope that the dead man



they are sacrificing to Hector<sup>77</sup> in Ilium and to Protesilaus right opposite in the Chersonese. Accordingly, ever since we have become so numerous, false-swearing and temple-robbery have increased more and more, and men have come to look upon us with utter contempt—and they do well to do so.

13. So much for the bastard gods and those illegally enrolled among us. I've already heard, also, many strange names of certain ones who are not with us and are wholly unable to be associated with us—utterly so, Zeus—they, too, provoke my laughter. Why, where is that notorious divinity, Virtue, and Nature, and Destiny, and Fortune, mere empty names of things and not to be endured, invented by those lazy fellows, the philosophers? And yet, made off-hand though they are, they have so persuaded those devoid of understanding, that nobody is willing even to sacrifice to us, well-knowing that should he offer even countless hecatombs, Fortune, for all that, will carry into execution what has been allotted and ordained for each one from the beginning. I should like then to ask you, O Zeus, whether you have seen anywhere either Virtue, or Nature, or Destiny? Of course you have, for even you, I know, are always a listener in the schools of the philosophers, unless, indeed, you are sort of deaf, so that you don't hear their loud talk. I have much more to say, but I will bring my speech to a close. At all events, I see that many are annoyed at my speaking, and are hissing, particularly those whom I have assailed

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would feel the blows. At last the statue got tired of this farce and unexpectedly tumbled over upon the fool and struck him dead. His family brought action against the statue for murder, and as a well-deserved punishment and an example to others it was sentenced to be cast into the sea. Not long afterward a famine arose among the Thasians, who thereupon had recourse to the Delphic oracle for relief and were told to recall all those who had been exiled. They obeyed, but still things were no better. Consulting the oracle again, they were informed that they had forgotten to restore their fellow-citizen Theagenes. They now bethought themselves that his statue, which had been thrown into the sea, was meant, and they were in utter despair, for how could they hope to recover it? But when they least expected, it was drawn up by some fishermen, into whose net it had miraculously entered. They set it up again with great pomp in its former place and thenceforth paid divine honors to Theagenes, in which they were joined by various other Greek and Thracian cities. His statues were reputed to heal all manner of diseases.—*Wieland*.

<sup>77</sup> Hector: son of Priam and bulwark of Troy in her war with the Greeks; slain at last by Achilles, to avenge the death of Patroclus. Protesilaus was the first to land from the ships of the Greeks upon the Trojan coast, and the first victim of the war. His tomb was shown near Eleus in the Thracian Chersonese, where a splendid temple was erected to him.

in the frankness of my words. 14. In conclusion—at least, if such is your pleasure, Zeus—I will read a sort of decree, which I have already drafted concerning these aliens.

**ZEUS.** Read it! For some of the charges that you have brought are not without reason; and it behooves us to hold in check the most of these doings, lest they proceed to still greater lengths.

### DECREE.

May fortune favor! An assembly<sup>33</sup> was legally convened on the seventh of the current month, at which Zeus acted as Prytane, Poseidon as Proëdros, Apollo as Epistates, and Momus, son of Night, as Clerk, and at which Hypnus<sup>34</sup> stated the motion, which was as follows:—

*Whereas*, many foreigners—not only Greeks, but also barbarians—who have no right at all to share in our body-politic, have somehow or other been illegally enrolled among us and are reputed to be gods and have filled heaven so full that the banquet-hall is crowded with a disorderly rabble of people speaking divers tongues, and of all sorts, like the odds and ends washed up by the waves; and

*Whereas*, the supply of ambrosia<sup>35</sup> and nectar has

<sup>33</sup> An assembly: In order to give a realistic touch to his *Council of the Gods*, Lucian makes it follow substantially the usages of the Athenian constitution, according to which there was the Senate of Five Hundred—elected for one year and holding daily sessions—constituting the executive power, whose prerogative it was to initiate legislation; and the Assembly, or Commons, holding forty regular sessions each year and consisting of the whole body of qualified freemen, who passed upon whatever measure the Senate submitted to them, approving, rejecting, amending it, or substituting some proposition of their own. The Senate was divided into ten sections of fifty members each, each section representing one of the ten tribes of Attica and holding office about five weeks, its turn being determined by lot. While in office its members were called Prytanes, or Presidents, and in early times elected each day by lot one of their number, called Epistates, or Chief President, to preside in the Senate or Assembly for that day and to hold the keys and the public seal. In the early part of the fourth century B. C. this Epistates, while retaining charge of the keys and the seal, chose nine Proëdri, one from each tribe except his own, to preside in turn in the Senate and Assembly. There was besides a State clerk, who read public documents to the Assembly; and each prytany had a secretary, whose duty it was to record and publish decrees. At the head of a decree appeared the names of the officers under whose administration it was passed.

<sup>34</sup> Hypnus: Personification and god of sleep.

<sup>35</sup> Ambrosia and nectar: Respectively the food and drink of the gods.

fallen short, so that already they cost one mina<sup>41</sup> per pint, because of the multitude of drinkers; and

*Whereas*, these upstarts have had the effrontery to thrust aside the ancient and genuine deities and to deem themselves worthy of the front seats, contrary to all our hereditary prerogatives, and would fain have the precedence in honor upon the earth;

15. *Therefore*, be it decreed by the Senate and the Commons, that an assembly be convened on Olympus about the time of the winter solstice, and that they choose as a board of judges seven all-perfect gods—three from the ancient council of the time of Cronus<sup>42</sup> and four from the twelve gods, Zeus also to be one of them; that these judges themselves begin their session, after having taken the customary oath by the Styx,<sup>43</sup> and that Hermes assemble by proclamation all who claim to belong to the council, and that they be present and bring with them witnesses under oath and proofs of their pedigree. Then let them come forward one by one, and the judges after due investigation shall either declare them to be gods, or send them down to their tombs and the graves of their ancestors. And if any one of those who cannot stand the test and have been expelled by the judges once for all, be caught setting foot in heaven, he shall be cast into Tartarus.<sup>44</sup>

16. And be it further decreed that every one attend to his own proper business, that neither Athené practice medicine,<sup>45</sup> nor Asclepius deliver oracles, nor Apollo<sup>46</sup> alone do so many things, but that having made choice of some one thing, he be either a seer, a harper, or a physician.

17. And further, that the philosophers be forbidden to invent empty names, or talk nonsense concerning things about which they know nothing.

<sup>41</sup> Mina: About \$20.

<sup>42</sup> Cronus: One of the Titans, by whom he was placed upon his father's throne, to be dethroned in turn by his own son, Zeus. The twelve gods were Zeus, Heré, Poseidon, Hephæstus, Athené, Apollo, Artemis, Ares, Aphrodité, Hermes, Demeter and Hestia.

<sup>43</sup> Styx: One of the rivers of the underworld, often used in oaths.

<sup>44</sup> Tartarus: See *Dial. of Gods*, 19, note 5.

<sup>45</sup> Athené practiced medicine: In this rôle she was called Athené Hygiea, because she was believed to ward off pestilence and guard the health of youth.

<sup>46</sup> Apollo: God of prophecy and of music, his favorite instrument the lyre. Ancient myths represent him as visiting men with disease and death. He is also god of health, protecting against physical maladies.

18. And that the statues of those who up to this time have been deemed worthy of temples and sacrifices, be taken down, and that there be set up in their places a statue of Zeus, or Heré, or of Apollo, or some one else, and that each city heap up for them a sepulchral mound and set over them a gravestone instead of an altar. And further, if any one pay no heed to the proclamation and refuse to appear before the judges, they shall give judgment against him by default.

Such is our decree.

19. ZEUS. And a most just decree it is, Momus. (*To the council.*) Let every one in favor of it raise his hand! Nay, rather, it shall be the law by my own fiat. For I am well aware that those who do not intend to vote for it will be in the majority. Well, now, get you gone! And whenever Hermes makes proclamation, let every one of you be on hand with his credentials in full view and his proofs well-defined, the name of father and mother, whence and how he came to be a divinity, and his tribe and fellow-clansmen. As whoever does not furnish these credentials, no matter if one does have a vast temple on the earth, or mankind do regard him as a god, the judges will make no account of that.

## 4.

## ZEUS IN HEROICS.

## CHARACTERS.

*ZEUS, father of men and ruler of the gods.*

*HERMES, son and messenger of Zeus.*

*ATHENÉ, daughter of Zeus and tutelary deity of Athens.*

*HERÉ, sister and wife of Zeus.*

*POSEIDON, brother of Zeus and god of the sea.*

*APHRODITÉ, daughter of Zeus and goddess of love and beauty.*

*COLOSSUS OF RHODES, representing the Sun-god.*

*MOMUS, personification of mockery and censure.*

*APOLLO, son of Zeus and god of prophecy.*

*HERACLES, the deified hero.*

*HERMAGORAS, brother of Hermes.*

*TIMOCLES } Philosophers of Athens.*

*DAMIS }*

*SCENE: Olympus and Athens.*

## ACT I.

*SCENE I. Palace of Zeus, Olympus. Zeus, pacing to and fro in great distress of mind and muttering to himself. Enter Hermes, Athené, and Heré.*

1. *HERMES.* Why so lost in thought, O Zeus, and why dost thou mutter all to thyself?

Why this pacing to and fro, with visage wan, like grave philosopher?

Take counsel with me; accept of me as adviser in your toils.

Hold not in contempt the foolish talk of him who serves thee in thy house.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Why so lost in thought, etc.: Probably a parody upon some verses from an unknown tragic poet.

ATHENÉ. Yea, O father of ours, Cronus' son,<sup>3</sup> of lords supreme,  
Thee I—goddess of the gleaming eyes, the Trito-born<sup>4</sup>  
—implore.

Speak out! nor in thy heart conceal, that we may know at once.

What cunning craft doth sting thee in thy mind and in thy soul,

Or why heav's't thou the sigh profound, and why hath pallor seized thy cheeks?

ZEUS. Oh! There's naught in any wise so dreadful to relate,

Nor suffering, nor mischance, of tragic import,  
The weight whereof the nature divine may not have to sustain.<sup>5</sup>

ATHENÉ. (*Aside.*) O Apollo! with what a præm he his speech begins!

ZEUS. O! bad as bad can be, ye children of earth,  
And thou, Prometheus,<sup>6</sup> what wrongs thou'st done me!

ATHENÉ. What are they? For surely thou'lt tell thy kith and kin.

ZEUS. O whizz of loud resounding lightning-flash!

What service wilt thou render me?

HERÉ. (*Interrupting.*) Stifle your anger, Zeus, if we can't play a comedy or declaim like these people and have not swallowed Euripides<sup>7</sup> whole, so as to answer you in tragic strain.

2. Think you, we don't know the occasion of your grief?

ZEUS. No, you don't know. You'd set up a con-founded wailing, let me tell you, if you did.

HERÉ. Well, I know the chief one among your ailments. It's an attack of the tender passion. How-

<sup>3</sup> Yea, O father of ours, Cronus' son, etc.: Zeus; see *Council of Gods*, note 42. Athené's speech is a medley of words and phrases from Homer.

<sup>4</sup> Trito-born: The "head-born," referring to Athené's birth from the head of Zeus; or, as other authorities explain it, she was so called because born near lake Tritonis in Libya, or at a spring of that name in Arcadia, or near the Triton, a stream in Boeotia.

<sup>5</sup> Oh! There's naught in any wise, etc.: A parody upon Euripides' *Orestes* 1 ff. The verses that follow are probably a parody upon some tragic poet.

<sup>6</sup> Prometheus: Stole fire from heaven and communicated its uses to mortals. For this Zeus ordered him to be chained to a rock in Scythia, where an eagle, or vulture, in the daytime devoured his liver, which each night grew again.

<sup>7</sup> Euripides: 480-406 B. C.; author of seventy-five, or according to others, of ninety-two plays, of which nineteen are extant.

ever, I've got used to that and so don't cry about it, though many a time before this I've been treated shamefully by you in such matters.<sup>7</sup> In all likelihood—to tell the plain truth—you've again come across some Danaë, or Semele, or Europa, and are suffering from love's smart, and so are planning how to turn into a bull, or satyr, or into gold and come down in a shower through the roof into the bosom of your inamorata. Your sighings and tears and wan look are signs which no one else wears, except a person in love.

ZEUS. Oh, what bliss is yours, in supposing that our troubles have anything to do with love and such child's play!

HERÉ. But what else, if not this, is distressing you?—for you are Zeus.

3. ZEUS. O Heré, the affairs of the gods are in a critical situation. Indeed, the question—as the old saying has it, is now balanced on a razor's edge,<sup>8</sup> whether we are to be worshipped any more and retain our prerogatives upon the earth, or be set at naught everywhere and be, apparently, a nonentity.

HERÉ. But surely the earth hasn't brought forth some more Giants,<sup>9</sup> has it? The Titans<sup>10</sup> haven't broken asunder their chains, have they, and overpowered the guard and are not again taking up their arms against us?

ZEUS. Be of good cheer! All is well for the gods, so far as affairs in the lower world are concerned.<sup>11</sup>

HERÉ. Well, then, what other dreadful thing can it be? I don't see—when such affairs, withal, do not cause you grief—what object you had in view in appearing to us in the rôle of a Polus or Aristodemus,<sup>12</sup> instead of as Zeus himself.

<sup>7</sup> In such matters: Cf. *Dial. of Gods*, 5.

<sup>8</sup> Balanced on a razor's edge: i.e. upon so fine an edge that a hair would turn the scale; a proverbial expression.

<sup>9</sup> Giants: Huge monsters with terrible faces and tails of dragons. Their leaders undertook to storm Olympus by piling Pelion upon Ossa, but were finally overcome and shut up in Tartarus.

<sup>10</sup> Titans: Sons of Uranus, whom they put in chains and compelled to abdicate. Cronus, one of their number, succeeded him, but was himself supplanted by his own son, Zeus, to whom some of the Titans refused to submit. But after a struggle of ten years they were subdued and consigned to Tartarus.

<sup>11</sup> Be of good cheer, etc.: A parody upon Euripides' *Phœnisææ*, 118.

<sup>12</sup> Polus or Aristodemus: Celebrated tragic actors of Athens in the time of Demosthenes.

4. ZEUS. The Stoic, Timocles, my dear Heré, and Damis, the Epicurean,<sup>13</sup> yesterday—I don't know how they came to get into the discussion—were arguing about fore-knowledge in the presence of a crowd of eminent men—that is what especially annoyed me. On the one hand, Damis was affirming that the gods pay no attention at all to what is taking place, nor dispose events—indeed have no existence. Timocles, on the other hand—capital fellow that he is!—was trying to help us. Then a great crowd congregating about them, put a stop to any further conversation. So they parted with the agreement to continue the discussion at some future day. And now everybody is on the tiptoe of expectation with regard to hearing it, to see which one will come off victorious and apparently have more of truth in what he says. Do you see the danger we are exposed to, in what a crisis our interests are involved, imperilled as they are in the person of one advocate? One of two things will inevitably happen—we shall either be treated with neglect and be looked upon as names merely, or be venerated as heretofore, if Timocles have the better of the argument.

5. HERÉ. Really this is dreadful, Zeus, and not without reason were you giving the affair the air of a tragedy for them.

ZEUS. But *you* thought I was in such distress out of regard for some Danaë or Antiopé. Well, Hermes,

<sup>13</sup> Damis: The Epicurean and Stoic were two opposite schools of Greek philosophy. The former founded by Epicurus (342-270 B. C.) held that pleasure, the enjoyment of the hour, is the highest good and therefore the chief end of man and of all philosophy. Epicurus, however, conceived of pleasure as consisting in perfect contentment and peace of mind, though among many of his later followers it degenerated into sensualism—a not unnatural result; for, ignoring reason and logic, he made the sensuous perceptions practically the only source of knowledge. He believed in gods, but regarded them as consisting of atoms like everything else and as cognizable by men through the images reflected from them upon the senses. The gods do not concern themselves with the government of the world, and men are not immortal, but at death are resolved into such elements as compose the universe.

The Stoic school, so called from the Painted Stoa, or Porch, in Athens, in which Zeno (344-260 B. C.), its founder, opened his school, held that reason was the ultimate criterion of truth, that virtue is the only good end, therefore men should be utterly indifferent to external circumstances, unaffected by joy or sorrow, unmoved by passion, and all things should be submitted to, because controlled by fate, and that to be virtuous a man should live conformably to his own nature and that of the universe. The noblest specimens of heathen life, such as Epictetus and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius among the Romans, were of the Stoic school; yet its tendency was to degenerate into formalism and an intense egotism. Timocles and Damis, whom Lucian introduces as representatives of the two schools, are perhaps fictitious characters.



Heré, and Athené, what shall we do? For do you yourselves also, on your part, aid in devising some plan.

HERM. I say you ought to hold a council and lay the matter before the whole body for their consideration.

HERÉ. I for my part agree with him entirely.

ATHENÉ. But I take the opposite view, my dear father. You ought not to set heaven all in a ferment—evidently it is not now disturbed over the affair—but should take measures privately to insure the triumph of Timocles in the argument and the retirement of Damis from the conference, under a shower of ridicule.

HERM. Yes, Zeus, but what you do will not escape notice, as the debate between the philosophers is to take place in public, and you will seem to act the part of a despot in not consulting with all, concerning matters of such grave moment and of common interest.

6. ZEUS. Well, you are right about it. So make proclamation at once, and let all be present.

SCENE II. *Hermes makes proclamation from the battlements of heaven.*

HERM. See here, ye gods! Come to an assembly! Don't delay! Come together, all of you! Be on hand! We are going to hold a council about matters of importance.

ZEUS. Why, Hermes! Do you make proclamation in such a matter-of-fact way as all that, in such homely and prosaic fashion, and that, when you are calling the gods together on business of the utmost gravity?

HERM. But really, Zeus, how do you think it ought to be done?

ZEUS. How would I have it done? Why, I say you ought to dignify your proclamation by clothing it in some sort of verse and with poetic grandiloquence, so as to secure a larger attendance.

HERM. Yes, but that sort of thing, Zeus, is the business of verse-makers and rhapsodists, whereas I am least of a poetic turn. I shall certainly spoil the proclamation by stringing together either too many feet or too few; and they will laugh at the want of elegance in

my lines. At any rate, even Apollo,<sup>14</sup> I see, gets ridiculed on account of some of his poetical oracles, albeit his skill at divination succeeds in investing most everything with such an air of mystery, that the listeners have no leisure at all to scrutinize the metres.

ZEUS. Well, then, Hermes, give us in your proclamation a *mélange* composed of the bulk of Homer's lines, with which he used to convene us in council. You recall them, no doubt.

HERM. Oh, not so very clearly or readily. I'll try, though.

Ho! All ye gods, female and male alike,  
And all ye streams—let none delay, save Ocean's tide;  
Nor any nymph—but hie to hall of Zeus and council board!  
Come all who feast on splendid hecatombs,  
And ye who midmost sit, or farthest back,  
Or nameless quite, by steaming altars' side!<sup>15</sup>

7. ZEUS. Well done, Hermes! You've given us a capital proclamation. Why, they are already thronging to the council. Now then, take and seat them each according to his rank, in keeping with the stuff he's made of and his workmanship—in the front seats, those made of gold; then next to these the silver gods; next in order those composed of ivory; then the bronze or marble, and here among these let the works of Phidias,<sup>16</sup> Alcamenes,<sup>17</sup> Myron, or Euphranor,<sup>18</sup> or artists of equal excellence, have the first place. As for those without artistic merit—mere rubbish—why, shove them in a body off somewhere to one side. They'll serve to fill up the assembly, but let them hold their tongues.

HERM. Yes, that shall be done and they shall take their appropriate seats. But we had better come to an understanding on this point—suppose one of them is made of gold and weighs many talents, but is faulty in workmanship, quite clumsy and wanting in symmetry

<sup>14</sup> Apollo: See *Council of Gods*, note 34.

<sup>15</sup> Ho! all ye gods, etc.: A burlesque on various passages in Homer.

<sup>16</sup> Phidias, Myron and Polycellus: See Introduction, note 7.

<sup>17</sup> Alcamenes: A famous sculptor of Athens and pupil of Phidias. He was the sculptor of the western pediment of the temple at Olympia, representing the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

<sup>18</sup> Euphranor: A distinguished Athenian artist (4th century B. C.) in bronze and marble and in painting.

—is he to have precedence of the bronze statues of Myron and Polyclitus and of the marble of Phidias and Alcamenes, or am I to place more value upon their excellence as works of art?

ZEUS. By good rights it ought to be so. But, nevertheless, we shall have to give the gold the preference.

HERM. I understand. You bid me seat them according to the wealth they represent, their assessed value, not according to their merit.

SCENE III. *Council Hall, Olympus. Hermes proceeds to seat the gods, as they come thronging in.*

HERM. Well, then, you gold fellows, there, take the front seats! 8. (*Turning to Zeus.*) Why, Zeus, it looks as if the barbarian divinities were going to monopolize the front benches! As for the Greek deities, you see of what sort they are—graceful, good-looking, and wrought in highly artistic style—but all alike of marble or bronze, or even the most costly of them made of ivory<sup>19</sup> and slightly lustrous with gold—just enough to give them color and cover them over; but as to the inside, even these are of wood, sheltering whole broods of mice organized into regular communities. Whereas Bendis<sup>20</sup> here, and Anubis over there, and by his side Attis and Mithras and Men are every bit of solid gold, of great weight, too, and really very costly.

(*Enter Poseidon.*)

9. POS. I say, Hermes, is it right that that fellow with the dog-face should have precedence of me—that Egyptian,<sup>21</sup> of me who am Poseidon?

HERM. Yes, my dear earth-shaker;<sup>22</sup> but Lysippus<sup>23</sup> made you of bronze and worth little or nothing, for in those days the Corinthians didn't have any gold. Whereas, this one here is richer than you by whole

<sup>19</sup> Made of ivory: Referring to the chryselephantine statues of Phidias, the Athené Parthenos of Athens and the Zeus of the temple at Olympia. Gold was used for the hair and drapery, being overlaid upon a frame of wood. Ivory was employed for the head, arms and feet.

<sup>20</sup> Bendis: A Thracian goddess representing the moon. In Greece identified with Artemis. For Anubis, see *Council of Gods*, note 29; for Attis and Mithras, see *ibid.* note 27. Men was a Phrygian divinity presiding over the months.

<sup>21</sup> That Egyptian: Anubis.

<sup>22</sup> Earth-shaker: A Homeric epithet of Poseidon.

<sup>23</sup> Lysippus: The most celebrated statuary of the time of Alexander the Great, whose likeness in bronze he alone was privileged to make.

mines. So you ought to put up with being shoved one side and not be vexed, if one who has such a voluminous nose of gold receives more honor than you.

[*Enter Aphrodité.*]

APH. (*Coaxingly.*) Come now, Hermes! Take and seat me, too, somewhere among those who occupy the first places. I'm made of gold, you know.

HERM. No such thing, Aphrodité—at least so far as I can see. On the contrary, unless my sight is very much at fault you were, I believe, cut out of white marble from Pentelicus<sup>24</sup> and then—for so it seemed good to Praxiteles<sup>25</sup>—after being made into Aphrodité you were bestowed upon the people of Cnidus.

APH. Yes, but I'll furnish you a trustworthy witness—Homer, who throughout his poems, calls me "Aphrodité, the Golden."

HERM. Oh, that doesn't signify, for the very same author described Apollo as abounding in gold and rich. But now you'll see even him sitting somewhere among the gods of the third order,<sup>26</sup> discrowned, you know, by the robbers and with the pegs all stripped off from his lyre. So then, be well content, if you too don't have a place in the council away down in the fourth and last grade.

[*Enter Colossus of Rhodes.*]

11. COL. (*With a pompous air.*) Now who will presume to vie with me, Helios,<sup>27</sup> as I am and of such immense size? Why, if the people of Rhodes had not thought fit to build me on such an enormous and extravagant scale, they could have made sixteen golden gods with the same outlay. I ought, therefore, to be regarded as proportionately more costly. And besides, there's the skill and the accuracy of the workmanship—extraordinary in a work of such dimensions.

HERM. (*Aside to Zeus.*) Well, Zeus, what am I to

<sup>24</sup> Pentelicus: A mountain to the northeast of Athens.

<sup>25</sup> Praxiteles: See Introduction, note 7.

<sup>26</sup> Gods of the third order: Lucian here makes use of a feature of the constitution of Solon, the division of the citizens of Athens into four classes according to annual income.

<sup>27</sup> Helios: Sun-god, see *Dial. of Gods*, 25, note 1. The chief seat of his worship was in the island of Rhodes. His statue of bronze, and 105 feet high, called the Colossus, was erected 280 B. C., at the entrance of the harbor. An earthquake overthrew it a few years later, and in 667 A. D. it was broken up by the Saracens.

do? Here's another point, which I at least find it hard to settle. For, if I should have regard to the material, it is bronze; but should I calculate how many talents it cost to forge him—why, he would rank above the gods of the first-class.

ZEUS. (*Aside to Hermes.*) What in the world was the need of his putting in an appearance? He'll only bring out in strong relief the insignificance of the rest of us and prove a nuisance in the meeting. (*Turning to the Colossus.*) But see here! O mightiest of Rhodians, though you ought by all odds to have the preference over those made of gold, how can you possibly sit forward there? Otherwise everybody else will be obliged to stand, that you may have a seat all by yourself. Why, one of your thighs would occupy the entire Pnyx!<sup>28</sup> You'll do better, therefore, to remain standing in the assembled company, after making your bow to the council.

*Enter Dionysus and Heracles.*

12. HERM. (*Aside to Zeus.*) Good heavens! Here again is another knotty point to settle. Here are two gods, both made of bronze and of equal artistic merit. Each is the work of Lysippus, and what is of most consequence, one has just as honorable a pedigree as the other—they are children of Zeus, you know—Dionysus<sup>29</sup> here and Heracles.<sup>30</sup> Now which of them shall have the precedence? Why, they are squabbling over it now, as you perceive.

ZEUS. Come, Hermes! We are wasting time. The assembly ought to have come to order long ago. So for the present let them sit down promiscuously, wherever any one pleases. At some future day a council shall be granted to consider these matters; and I shall then know in what order to arrange them.

13. HERM. (*Aside to Zeus.*) But, my stars! what an uproar they are making—with such common everyday cries as these: "Divide!" "Divide!" "Where's the nectar?" "Where's the nectar?" "The ambrosia's all

<sup>28</sup> Pnyx: The semicircular platform cut in the side of a small hill west of the Acropolis at Athens and used for assemblies of the people.

<sup>29</sup> Dionysus: See *Council of Gods*, note 3.

<sup>30</sup> Heracles: See *Dial. of Dead*, 16, notes 2, 3, and *Dial. of Gods*, 13, note 2.

gone!" "The ambrosia's all gone!" "Where are the hecatombs?" "Where are the hecatombs?" "The sacrifices are ours in common!"

ZEUS. Call them to order, Hermes, that they may cease this silly talk and learn why they have been assembled.

HERM. But, Zeus, they don't all of them understand Greek, and I'm not versed in so many languages as to be able to make my proclamation intelligible to Scythians, Persians, Thracians and Celts. Accordingly, it will be better, I think, to command silence by making a sign with the hand.

ZEUS. By all means do so!

14. HERM. (*Waving his hand.*) Bravo! They've become stiller, you'll find, than the philosophers.<sup>31</sup> It's just the time now for you to make your speech. D'ye see? They've been looking at you this long while, waiting to hear what in the world you are about to say.

SCENE IV. *The Council, waiting in silent expectancy for Zeus to state the business in hand. Zeus, standing before them confused and nervous.*

ZEUS. (*Confidentially to Hermes.*) Well, Hermes, seeing you are my son, I'm not averse to telling you just how I'm affected. You know how unabashed and magniloquent I always was in our public assemblies.

HERM. Oh, yes! I know. Why, I used to be afraid, when I heard you hold forth, and especially when you would threaten to draw up from their foundations the earth and the sea, gods and all, having let down that golden cord.<sup>32</sup>

ZEUS. (*Impatiently.*) But now, my son, I don't know whether it's owing to the magnitude of the dangers that impend, or to the numbers present—the assembly, as you perceive, is just chock-full of gods—anyhow, my mind is in utter confusion. I feel somewhat nervous and my tongue seems as if bound with

<sup>31</sup> The philosophers: Referring especially, perhaps, to the followers of Pythagoras, who enjoined a five years' novitiate of silence; or on the other hand, it may be regarded as a sly thrust at the loquacity of the sophists.

<sup>32</sup> That golden cord: See *Dial. of Gods*, 21, note 1.

fetters. And most extraordinary of all, I've forgotten even the exordium of my speech, which I had prepared, that I might make at the very outset a most pleasing impression upon them.

HERM. Zeus, you're utterly done for. They are suspicious of your silence and expect they are about to hear something very dreadful, which, they imagine, is the occasion of your delay.

ZEUS. Well, then, Hermes, would you have me begin by reciting to them that proëm of Homer's?

HERM. Which one?

ZEUS.

Give ear to me, ye gods and goddesses all.

—*Il.* viii. 5.

HERM. Get along with you! You've played quite enough of your drunken tricks on us already. But please stop quoting such commonplace stuff as those verses. Rather string together a few sentences from the public speeches of Demosthenes—say, those against Philip<sup>33</sup>—any one you choose. You can easily alter it to suit the occasion. At any rate, that's the way most of the orators do nowadays.

ZEUS. That's a good suggestion of yours—a sort of set speech in epitome, and an easy resource for those at a loss what to say!

15. HERM. Pray begin, then!

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Zeus proceeds to address the assembled gods.*

ZEUS. My fellow gods,<sup>34</sup> I believe you would prefer it to a handsome fortune, if it should be made known to you what in the world the business is, that has brought you together on the present occasion. Now that being the case, it becomes you to listen with all attention to

<sup>33</sup> Those against Philip: Nine in number, in which Demosthenes met the aggressions of Philip II. of Macedon.

<sup>34</sup> My fellow gods: Or, literally, men, gods, I mean. According to Hermes' suggestion, Zeus avails himself of the beginning of Demosthenes' *First Olynthiac*, substituting

*ἄνδρες θεοὶ* for *ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι*.

It is hardly possible to represent in English the humor of the combination.

what I have to say. Well, ye gods, the crisis, now upon us, all but has a voice itself, declaring that we must take decided action in the present exigency; while we, it appears to me, are utterly careless about these matters. I will proceed at once—for my Demosthenes fails me—to set clearly before you the occurrences, which so perplexed me that I assembled this council. Yesterday, as you know, Mnesitheus, the master of a merchantman, was offering sacrifices of thanksgiving for the deliverance of his vessel, which came very near going to the bottom in the neighborhood of Caphareus;<sup>36</sup> and we were being feasted at Piræus—as many of us as Mnesitheus invited to the sacrifice. And then, after the drink offerings were over, you went off in different directions as each felt inclined. But I—for it was not yet very late—went up to the city<sup>37</sup> to stroll around at eventide in the Ceramîcus, pondering the while upon the stinginess of Mnesitheus, who had provided only one cock for the entertainment of sixteen gods—an old fellow at that and affected with a catarrh—and four lumps of frankincense so very moldy that it straightway went out upon the coals, affording not even enough smoke for the tip of the nose to catch the scent—and that too, though he had promised whole hecatombs when the ship was just on the point of being dashed upon the headland and had got inside the reefs. 16. As I mused upon these things, I came over against the Pœcilé.<sup>37</sup> There I saw an immense throng of people huddled together, some within the colonnade itself and many in the open air. Some were shouting and engaging in hot debate, as they sat upon the seats. I readily guessed what was going on—that they were philosophers of your wrangling kind;<sup>38</sup> and so I was minded to stop and hear just

<sup>36</sup> Caphareus: A promontory at the southeast end of the island of Eubœa. Piræus, whither the merchantman was bound when wrecked, was the port of Athens.

<sup>37</sup> The city: Athens. The Ceramîcus was the Potters' quarter, west and north of the Acropolis.

<sup>37</sup> The Pœcilé: The Painted Porch, near the Agora and adorned with frescoes of the battle of Marathon by Polygnotus; headquarters of the Stoic school to which it gave its name.

<sup>38</sup> Your wrangling kind:

*ἐριστικῶν,*

a nickname of the Megarean school of philosophers, who were noted for chopping logic.



what they were saying. And—for, as it chanced, I had thrown over myself a mist of thick clouds—I assumed the usual guise of those folks and got me a beard, so that I looked wonderfully like a philosopher.<sup>30</sup> Yes, and I actually elbowed my way into the crowd without its being known who I was.

I found there Damis, the Epicurean—the rogue!—and Timocles, the Stoic—a capital fellow!—disputing with great vehemence. Timocles, anyway, was all in a perspiration and already had lost his voice from shouting; while Damis by scornful derision was trying to anger Timocles still more. 17. Their whole dispute, then, was concerning us. That detestable fellow, Damis, was maintaining that we take no thought for men, nor pay any heed to what happens among them, declaring that we have no existence whatever—for plainly that was what his talk amounted to. And some there were who applauded him. Timocles, the other disputant, espoused our cause and was taking up the cudgels in our behalf. He was boiling with indignation and in every way was rendering us aid, eulogizing the care we exercise and explaining in detail how we prescribe and arrange everything in its appropriate place and order. And he also won applause from some.

But all to no purpose, for already he had grown quite weary, his voice was in sorry plight, and the crowd had their eyes fixed upon Damis. Knowing what was being jeopardized, I ordered the night to envelop them and put an end to the discussion. Accordingly, they departed, after agreeing to finish the examination of the subject to-morrow. I followed the crowd and overheard them, as they wended their way homeward, praising among themselves what Damis had said and not a few of them already taking his part.

But there were some also who did not think it right to prejudge the opposing sides, but to wait and see whether Timocles would say anything at all to-morrow.

18. This, then, ye gods, is the business, on account of which I have called you together; and it is of no little

<sup>30</sup> Like a philosopher: They wore a coarse, shabby cloak, carried a staff and allowed their beards to grow long after the fashion of a goat's.

importance, if you will reflect that all the honor, worship and glory we have come from men. If they should be persuaded that we have no existence at all, or—if we do exist—that we take no thought for them, there would be no more sacrifices or oblations or worship rendered us from the earth, and we should sit idly here in heaven and starve, deprived, as we should be, of those feasts, holy-days, public games, sacrificial rites, all—night banquets and solemn processions, which we have been accustomed to enjoy. As, then, the business in hand relates to matters of such grave importance, I say it behooves us all to be devising some plan, that shall bring us deliverance in the present crisis and by which Timocles shall come off victorious and be thought to have more of truth in what he says, while Damis shall be laughed down by his hearers. For I for my part have no confidence at all in Timocles, that he will carry the day of himself, unless we also come to his aid. (*Turning to Hermes.*) Now, Hermes, make proclamation in due legal form, that they get up and recommend some measure.

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SCENE II. *Hermes makes proclamation, and various divinities take part in the discussion which follows.*

HERM. You there, give ear! Silence! Stop that hubbub! Who among the all-perfect gods—whose privilege it is—wants to address the assembly? (*No one responds.*) What does this mean? Does no one rise? Do you keep silent, as though frightened out of your wits at the gravity of what has been told you?

19. MOMUS.

Well, into water and earth may all of you turn.

—*Il.* vii. 99.

But, as for myself, O Zeus, if indeed leave should be given me to speak with frankness, I would have much to say.

ZEUS. Speak with the utmost confidence, Momus,<sup>40</sup> for evidently you are going to put your frankness of speech to a good use.

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<sup>40</sup> Momus: See *Dial. of Gods*, 10, note 8.

MOM. Well, then, listen, ye gods, to what at all events comes from the heart, to use a common expression. I for my part was fully expecting that our affairs would get into this helpless condition and that many such sophists would arise to our detriment, who would derive from our very selves the occasion for their presumption. By all that's just, it isn't meet to be angry with Epicurus or with his disciples and those who have succeeded to his opinions, if they have taken up such notions concerning us. For what else could one expect them to think, when they see such disorder in the world, the good among them treated with neglect and perishing in poverty, disease and slavery, while the utterly depraved and impure are preferred in honor, roll in wealth and lord it over their betters; and when they see the robbers of temples unpunished, nay unnoticed, while those who do no wrong are sometimes impaled or beaten to death?

Naturally enough, then, at sight of these things they come to the conclusion that we have no existence at all; 20. and especially, when they hear the oracles say that a certain man by crossing the Halys<sup>41</sup> will overturn a mighty empire, without indicating, however, whether it will be his own, or that of the enemy; and again, when the oracle says:<sup>42</sup>

O Salamis divine! Thou too, shalt destroy those born of womankind;

for I fancy, both Persians and Greeks were alike children of women. And again, when they hear the rhapsodists<sup>43</sup> sing about our falling in love, getting wounded, being put into chains, becoming slaves, and being split up into factions and having an infinite number of such

<sup>41</sup> Halys: A river of Asia Minor flowing into the Euxine Sea and forming the eastern boundary of the dominions of Croesus. Fearing trouble from the growing power of Cyrus the Great, king of Persia, Croesus thought to take the initiative himself and cross the Halys. Consulting the oracle at Delphi he was told that if he marched against the Persians he would overthrow a great empire. Assuming that the Persian was meant, he entered upon a campaign which resulted in the destruction of his own.

<sup>42</sup> When the oracle says: Herodotus, 7, 141. This line is a part of the response of the Delphic oracle, when consulted by the Athenians at the time of the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, 480 B. C. It was near Salamis that the Persian fleet was totally defeated.

<sup>43</sup> The rhapsodists: They made a profession of reciting or chanting, with a sort of musical and rhythmical declamation, the poems of Homer at the Greek festivals.

annoyances—and that, too, when they thought we were happy and immortal—what else, by good rights, can they do, but make fun of us and set at naught our prerogatives? But *we* get angry, if certain men, who are by no means fools, utterly disprove these claims of ours and reject the doctrine of our foreknowledge, when we ought to be well content if some do sacrifice to us still, notwithstanding we have such failings. 21. And right here, Zeus—for we are by ourselves and there isn't a human being in this concourse outside of Heracles, Dionysus, Ganymedes<sup>44</sup> and Asclepius,<sup>45</sup> who, by the bye, have got registered among us illegally—answer me truly, have you ever cared enough about the people upon the earth to inquire who of them are the bad, or who the good? Nay, you will not make any such claim. Anyhow, had not Theseus,<sup>46</sup> when on his way from Troezen to Athens, as a secondary purpose of his journey, made an end of evil-doers—so far as it depended upon you or your foreknowledge, nothing would have prevented Sciron and Sinis, the pine-bender, Cercyon and the rest from living on, revelling in the slaughter of wayfarers. And there's the provident Eurystheus<sup>47</sup> of olden time—if he hadn't out of pure benevolence inquired closely into everybody's affairs and sent forth this servant<sup>48</sup> of his here, a man diligent and zealous in such labors, you, Zeus though you are, would have paid little heed to the Hydra, the Stymphalian birds, the

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<sup>44</sup> Ganymedes: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 2.

<sup>45</sup> Asclepius: See *Dial. of Gods*, 18, note 1.

<sup>46</sup> Theseus: The national hero of the Ionian Greeks. At the age of sixteen, while on his way from Troezen to Athens, he killed the robber, Sinis, by the same means used by the robber himself, who fastened travelers to the top of a pine tree, which he bent to the earth and then allowed to recoil. Theseus also meted out justice to Sciron, another monster, who forced his victims to wash his feet upon a high, overhanging rock, from whence he would kick them into the sea. Near Eleusis the hero overcame the giant Cercyon, who compelled all whom he met to wrestle with him.

<sup>47</sup> Eurystheus: See *Council of Gods*, note 17.

<sup>48</sup> This servant: Heracles. Three of his twelve labors in the service of Eurystheus are mentioned here, the slaying of the hydra-headed water serpent of Lerna, which was destructive to both man and beast; of the voracious birds which haunted Lake Stymphalus and fed upon human flesh; and the capture of the wild mares of Diomedes, a Thracian king, who was wont to give them to eat all strangers cast upon his coasts. The affair with the Arcadian Centaurs occurred when the hero was engaged in his expedition against the Erymanthian boar. A friendly Centaur had broached in his honor a cask of wine which belonged to the Centaurs in common. Not relishing this disposition of their property, they attacked Heracles, but were at last vanquished after a terrible fight.

Thracian mares and the wantonness and drunken behavior of the Centaurs.

22. On the contrary—if I must tell the truth—we sit here and watch for this one thing only, to see if somebody is offering an oblation, or raising the steam of sacrifice on the altars. All things else are left to be borne onward with the current and swept away—each just as it happens. Accordingly, we are now suffering just what we might reasonably expect, and we shall continue to suffer thus, whenever mankind come to lift up their heads and little by little discover that they derive no advantage at all from sacrificing to us and conducting their solemn processions. Then, in short, you will see the Epicuruses, Metrodoruses,<sup>40</sup> and Damises mocking at us, but those who advocate our cause, discomfited and silenced by them.

It will be your business, therefore, to put a stop to these proceedings and apply a remedy, for it is you who have brought things to such a pass. As for Momus, he hasn't much to lose, if he is to be without honor. For he wasn't one of the honored ones, even of old, when you were still well off and enjoyed a monopoly of the sacrificial feasts.

23. ZEUS. Well, ye gods, let us bear with this fellow's silly talk—he's always gruff, you know, and censorious. It's easy enough—as the marvelous Demosthenes used to say—to bring in charges, find fault and to censure—anybody can do it, who wants to. But to recommend some measure by which the present condition of affairs will be bettered—that is the office of a really prudent counsellor; and that's the very thing, I'm sure, the rest of you will do, even though this fellow holds his tongue.

24. POSEIDON. Ordinarily, as you are aware, I live beneath the sea and administer affairs in the deep according to my own pleasure. So far as I can, I preserve those who sail the sea, convoy the ships on their way, and appease the winds. But nevertheless—for I take an interest also in matters up here—I maintain that you ought to put this Damis out of the way, either with

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<sup>40</sup> Metrodorus: A famous disciple of Epicurus.

a thunderbolt or by some other means, before he presents himself at the contest, lest he even get the upper hand in the debate—for according to your story, Zeus, he's quite a plausible speaker. Yes, and at the same time we shall also show them, that we follow those up who make such statements concerning us.

25. ZEUS. Are you jesting, Poseidon, or have you quite forgotten, that we have no power over such matters, but that the Fates<sup>60</sup> spin the thread of destiny for every person and ordain that one shall die by a thunderbolt, another by the sword and a third of fever, or of consumption? Why! if the matter had been in my power, would I have permitted, think you, the temple robbers the other day to get out of Pisa<sup>61</sup> without being struck by lightning, who clipped off two of my locks of hair, each weighing six minas?<sup>62</sup> Or would you yourself have overlooked on the promontory of Geræstus<sup>63</sup> the fisherman from Oreus, who purloined your trident? And besides, it will seem as though we were angry out of distress at the affair and were afraid of what Damis says and for this reason made away with the man, without waiting for him to measure his strength against Timocles. Will not such a triumph on our part appear to be by default?

Pos. Well, I for my part supposed that this plan of my devising was right to the point, to secure the victory.

ZEUS. Get along with you, Poseidon! Stupid as a tunny fish<sup>64</sup> and altogether thick-witted is your plan of refuting one's antagonist by anticipation, so that he die without having been conquered, leaving the debate still doubtful and undecided.

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<sup>60</sup> Fates: Clotho who spun, Lachesis who held, and Atropos who cut, the thread of life.

<sup>61</sup> Pisa: Olympia, where Zeus had his famous temple, with its huge chryselephantine statue by Phidias, which existed for 800 years, though not without being more or less despoiled. Strabo suggests that the artist obtained his conception of Zeus from *Il.* 1, 528-530:

So spake Cronus' son and nodded assent with his eyebrows dark;  
And thereat fell in waves his locks ambrosial from the king's  
Immortal head; and mighty Olympus he made to quake.

<sup>62</sup> Six minas: About  $7\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. troy weight of gold.

<sup>63</sup> Geræstus: A promontory at the south end of Euboea. A trident held in his right hand was Poseidon's chief attribute.

<sup>64</sup> Tunny fish: Common in the Mediterranean and much used for food; proverbial for its stupidity.

Pos. Well then, do you folks contrive some other better plan, since my suggestions you've dismissed so summarily to the tunnies.

26. APOLLO. Were it lawful for us also who are still young and beardless to address the assembly, I should say something, perhaps, that would be helpful to a thorough examination of the question before us.

Mom. The inquiry, my dear Apollo,<sup>55</sup> concerns matters of such grave import, that taking part in the discussion does not depend upon age, but is open to all in common. Why, it would be a pretty piece of business indeed, if, at the hazard of our highest interests, we should examine minutely into the authority contained in the laws. But *you* are already fully entitled by law to speak in the assembly. You came of age a long while ago and have been enrolled in the list of the twelve superior gods.<sup>56</sup> Indeed, you were a member of the council almost as far back as the time of Cronus. So you needn't play the boy in our presence, but at once say boldly what you think, and don't be ashamed, because forsooth you are about to address the assembly, though you haven't a beard, especially as you've got a son, Asclepius,<sup>57</sup> with such a fine, thick one. Above all, it would become you now especially to exhibit your sagacity, unless it's all to no purpose that you sit upon Mount Helicon<sup>58</sup> and join with the Muses in the love and pursuit of wisdom.

APOL. But it isn't your place, Momus, to bestow such a privilege—that's the province of Zeus. And if he give the word, I could say something, perhaps, not unworthy of the Muses, or of the practice I've had upon Helicon.

ZEUS. Say on, my son! You have my permission.

27. APOL. (*Proceeds.*) This Timocles is no doubt a good, pious man and understands very thoroughly the ways of the Stoics. And so, he holds converse upon wisdom with many among the young and exacts not a

<sup>55</sup> Apollo: In art he is represented as very youthful and always beardless, e. g. the Apollo Belvidere.

<sup>56</sup> The superior gods: See *Council of Gods*, note 42.

<sup>57</sup> Asclepius: Represented in art with a heavy beard, e. g. the colossal head, British Museum.

<sup>58</sup> Helicon: A mountain in Boeotia and seat of the worship of the Muses (see *Dial. of Gods*, 19, note 7.) Apollo as leader of the choir was called Musagetes.

few fees for this; for he is exceedingly persuasive when he discourses in private with his pupils. But his courage all oozes out when he comes to speak before a crowd; he doesn't know how to use his voice and talks broken Greek, so that he provokes laughter because of this; for in conversation he doesn't speak connectedly, but stutters and is all in a fluster, especially whenever, notwithstanding these faults, he wants to display also elegance of language. He is, though, exceedingly quick to understand and subtle in mind, according to the statements of those who are better acquainted than I with the teachings of the Stoics. But in speech and exposition he spoils it all through physical weakness and jumbles everything together, not making clear what he wants to say. On the contrary, he advances his propositions in the form of riddles and in his turn answers the questions put to him with still greater vagueness. People, because they don't comprehend, make fun of him. He ought, I think, to speak plainly and give particular attention to this, so that his hearers shall understand.

28. MOM. That's right to the point, Apollo, what you said in praise of those who speak intelligibly; albeit, you yourself don't practice at all what you preach. In your oracles you are ambiguous and speak in riddles. You keep on the safe side, though, in most of your communications, by casting them forth into the debatable land, so that they who hear need another Delphic oracle to interpret them. But what measure do you propose, to meet the case in hand? How shall we remedy Timocles' inability to express himself?

29. APOL. Well, Momus, my advice—if we can possibly carry it out—is to provide some one else as advocate to co-operate with him—some man clever at public speaking, to deliver appropriately whatever he on reflection may suggest.

MOM. Verily worthy of a beardless youth, who needs to go to school some more, is this proposition of yours, that, in a discussion between philosophers, we employ an advocate to interpret to those present whatever opinions Timocles may choose to advance; and that Damis speak face to face, in his own proper per-



son, but that his antagonist avail himself of an actor besides, into whose ear he privately whispers whatever he thinks best, while the actor does the talking, perhaps not even understanding himself what he may hear. Surely such a performance would raise a laugh in the crowd. But let us get at the matter in some other way. 30. You, my admirable friend—for you claim to be also a seer and have taken in not a few fees for that sort of thing, so far as to have received on one occasion even bricks made of gold<sup>50</sup>—why don't you give us a specimen of your art, just in the nick of time, and foretell which one of these sophists is going to get the better of the argument? You know, I presume, what is to be the issue of it—for you are a diviner.

APOL. How can I do that, Momus, when I haven't got my tripod,<sup>51</sup> or fragrant stuffs, or a fountain to divine by, such as that of Castalia?

MOM. D'ye see? Now you are in a strait, you try to avoid being put to the test.

ZEUS. (*To Apollo.*) All the same, my child, speak out, and don't give this slanderer any pretexts for traducing you and scoffing at your vaticinations, with the assertion that they are due to a tripod, water and frankincense, and that, unless you have these, you will be robbed of your skill.

APOL. Things of that sort, sire, it were better to do at Delphi or in Colophon,<sup>52</sup> as is my wont, where I have all the apparatus I need to use. Well, for all that I am so destitute of those things and unprepared, I'll try to foretell which one will gain the mastery. You'll bear with me, if I should make a botch of my metres.

MOM. Say on, Apollo! Only make yourself understood, and don't give us a lot of stuff that stands in need itself of some one to defend or interpret it. For the flesh of lambs and a tortoise are not now being

<sup>50</sup> Bricks of gold: Croesus, among other rich presents, sent these to propitiate the oracle at Delphi, when meditating his expedition against the Persians. See *Herodotus*, 1, 50, ff.

<sup>51</sup> My tripod: Placed over the chasm in the temple at Delphi. Upon it the Pythian priestess sat, in order to receive the intoxicating vapor, under the influence of which she delivered her oracles. Castalia was a famous fountain at the base of Mt. Parnassus and sacred to the Muses. In it the priestess bathed, before ascending the tripod.

<sup>52</sup> Colophon: In western Asia Minor. Near by was Apollo's oracle of Clarus.

boiled together in Lydia.<sup>62</sup> But you know to what the inquiry before us relates.

ZEUS. (*To Apollo.*) What in the world are you about to say, my son? (*Aside.*) I see already just such frightful appearances as are wont to precede the giving of an oracle—his color changes, his eyes roll, and hair stands on end, his motions are like those of one in a Corybantic frenzy;<sup>63</sup> in short he is utterly distracted, and his body all in a tremble—the very phenomena that are associated with the mysteries.

### 31. APOL. (*Prophesying.*)

Give ear to this prophecy<sup>64</sup> divine from inspired Apollo's lips,  
About a strife that makes the blood run cold—which men stirred  
up,  
Rending the air with voices shrill, and armed with words in  
dense array.  
As to and fro, like the clucking of hens, the din of battle ebbs  
and flows,  
They many a high-pointed stern smite down, like massive  
ploughtail shaped.  
But when the vulture with crooked talons seizes the locust,  
Then shall the rain-boding ravens utter their last shrill cry;  
The mule shall the victory win, and the ass at his nimble off-  
spring shall butt.

<sup>62</sup> Lydia: The reference here is to the reply of the Delphic oracle, when, to test its veracity, the messengers of Croesus asked the oracle what the king happened to be doing at that moment. See *Herodotus*, 1, 47.

I know the number of the sand and the bounds of the sea.  
The dumb I understand and hear, though not a word be said.  
A savor to my brain hath come of hard-shelled tortoise,  
In copper caldron seethed, along with flesh of lambs;  
Beneath it the copper is laid and a cover of copper above.

According to Herodotus this proved to be just what Croesus was doing at the time the messengers consulted the oracle.

<sup>63</sup> Corybantic frenzy: The Corybants were priests of Cybelé in Phrygia, whose rites they celebrated with wild orgies, to the accompaniment of drums, cymbals and horns.

<sup>64</sup> Give ear to this prophecy, etc.: An imitation of an oracle in Aristophanes' *Knights*, 194 ff.

"Sausage Seller. But what does the Oracle say?

"Demosthenes. Why, thus it says,

In a figurative language, but withal  
Most singularly intelligible and distinct,  
Neatly expressed, I' faith, concisely and tersely.

Moreover, when the eagle in his pride,  
With crooked talons and a leathern hide,  
Shall seize the black and blood-devouring snake;  
Then shall the woe!ful tanpits quail and quake;  
And mighty Jove shall give command and place  
To mortals of the sausage-selling race;  
Unless they choose, continuing as before,  
To sell their sausages for evermore."

—J. H. Frere.

ZEUS. (*To Momus, laughing immoderately.*) Why this burst of laughter, Momus? In sooth, there's nothing to laugh at in the present emergency. Stop, you wretch! You'll choke yourself with your laughing.

MOM. But, Zeus, how can I stop laughing at such a clear and intelligible oracle?

ZEUS. Well, then, you may forthwith explain to us also just what it means.

MOM. Oh, it's plain as a pikestaff, and so we shall have no need of a Themistocles<sup>66</sup> to interpret it. For the oracle says in so many words, that this fellow is a humbug, and that we who put confidence in him are a lot of pack-asses, by Zeus, and mules, and haven't as much sense as a locust.

32. HERACLES. (*To Zeus.*) I'm a foreigner, to be sure, O sire; but, for all that, I shall not hesitate to express my opinions. As soon as they get together and renew the debate, then, in case Timocles have the upper hand, we'll permit the discussion to go on for our benefit. But should the affair take a different turn, at that very moment, if you think best, I'll give the Porch itself a violent shake and tumble it down upon Damis' head, that he may not treat us despitely—accursed wretch that he is!

ZEUS. By Heracles, my dear Heracles, that's a brutal suggestion of yours and dreadfully stupid—to destroy so many people along with one worthless fellow and the Porch<sup>67</sup> into the bargain, Marathon, Miltiades, Cynægirus and all. And when these have gone to smash, how can the orators any longer hold forth, having been deprived of the most telling theme they have to discourse upon? And besides, when you were living upon the earth, maybe you could have done some such thing; but since you became a god, you've learned, I presume, that the Fates are the only beings who can

<sup>66</sup> Themistocles: An Athenian statesman and the hero of the battle of Salamis. When those whose business it was to explain prophecy declared that the oracle, brought back from Delphi by the envoys—"Oh, Salamis divine, thou too shalt destroy those born of womankind"—foreboded disaster in the event of a naval combat, he contended that the epithet "divine" would not have been applied to Salamis, if an unfavorable issue had been meant. *Hérodoteus*, 7, 143.

<sup>67</sup> The Porch: Adorned with frescoes of the battle of Marathon, 490 B. C., in which Miltiades, one of the ten generals, and Cynægirus distinguished themselves.

compass such things, whereas we have no power over them.

HERAC. What! when I slew the lion<sup>67</sup> and the hydra, was it the Fates that performed those exploits through me?

ZEUS. Most certainly!

HERAC. And now, suppose somebody does me a personal injury by robbing my temple or overturning my statue, shall I not destroy him, unless the Fates have so determined ages ago?

ZEUS. By no means!

HERAC. Well, then, listen, Zeus, while I free my mind. You know, I'm a country bumpkin, as the comic poet said, and call a spade a spade.<sup>68</sup> If such is our lot, I'll bid a long farewell to the honors up here in heaven, to the steam and the blood of victims, and go away to the nether world, where even the ghosts of the wild beasts I have slain will flee in terror when they see me with my bow uncovered.

ZEUS. (*Aside.*) He speaks by the card, I must confess; for the witness is one of our own household. (*To Heracles.*) Well, had you suggested these things to Damis to say, you would at least have saved him a deal of trouble.

SCENE III. *Olympus. A messenger appears with news from the scene of strife in Athens.*

33. ZEUS. But who is that coming yonder in hot haste—that fellow in bronze, well drawn and with a graceful contour, his hair tied up in antique fashion? Oh, yes, I see; it's your brother,<sup>69</sup> my dear Hermes, who belongs down there in the market place, near the Pœcilé. Why, he's all covered over with pitch, with which the statuaries bedaub him every day in the process of taking casts. (*Enter Hermagoras.*) Well,

<sup>67</sup> The lion and hydra: The first two labors of Heracles in the service of Eurystheus. With his hands he strangled the Nemean lion and succeeded at length in killing the Lernean hydra by burning away its heads with firebrands.

<sup>68</sup> A spade a spade: Lit. "A tub a tub."

<sup>69</sup> Your brother: A famous bronze statue of Hermes in the agora, or market-place, of Athens. Hence the name Hermagoras.

my boy, why have you come at the top of your speed—I want to know? Maybe you've some later news from earth to tell us?

HERMAGORAS. (*All out of breath.*) O Zeus! A matter of immense importance, demanding the utmost dispatch!

ZEUS. Do tell me at once!—is there another revolt against my authority, that has escaped my notice?

HERMAG.

I chanced just now,<sup>70</sup> by the workers in bronze,  
To be smeared with pitch, both behind and before.  
And a coat of mail—I laughed as they did it—  
About my body moulded, to its place had been raised.  
With imitative art it caught  
The perfect imprint of the bronze.  
Just then, I saw a crowd a-coming,  
And fellows two of ghastly hue and bawling loud,  
And sparring like boxers with quibble and quirk.  
'Twas Damis and——

ZEUS. (*Impatiently.*) Stop talking in iambs, my good Hermagoras. I know whom you mean. But tell me this—has the struggle between them been going on for some time?

HERMAG. No, not as yet! But they were still skirmishing, railing at one another from afar, just as slingers hurl their missiles.

ZEUS. Well, ye gods, what else is there for us to do, except to stoop down and listen to them?<sup>71</sup> Let the Hours,<sup>72</sup> then, take away the bar at once, draw aside the clouds and throw open the gates of heaven. 34. (*Looking in the direction of the Pæcilé.*) My stars! What a crowd of people have come to the hearing! As for Timocles himself, I'm not at all satisfied with him—he trembles somewhat and is confused. The fellow is going to wreck everything to-day. At any rate, he is evidently no match for Damis. Well, let us pray for him—we can at least do that—

In silence<sup>73</sup> by ourselves, that Damis may not hear.

<sup>70</sup> I chanced just now, etc.: Probably a parody upon some unknown poet.

<sup>71</sup> Stoop down and listen: Cf. *Menippus in rôle of Icarus*, 25.

<sup>72</sup> Hours: The *Horæ*, three in number, representing the order of nature in the changes of the seasons. In Homer they have charge of the Olympian weather-service, now closing the gates of heaven with clouds, now clearing the clouds away.

<sup>73</sup> In silence, etc.: A parody upon *Il.* 7, 195.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Athens, at the Pœcilé. Timocles and Damis wrangling. The gods listen through the gates of heaven.*

35. TIMOCLES. What say you, Damis, you sacrilegious wretch!—that there are no gods, or if there are, they take no thought for men?

DAMIS. Nay, but do you first answer me. By what reasoning were you persuaded of their existence?

TIM. No! no! But do you answer my question, you blackguard!

DAM. Not a bit of it! But do you answer mine!

ZEUS. (*Aside to the gods about him.*) So far our champion gets angry in much superior style and with better voice. Bravo, Timocles! Deluge him with abuse—there's your strong point. As for the rest, at least, he'll stop your mouth and make you mute as a fish.

TIM. (*To Damis.*) But, by Athené, I'll not answer you first.

DAM. Well, then, Timocles, state your question. So far, at least, you've got the better of me at swearing. But no more of this Billingsgate, if you please.

36. TIM. Well said! Now tell me this, you infernal fool! Don't you think the gods take thought for us?

DAM. By no means!

TIM. What say you? Is all this wide world, then, without anybody to look after it?

DAM. Yes!

TIM. Then there isn't any deity that maintains a watchful supervision of the universe?

DAM. None!

TIM. And are all things borne onward at random by unreasoning impulse?

DAM. Yes!

TIM. (*Turning to the crowd.*) Do ye, then, Sirs, listen patiently to such doctrines, and will you not stone the offender to death?

DAM. Come, Timocles, why do you try to influence

the crowd against me? Who are you, that you get so angry on behalf of the gods, especially when they themselves show no signs of displeasure? They have been listening to me all this while—if indeed they do hear—and yet they haven't done me any harm.

**TIM.** Why, Damis, they do hear, they do, and some time by and by they'll get after you.

**37. DAM.** But when will they have any leisure to attend to my case, if, as you say, they have so much business on hand and manage the affairs of this universe, infinite as they are in multitude? That's the reason, no doubt, why they haven't punished you yet for the perjuries you are forever committing and your other sins—I'll not name them, lest I myself also be compelled to resort to abusive language, contrary to our agreement. And yet I don't see what stronger demonstration of their providential care they could possibly give than by miserably destroying you—base man that you are. But they are evidently away from home, across the Ocean somewhere, perhaps among the "blameless Ethiopians."<sup>74</sup> At any rate, they have the habit of going every now and then on a visit to those people in quest of a feast—yes, sometimes even without any invitation.

**38. TIM.** What can I say, Damis, in reply to such shamelessness?

**DAM.** Why, just that, Timocles, which I long ago wanted to hear you say—namely, how you were induced to think that the gods do exercise a providential care.

**TIM.** Well, in the first place, the regularity with which things come to pass persuaded me of it. The sun always traverses the same path and the moon the same; the seasons come each in its turn; plants grow, and living beings are born, yes, and are contrived with such skill that they maintain themselves, think, move, walk, build houses, make shoes, and so on. Are not these things the work of foresight, think you?

**DAM.** You beg the question, Timocles; for it is not yet clear, whether every one of the things you mention

<sup>74</sup> Blameless Ethiopians: *Il.* 1, 428 f. A people dwelling upon the borders of the stream Oceanus, in the southeast and southwest parts of the Homeric world.

is the work of foresight. But that such are the things that come to pass, I also would say myself. However, we are not compelled to conclude at once that they occur as the result of any forethought. It is possible that things came into being quite otherwise, but now take place alike and after the same fashion. The inexorable necessity, which marks the course of events, *you* call their systematic arrangement; and then, forsooth, you'll get angry if a person shouldn't agree with you in your description of the nature of passing events and in your praise of them and in regarding this as proof positive that every one of them is also ordered by Providence. As the comic poet says:

Rather a sorry argument, that; so give me another.

39. TIM. I do not think there is need of any other proof, in addition to what has been given already. All the same, I'll proceed. Pray, answer me this. Do you regard Homer as a poet of the first rank?

DAM. Certainly!

TIM. Well, then, it was *his* setting forth of the doctrine of divine providence that persuaded me of its truth.

DAM. But my estimable friend, all will agree with you that Homer was a good poet; but they will not concede that he, or any other poet, is a trustworthy witness concerning such matters. Poets, I fancy, do not make it a point to tell the truth. On the contrary, their object is to charm their hearers, and therefore they sing in verse and employ high-sounding words. In short they resort to all manner of devices for the sake of affording delight.

40. However, I should like to hear those verses of Homer's, by which you were especially influenced. Are they the ones in which he tells about Zeus<sup>75</sup>—how his wife and daughter and brother conspired to bind him hand and foot? Indeed, had not Thetis, who happened to get wind of what was going on, called in

<sup>75</sup> About Zeus: *Il.* 1, 393 ff. tells the story of this conspiracy by Heré, Athéné and Poseidon, and how Thetis, with the aid of the hundred-handed Briareus, baffled their designs. In return for this Zeus took sides with her son, Achilles, in his quarrel with Agamemnon and sent upon the latter a dream, bidding him marshal the hosts for a final assault upon the Trojans, in which many Achæans would fall and thus Achilles be avenged.



Briareus, our most excellent sovereign, Zeus, would have been seized and carried off and clapped into chains. Out of gratitude to Thetis for this service he deceived Agamemnon by sending a false dream, in order that many of the Achaians might be killed. D'yesees? For he couldn't possibly have hurled a thunderbolt at Agamemnon himself and consumed him, without being thought a cheat. Or was it those stories you heard, that had the most influence in persuading you into this belief? namely, how Diomedes wounded Aphrodité<sup>76</sup> and then Ares himself at Athené's instigation;<sup>77</sup> and how after a little the gods themselves fell to and fought in single combat, both male and female promiscuously; and how Athené prevails against Ares, because of his previous illness, I presume from the wound he had received from Diomedes; and how

Gainst Leto stout Hermes, the ready helper, stood.

—*Il.* xx. 72.

Or maybe it was the story about Artemis that seemed plausible to you?—how she complained of her fate and flew into a passion because Ceneus<sup>78</sup> didn't invite her to a banquet; and for this reason she let loose upon his country an enormous wild boar of irresistible strength. Is it by such stories as these that Homer has persuaded you?

41. Zeus. (*Aside.*) Bless me! Ye gods, how the crowd applaud Damis to the echo! Whereas, our champion appears like one at a loss what to do. Anyhow, he's afraid, trembles somewhat, and is evidently about to throw up the sponge. Already he's looking around for some hole through which he can secretly slip out and run away.

TIM. (*To Damis.*) But don't you think that Euripides utters sound sense, when he brings the gods themselves upon the stage and represents them as pre-

<sup>76</sup> Diomedes wounded Aphrodité: *Il.* 5, 330 ff. The goddess was wounded while bearing her son, Aeneas, away from battle.

<sup>77</sup> At Athené's instigation: *Il.* 5, 835 ff. Bk. 20 tells how the Olympians mingled in the fray, some taking sides with the Trojans, some with the Achaians.

<sup>78</sup> Because not invited by Ceneus: *Il.* 9, 535 ff. Ceneus, king of Calydon, had neglected to offer to Artemis the first fruits of the harvest. To punish him she sent a wild boar to devastate the fields of Calydon. Meleager, his son, organized the famous Calydonian hunt and killed the boar.

serving good warriors, but as destroying the bad and the impious of your sort?

**DAM.** Well, Timocles, most noble of philosophers, if the writers of tragedy have persuaded you by such performances, one of two alternatives follows inevitably:—either you must regard Polus, Aristodemus and Satyrus<sup>79</sup> as gods, or believe that there is something divine in the very masks used to represent the gods, in the buskins, the tunics reaching to the feet, in the short mantles, long flowing sleeves, the false bellies and padding and so on, with which they give a grave and solemn air to tragedy—indeed, a most ridiculous notion, I think. But, when Euripides is not controlled by the requirements of his dramas and expresses his own real sentiments, then hear him, as he frees his mind:

Seest thou the boundless æther<sup>80</sup> above,  
All girt around the earth in moist embrace?  
To this give Zeus' high name; deem this the very god.

And again:

Zeus, whoever Zeus may be, I ken not who,  
Save as I list to legend's far-off voice.

And so on.

42. **TIM.** Are then all mankind and the nations of the earth deceived in believing in gods and in keeping holy days?

**DAM.** It was very good of you, Timocles, to remind me of the diversity of belief that prevails among the nations,—from which very fact a person can see at a glance that the doctrine concerning gods has nothing certain about it. All is confusion; one believes one thing; another, another. Scythians sacrifice to a sword; Thracians to Zamolxis, a runaway slave, who came to them from Samos; Phrygians to the Moon, and Ethiopians to Day; Cyllenians to Phales,<sup>81</sup> and Assyrians to a dove; Persians to fire, and Egyptians to water. And further, while among the Egyptians water is the com-

<sup>79</sup> Satyrus: A famous comic actor at Athens of the time of Demosthenes, whom he is said to have instructed in oratorical action.

<sup>80</sup> 'Seest thou the boundless æther,' etc.: These and the following lines are from some tragedy not now extant. Cf. Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*, 2, 25.

<sup>81</sup> Phales: A divinity associated with the worship of Bacchus.

mon object of worship with all, yet the people of Memphis have the bull as their own particular deity; the Pelusians<sup>82</sup> an onion; others have an ibis, or crocodile, and others still a dog-faced baboon, a cat, or ape. Moreover, in single villages, some regard the right shoulder as a god, while those who dwell across the way regard the left as such. With others it's half of the head, and yet others worship an earthen wine cup or bowl. This is certainly matter for laughter—isn't it, Timocles, my fine fellow?

MOM. (*Aside.*) Didn't I tell you, ye gods, that all these things were going to come out and would be subjected to a rigid scrutiny?

ZEUS. That you did, Momus, and your criticism was just. I for my part am going to try and correct these abuses, provided we escape this immediate danger.

43. TIM. (*To Damis.*) But, you enemy of the gods, there's the oracles and the prophecies of future events—whose work would you call them?—of the gods and of their providential care?

DAM. Hold your tongue about the oracles, my dear sir, for I'm going to ask you a question—which one of them do you deem most worthy of mention? Is it the one that the Pythian gave Croesus, which cut both ways to a hair and was double-faced, just like some of those images of Hermes,<sup>83</sup> that have two faces and present the same aspect on both sides, whichever way you look at them? Of course that's the one. But can you tell from the oracle whether Croesus will be more likely to break up his own empire by crossing the Halys, or that of Cyrus? And yet that old plague of a Sardinian paid not a few talents for this ambiguous prophecy.

MOM. (*Aside.*) There! ye gods, the fellow is calling attention to the very points which I most feared. Where now is our handsome player on the harp? (*Turning to Apollo.*) Here! down with you and defend yourself against these charges of his!

ZEUS. You are talking us to death, Momus. Under present circumstances your fault-finding is quite ill-timed.

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<sup>82</sup> Pelusium: A city of Egypt.

<sup>83</sup> Images of Hermes: See *Introduction*, note 5.

44. TIM. (*To Damis.*) Just see, Damis, what you are doing, you sinner! You are all but overturning the very temples of the gods by your talk, and their altars too.

DAM. Nay, Timocles, not all the altars would I overturn. For what serious harm proceeds from them, if they are full of fragrant stuffs and give forth sweet perfume? But those of Artemis among the Taurians<sup>44</sup> I would gladly have seen overthrown from their very foundations headlong, such were the sacrifices they contained, which the maiden delighted to feast upon.

ZEUS. (*Almost in despair.*) Alas! whence hath this evil come upon us—for which we are no match? A mere man spares not a single deity, but indulges boldly in ribald talk;<sup>45</sup>

Pon each in turn lays hold, be he to blame, or be he not.

MOM. Yes, and you'll find, Zeus, precious few among us not to blame. And by and by, perhaps, as he goes on, the fellow will tackle some one even of those who hold the highest rank.

45. TIM. But, Damis, you who fight against the gods, pray don't you hear Zeus when he thunders?

DAM. Why, how can I help hearing the thunder, Timocles? But as to whether it is Zeus who thunders, you would know better, had you come down from somewhere there—from the gods. These people here from Crete, though, tell us a different story,<sup>46</sup> that a grave is shown there, over which stands a tombstone setting forth that Zeus has got through thundering, having died some time ago.

MOM. (*To the gods.*) There! I knew a good while ago, the fellow would say that.—But what's the matter, Zeus? You are pale as a ghost and your teeth chatter from fright. You ought to put a bold face upon it and not mind such paltry specimens of humanity.

ZEUS. What do you mean, Momus? Not mind them? Why, don't you see what a crowd of listeners there is, and how they have already allowed themselves

<sup>44</sup> Artemis among the Taurians: See *Dial. of Gods*, 16, note 4.

<sup>45</sup> Ribald talk: He indulges in ribaldry, as was the custom of the women from the wagons in which they rode to the Eleusinian mysteries.

<sup>46</sup> A different story: See *Timon*, note 10.

to be persuaded to take sides against us, and how Damis is carrying them off suspended by the ears.

MOM. But, Zeus, whenever you have a mind to, you can let down that chain of gold,<sup>87</sup> you know, and draw them up *en masse*, earth and sea and all.

46. TIM. (*To Damis.*) Say, you accursed monster! have you ever taken a sea voyage?

DAM. Yes, many a time, Timocles!

TIM. Well, at such times, while the oarsmen were bearing you on your way, or the wind, striking the mainsail and filling the staysails, wasn't there also some one man in command, who steered the vessel and brought it into port in safety?

DAM. Certainly!

TIM. The vessel, then, was not sailing without a helmsman, was it? But do you conceive that this universe is borne along without a pilot, with no one to guide it?

ZEUS. (*Aside.*) Bravo, Timocles! Your illustration is right to the point.

47. DAM. But, Timocles—you favorite of the gods—that helmsman you would have seen all the while making suitable plans, getting ready beforehand and giving orders to the seamen; and the vessel hadn't a thing about it that was useless or not adapted to the purpose, or that was altogether unserviceable and unnecessary for their voyage. But this pilot of yours—who, you claim, is in command of this mighty ship of the universe—and his shipmates arrange not one thing sensibly and with an eye to what is fit. But the forestay is made fast to the stern, just as it happens, while the sheets are both secured to the prow; sometimes the anchors are of gold, and the end of the stern, shaped like a goose's neck, is made of lead; and those parts of the ship below the water line are painted over while the parts above water are unsightly. 48. And of the sailors themselves, you will see the one who is lazy (without skill and with no courage for his work), in command of two or of three sections of the ship; while he who is clever at diving and scrambles lightly up the yard arm and is proficient in every sort of service, he alone is de-

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<sup>87</sup> Chain of gold; See *Dial. of Gods*, 21, note 1.

tailed to bail out the bilge-water. The case is just the same even with the passengers. There's a sorry knave sitting upon a privileged seat near the helmsman—every body is paying court to him; and there's another—a lewd fellow or, may be, a parricide, or temple-robber—who is held in great honor and has taken possession of the highest place in the ship; while many accomplished gentlemen you will see crowded together away down in the hold and trampled upon by those who in point of fact are their inferiors. At all events, reflect how Socrates, Aristides and Phocion<sup>88</sup> made the voyage—who hadn't even barley meal enough, nor were they allowed so much as to lie down upon the bare deck alongside the bilge-water; whereas Callias,<sup>89</sup> Midias and Sardanapalus—how they rolled in wealth, running riot in luxury and pride and spitting upon those beneath them. 49. That's the way things go, on board your vessel, Timocles, you paragon of wisdom! Hence it is, that there's no end of shipwrecks. Now, if there had been a pilot in command, who was in the habit of looking after and ordering everything, in the first place, he would have known who are the good and who the bad among those on board; and secondly, he would have given to each one his deserts—to the better class, the better place, on high, close by himself, but the lower place to the worse. Some of the better ones he would have made his messmates and counsellors, and any sailor who was full of zeal would have been appointed prow-master or commander of one side of the ship, or, at all events, would have been given the precedence of the rest; while he who flinches from duty, or is lazy, would have been beaten upon the head with small cords five times a day. So then, my admirable friend, this illustration of the ship you made so much of is in danger of being upset, it has chanced upon such a bungler of a steersman.

50. MOM. (*Aside.*) There! Damis is already in

<sup>88</sup> Socrates: The founder and exemplar of Greek ethical philosophy; Aristides, surnamed the Just; Phocion, a man of many admirable qualities. These three represent the highest type of personal character among the Greeks.

<sup>89</sup> Callias: Probably Callias III., the evil genius of his house, an Athenian notorious for profligacy; Midias, a wealthy Athenian and bitter enemy of Demosthenes. For Sardanapalus, see *Dial. of Dead*, 2, note 4.

the full tide of success; under press of canvas he is being borne right onward to victory.

ZEUS. You are correct in your conjecture, Momus. Timocles doesn't make a single strong point. On the contrary, he is flooding his hearers with these everyday, commonplace arguments, all of them easily overthrown one after another.

51. TIM. (*To Damis.*) Well, then, since in your opinion, my illustration of the ship isn't at all conclusive just listen, and I'll give you the argument that I depend upon for my sheet-anchor—as the saying has it—which, no way you can fix it, will you be able to break asunder.

ZEUS. (*Aside.*) What in the world is he going to say now?

TIM. (*Almost in despair.*) Pray, see if there's any flaw in this syllogism of mine, and upset it if you possibly can! If there are altars, there must also be gods. Now, we know, altars do exist; therefore gods also exist. What do you say to that?

DAM. I'll answer you, as soon as I get my fill of laughter.

TIM. But, to all appearance, you'll never stop laughing. All the same, tell me in what respect my statement seemed to you ridiculous?

DAM. Why, because you fail to see by what a slender thread you have suspended your anchor—and a sheet-anchor at that. By merely coupling the assertion of the existence of the gods with the fact that there are altars you assume that you have made the chain composed of these propositions a strong one. Accordingly, as you say you've nothing better to offer in the way of a sheet-anchor, we may as well be off at once.

52. TIM. Aha! You are the first to leave the field, and thereby you acknowledge yourself beaten.

DAM. Yes, Timocles—if you will have it so. For just as those do, who are hard-pressed by somebody, so you have taken refuge at the altars, in order to get out of our reach. Therefore, by that sheet-anchor of yours, I'm willing to swear a truce with you at once upon the very altars themselves, that we'll quarrel no longer over these matters.

**TIM.** So you are trying to get out of it, by venting your sarcasms upon me—you grave-robber, you black-guard, you despicable wretch, you knave, you off-scouring you! Oh, yes! Don't we know who your father was, and how your mother was no better than she should be, and about your choking your brother to death, your adultery, and about your corrupting boys?—you utterly greedy and shameless villain! (*Damis essays to go.*) Anyhow, don't you try to run away—that you may get from me a good drubbing before you depart. I'll kill you on the spot with this tile here—you arrant knave you! (*Damis makes off.*)

**SCENE II.** *Olympus. Hermes tries to comfort his master.*

**53. ZEUS.** There, ye gods! Damis has taken to his heels, laughing; while his opponent, who can't endure the insolent fellow, is following after, abusing him roundly. It looks as if he were going to knock him on the head with the tile.—But what are *we* doing in these circumstances?

**HERM.** Well, the comic poet, it seems to me had the right of it, when he said:

Naught that's dreadful hast thou suffered,  
If thou mak'st as though 'twere not.

—*Menander.*

Suppose a few men do go away persuaded of these things—pray, what evil has happened of such grave moment? For those who hold the contrary views are an immense host—a majority of Greeks, the great mass of people, and all the barbarians.

**ZEUS.** Nay, Hermes, but that's a very fine saying of Darius', which he uttered concerning Zopyrus.<sup>99</sup> So I myself also would rather have one such man as Damis on my side than possess ten thousand Babylons.

(*Exeunt.*)

<sup>99</sup> Zopyrus: A Persian nobleman, who when Darius had besieged Babylon for twenty months without success, presented himself before his master with his body frightfully mutilated, having himself maimed it, as he explained, with the intention of assuming the rôle of a deserter to the enemy, that he might secure their confidence and betray them into the hands of the Persians. The Babylonians, trusting his assurance that he had deserted in order to avenge himself upon the king for the pretended outrage, placed him in charge of the principal gates, through which at the critical moment he admitted his countrymen. Darius so appreciated this service that he often declared he would rather Zopyrus had been uninjured than have had twenty Babylons added to his own possessions. *Herodotus*, 3, 158-160.



## III.

## SATIRES UPON HUMAN LIFE AND SOCIETY.

## 1.

## DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

## 1.

DIOGENES *and* POLYDEUCES.

1. DIOG.<sup>1</sup> I charge you, Polydeuces,<sup>2</sup> as soon as you arrive in the upper world—for it's your turn, I think, to go back to life to-morrow—if you chance to see Menippus,<sup>3</sup> the dog—you'll come across him in Corinth at the Craneum<sup>4</sup> or in the Lyceum,<sup>5</sup> making fun of the philosophers as they squabble with one another—I charge you to say to him: Menippus, Diogenes urges

<sup>1</sup> Diogenes: A native of Sinope, 412-323 B. C. In youth he was dissipated and profligate, but under the influence of Antisthenes, founder of the Cynic school, he went to the opposite extreme and practiced the greatest austerities. He is represented as utterly indifferent to the most ordinary usages of society; half-clad in the coarsest of clothing, eating whatever he could find, sleeping in the street, in porticoes, or living in an earthenware tub belonging to one of the temples; gruff in manner and venting merciless sarcasms upon the opinions and pursuits of men. Withal, there was about the man a certain rugged honesty and simple frankness and kindness of heart that won for him a measure of respect. In later life he was captured by pirates and sold as a slave in Corinth, where he passed his old age.

<sup>2</sup> Polydeuces: See *Dial. of Gods*, 24, note 3.

<sup>3</sup> Menippus: A Cynic philosopher of Phoenician birth, in early life a slave. He was a favorite character of Lucian's, who represents him as always scoffing and jesting at serious things. He is said to have acquired a large fortune by money-lending, and to have hung himself in his despair at being defrauded out of it all.

<sup>4</sup> Craneum: A cypress grove in the suburbs of Corinth, much frequented by idlers.

<sup>5</sup> Lyceum: A gymnasium, or public palaestra, with covered walks, in the eastern suburb of Athens; the resort of Socrates and the headquarters of the Peripatetic school of philosophy and of their leader, Aristotle.

you, if you've had enough of mocking at earthly things, to come down here, in order to find many more subjects for laughter. For there, you know, it was still in doubt whether or no there was occasion for laughter, and oftentimes the thought would suggest itself—'Well, who has complete knowledge of what follows this life?' Whereas here you will always laugh with absolute assurance, just as I do now, and especially when you see the rich, the satraps and tyrants so humbled and obscure, recognizable only by their groaning and the fact that they prove themselves cowardly and low-minded, when they recall their surroundings in the upper world. Tell him these things, and besides, bid him be on hand with his wallet well filled with lupines;<sup>6</sup> and should he perchance find Hecaté's<sup>7</sup> dinner lying at the crossroads, or an egg of purification,<sup>8</sup> or something of the sort, let him bring it along.

2. POLY. Yes, I'll tell him these things, Diogenes. But describe him to me, so that I may know precisely what sort of a looking fellow he is.

DIOG. Oh, he's an old man, without any hair on his pate and wears a coarse cloak, with many a hole in it, and fluttering in every breeze and hanging in rags and tatters of divers colors. Besides, he's perpetually laughing and making ever so much fun of those quack philosophers.

POLY. Indeed, from your description it will be an easy matter to find him.

DIOG. Shall I also send some message to those philosophers themselves?

POLY. Oh, yes, say on! Even that won't be burdensome.

DIOG. In a word, I exhort them to cease their silly talk and their polemics about the universe and stop perpetrating upon one another the fallacy of the Horns<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Lupines: A leguminous plant, used as food especially among the poorer classes.

<sup>7</sup> Hecaté: A mystic deity of the lower world, presiding over the secret forces of nature and teaching sorcery and witchcraft. She haunted tombs and crossroads and at night sent forth evil spirits and goblins. On the last day of the month her image on house doors or at the crossroads was crowned with garlands and viands were set before it, which were called the meals of Hecaté.

<sup>8</sup> Egg of purification: Such trifling offerings were made in Athens to purify theatres and other public places.

<sup>9</sup> Fallacy of the Horns: Stated as follows in *Diogenes Laërtius* 7, 187: What you haven't lost, that you have; you haven't lost horns, therefore you have horns.

and getting up Crocodile<sup>10</sup> sophisms and schooling the mind to ask such knotty questions.

POLY. But they'll declare I'm a Philistine and an ignoramus, for impeaching their wisdom.

DIOG. Well, do you tell them from me to go howl.

POLY. And that I will, Diogenes.

3. DIOG. And the rich, my dearest little Polydeuces, give them this word from me: Ye fools, why do you keep watch and ward over your gold? And why do you harass yourselves with computing your interest and heaping up talents upon talents—you who, after a bit, will have to come this way possessed of just one obol?<sup>11</sup>

POLY. Yes, they shall be told that too.

DIOG. Moreover, also, say to those endowed with beauty or with brawn—to Megillus<sup>12</sup> the Corinthian, and Damoxenus<sup>13</sup> the wrestler—that with us auburn locks, blue or black eyes and the blush mantling the cheek are gone forever, and also well-developed muscles or powerful shoulders; but all, as the proverb has it, are as much alike as the bald-headed people of Myconos<sup>14</sup>—skulls devoid of beauty.

POLY. Oh, it won't be hard to say even that to the beautiful and the men of might.

4. DIOG. And the poverty-stricken, O Lacedæ-

<sup>10</sup> The Crocodile fallacy: A famous sophistical riddle, with which the Dialecticians used to tease one another. Here it is in the form of a story: A mother entreats a crocodile, which is making off with her child in his jaws, to be so good as to give back her boy. "That I will do," replied he, "provided you answer truly this question. Tell me, am I going to give you back the boy, or not?" She may reply either yes, or no. In either case she will not get back her child. Says she: "You do not intend to restore it to me." But he gives it back to her, and it follows that she has not told the truth and hence has lost the wager and must return the child to the crocodile. Or, says she: "You intend to give it back." Then he replies: "That's false. I've no intention of doing anything of the sort," and proceeds to devour the child. And the mother cannot charge him with a breach of the agreement, for she did not tell the truth. The grammarian, Aphthonius, advises the mother to give the first answer and then make off with the child, which the crocodile must restore to her in order to convict her of falsehood. If she can run faster than the crocodile, it is the best advice, no doubt, so far as rescuing the child is concerned; but the sophism remains unsolved.—*Wieland*.

<sup>11</sup> Obol: A copper coin worth about  $\frac{3}{4}$  cents; placed in the mouth of the dead to pay the ferriage over the river Styx to the lower world.

<sup>12</sup> Megillus: Probably some famous Adonis with whom Diogenes was familiar in Corinth.

<sup>13</sup> Damoxenus: A celebrated puglist. See Canova's Vatican group, representing a bout between him and Kreugas.

<sup>14</sup> Myconos: An island in the Ægean Sea, the people of which were all said to be bald.

monian,<sup>15</sup>—there are many of them, weighed down with their troubles and bewailing their hard lot—tell them not to weep or wail. Picture to them the equality of privilege that prevails here and how they will see those who there are rich, here no whit superior to themselves. And give your countrymen, the Lacedæmonians, this reproof from me and tell them, if you please, that they have become effeminate.<sup>16</sup>

POLY. Don't you say anything about the Lacedæmonians, Diogenes. Indeed, I won't put up with it. But I'll faithfully report your messages to the others.

DIOG. Well, let us leave them alone, since 'tis your pleasure. But, as for those I mentioned before, be sure and convey to them the messages I gave you.

## 16.

## DIOGENES and HERACLES.

1. DIOG.<sup>1</sup> (*In his wanderings about the nether world stumbles upon Heracles.*) Isn't this Heracles?<sup>2</sup> Yes, by Heracles! 'Tis no other. There's his bow and club and lion's skin and ample proportions<sup>3</sup>—yes, it's Heracles all over. And so he's dead, is he—son of Zeus though he was? (*To Heracles.*) Tell me, you who won such glorious triumphs,<sup>4</sup> are you dead? Why, when I was upon earth, I used to sacrifice to you as to a god.<sup>5</sup>

HER. And rightly you did so. For the real Heracles

<sup>15</sup> Lacedæmonian: So called because he was son of Leda, wife of Tyndareus, an early king of Lacedæmon.

<sup>16</sup> Effeminate: A charge to which they would be especially sensitive. Under the legislation of Lycurgus, they were from early life subjected to the most rigorous bodily discipline and had become the most vigorous and best trained of the Greeks.

<sup>1</sup> Diogenes: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Heracles: Son of Zeus and Alcmené, and the great national hero of the Greeks.

<sup>3</sup> Ample proportions: Well represented in a celebrated colossal statue—the Farnese Heracles—in the Naples museum. The hero is standing upright in a contemplative attitude, resting his left shoulder upon his club, from which hangs his lion's skin, the whole a perfect conception of gigantic physical strength.

<sup>4</sup> Glorious triumphs: Especially his twelve labors in the service of Eurystheus.

<sup>5</sup> As to a god: For the death and apotheosis of Heracles, see *Dial. of Gods*, 13, note 2.

is in heaven with the gods and "has to wife fair-ankled Hebé." I'm only an "image" of him.

DIOG. How say you? An image of the god? And is it possible for one to be a divinity in one-half and to die with the other?

HER. Yes, for *he* isn't dead, but I'm a likeness of him.

2. DIOG. Oh, I understand. He turned you over to Pluto<sup>7</sup> as a substitute for himself, and so you are dead in his place.

HER. Well, that's about the amount of it.

DIOG. How happened it then, that Æacus,<sup>8</sup> strict as he is, didn't recognize you, if you were not he, but admitted a counterfeit Heracles, who appeared before him?

HER. Why, because I was exactly like him.

DIOG. Well, you speak by the card. For you are enough like him to be the man himself. Anyhow you had better look to it—perhaps the contrary is the fact and you are the genuine Heracles, while his counterpart has married Hebé<sup>9</sup> and dwells with the gods.

3. HER. You are an impudent babbler, and unless you stop poking fun at me, you'll find out presently what manner of god I'm a likeness of.

DIOG. Your bow, to be sure, is stripped and ready to hand. But why should I be afraid of you any longer now that you are once dead? But tell me, by your Heracles! Were you with him when he was alive and were you at that time also a counterpart of him? Or were you identical during life, but when you died, did you part company with one another, and he fly away to the gods, while you—his image—as was fair, came to Hades?

HER. 'Twere right to make no answer at all to a man so much given to jesting. But nevertheless attend, and I'll explain this also. As much of Amphi-

\* Hebé: See *Od.* 11, 601-603, visit of Odysseus to Hades.

Next after him the mighty Heracles I saw—his  
Phantom semblance; himself 'mong deathless gods in festal  
Scenes doth take delight and fair-ankled Hebé hath to wife.

<sup>7</sup> Pluto: God of the lower world.

<sup>8</sup> Æacus: An early king of the island of Ægina. On account of his wisdom and justice in settling disputes among men, and even among the gods, he was made one of the three judges in Hades, the others being Minos and Rhadamanthus.

<sup>9</sup> Hebé: See *Dial. of Gods*, 5, note 4.

tryon<sup>10</sup> as was in Heracles is dead, and I'm all there was of it. But the element of Zeus that entered into his composition is now in heaven with the gods.

4. DIOG. Now I understand it clearly. According to your statement Alcmené bore two Heracleses after the same pattern, one by Amphitryon and the other by Zeus, so that as you had the same mother, the fact that there were two of you had escaped notice.

HER. No, you fool! We were both the very same person.

DIOG. That isn't an easy thing to understand—how two Heracleses are incorporated into one, unless you were man and god, made to grow together into one being, after the fashion of a centaur.<sup>11</sup>

HER. Why, do not all beings seem to you to be thus compounded of two elements—soul and body? Therefore what is there to prevent the soul, which came from Zeus, from being in heaven, and me, the mortal part, with the dead?

5. DIOG. Well, my dear son of Amphitryon, you would have explained the matter satisfactorily, if you were body; but as it is, you are incorporeal ghost. You run the risk, therefore, of making Heracles a threefold existence already.

HER. How threefold?

DIOG. Well, in some such way as this. If the one, whoever he be, is in heaven and the other—*i. e.*, you his counterpart—is with us, and if his body has dissolved already into dust—why, you see, there's three. You had better be considering, then, just whom you have in mind as father number three—for the body.

HER. You're an impertinent quibbler! But what may be your name?

DIOG. I'm the shade of Diogenes of Sinope. Nay, by my troth, not among deathless gods do I dwell myself; but with the best of dead men for my associates, I mock at Homer and all such fustian.

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<sup>10</sup> Amphitryon: Husband of Alcmené. In his absence, Zeus appeared to her in the form of her spouse.

<sup>11</sup> Centaur: According to Homer, a savage tribe of Thessaly. In later poets they are represented as half-horse and half-man.

## 24.

## DIOGENES and MAUSOLUS.

1. DIOG.<sup>1</sup> Look here, my Carian friend!<sup>2</sup> why do you hold your head so high and demand to have more honor paid you than to all of us?

MAUS. Why, because of my royal rank, my neighbor from Sinope. For I was king of all Caria and ruled also over some Lydians, brought a number of islands under my sway and advanced as far as Miletus, conquering most of Ionia; I was also tall and handsome, and puissant in war. But chiefly because I have a colossal monument erected to me in Halicarnassus. No other dead man ever had one so large or even so beautifully wrought—perfect representations of men and horses cut in the most exquisite marble. One couldn't readily find even a temple to match it. Don't you think I'm right in pluming myself upon these things?

2. DIOG. You say it's on account of your rank and beauty and the weight of your tomb?

MAUS. Yes, upon my word, that's why I'm proud.

DIOG. But, my Apollo of a Mausolus, you no longer retain that strength, or beauty of form. At all events if we should choose some one to pass judgment upon our respective good looks, I'm unable to tell why your skull should be preferred to mine. Both of them are bald and bare. We show our teeth just the same. We have been deprived of our eyes and have got snub noses. As for your tomb and those costly stones, the people of Halicarnassus might perhaps put them on exhibition and pride themselves before strangers upon having really a pretty large structure. But you, my dear sir, I do not see what possible benefit you can derive from it, unless it be that to which you refer—namely, that you sustain a heavier burden than we do, weighed down as you are by such enormous stones.

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<sup>1</sup> Diogenes: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Carian friend: Mausolus, king of Caria, in western Asia Minor, 377-353 B. C. His wife, Artemisia, erected to his memory a monument named from him the Mausoleum and considered one of the seven wonders of the world. Halicarnassus was his capital.

3. MAUS. What! Are all those things, then, of no use to me now? Shall Mausolus and Diogenes be held in equal honor?

DIOG. Not equal, most noble sir,—no indeed! It will be the lot of Mausolus to lament at the recollection of the earthly things, wherein he used to think himself happy; while Diogenes shall make fun of him. And Mausolus shall tell of the tomb erected in Halicarnassus by his wife and sister, Artemisia; whereas Diogenes doesn't know whether even his body has any tomb over it, for he didn't concern himself about that. But he has left behind among the best men the reputation of having lived a manly life—a prouder memorial than yours, O most servile of Carians, and one reared upon a firmer foundation.

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27.

DIOGENES, ANTISTHENES and CRATES.

1. DIOG.<sup>1</sup> Come, Antisthenes<sup>2</sup> and Crates,<sup>3</sup> we are at leisure just now. So why not make straight for the place where they go down to the nether world, and stroll around there, in order to observe those en route and see what sort of folks they are and what each one of them is about?

ANT. Yes, let us go, Diogenes! It would be indeed a diverting sight to see some of them in tears and others entreating to be let off, and some reluctantly making their way down and offering resistance, notwithstanding Hermes<sup>4</sup> shoves them forward headforemost, and bending backward in stubborn opposition to the pressure, though it doesn't do any good.

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<sup>1</sup> Diogenes: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> Antisthenes: Founder of the Cynic school of philosophy and a disciple of Socrates, at whose death he was present and whose persecutors he is said to have brought to punishment. He taught at the Cynosarges, a gymnasium in the suburbs of Athens.

<sup>3</sup> Crates: A disciple of Diogenes and one of the most distinguished of the Cynics. The surname "Door-opener" was given him, because he was wont to go from house to house in Athens taking the inmates to task for their faults and vices.

<sup>4</sup> Hermes: As in so many *Dialogues of the Dead*, he appears here in the rôle of conductor of the dead to the nether world. See *Dial. of Gods*, 7, note 1.



CRAT. (*Laughing*). By the bye, I'll relate to you what I saw, when I came down that road.

DIOG. By all means, Crates! From your looks, I take it you've seen some quite funny things.

2. CRAT. Well, to proceed—many others besides were our companions on the way down, among them some people of note. There were Ismenodorus,<sup>5</sup> our wealthy countryman, and Arsaces, viceroy of Media, and Oroetes, the Armenian. Ismenodorus—he had been murdered, you know, by robbers in the neighborhood of Cithæron,<sup>6</sup> I think, when on the way to Eleusis—well, Ismenodorus was groaning and had hold of the wound with both hands; and his children—whom he had left behind, because they were mere infants—he kept calling by name and reproaching himself for his temerity in crossing Cithæron and passing through the districts around Eleutheræ—utterly desolate as they were from the wars—accompanied by only two servants and that though he had with him five golden bowls and four cups. 3. As for Arsaces, he was already stricken in years, and upon my word, not undignified in appearance—Arsaces was expressing in barbaric fashion his vexation and displeasure at going afoot, and kept demanding that his horse be brought to him. For his horse had been killed at the same time he was, both having been run through at one blow by a certain Thracian targeteer<sup>7</sup> in the struggle against the Cappadocian at the Araxes.<sup>8</sup> Arsaces—according to his own story—was riding along, having unbeknown to them gone out some distance in advance of the others, when the Thracian, lying in ambush under cover of his shield, pushes aside Arsaces' spear, and putting his own long pike beneath, transfixes both the man himself and his horse.

4. ANT. How was it possible, Crates, for this to be done at one stroke?

CRAT. Oh, most easily, Antisthenes! For the man

<sup>5</sup> Ismenodorus: Like Crates, from Thebes in Boeotia.

<sup>6</sup> Cithæron: A mountain district between Attica and Boeotia; Eleusis and Eleutheræ, towns of Attica.

<sup>7</sup> Thracian targeteer: A peltast, so named from his light shield made of leather stretched upon a wooden frame. The Thracians were in great demand as mercenaries.

<sup>8</sup> Araxes: The principal river of Armenia.

was advancing with his lance—twenty cubits long or so—leveled; and the Thracian, after parrying the thrust with his shield and when the point had slipped past him, dropping upon his knee, received the charge with his pike and wounded the horse beneath the breast, who in the fury and violence of his struggles drove the weapon through himself. Arsaces also was thrust through and through from the groin as far as the rump. You see what sort of an affair it was—the doing not of the man, but rather of the horse. All the same, he was vexed at being put upon a level with everybody else and insisted upon going down on horseback. 5. Oroetes for his part was very tender-footed and unable even to stand upon the ground, to say nothing of walking. All Medes in fact suffer in this way, whenever they dismount from their horses, and walk with great difficulty on tiptoe, as though they were treading upon thorns. When, therefore, having thrown himself down he lay sprawled out and flatly refused to get up, Hermes—most excellent fellow that he is—raised him up and carried him to the ferry, while I was convulsed with laughter.

6. ANT. Yes, and when I went down, I didn't mingle with the others, but leaving them to their wailing, I ran to the ferryboat,<sup>9</sup> and helped myself to a place before they got there, in order that I might make the voyage under advantageous circumstances. And during the passage they shed tears and suffered from seasickness, while I enjoyed myself hugely at their expense.

7. DIOG. Such, Crates and Antisthenes, were the fellow-travelers you happened upon. Well, I had as my companions Blepsias, the money-lender, from Pisa,<sup>10</sup> and Lampis, from Acarnania,<sup>11</sup> a captain of mercenaries, and Damis, the millionaire from Corinth. Damis died from poison administered by his son. Lampis cut his own throat, because of his affection for Myrtion, the hetæra.<sup>12</sup> And Blepsias—poor fellow!—was said to have

<sup>9</sup> Ferryboat: Charon's boat, by which the dead were ferried across the Styx.

<sup>10</sup> Pisa: A city in Elis, near which the Olympic games were held.

<sup>11</sup> Acarnania: A province of western Greece.

<sup>12</sup> Hetæra: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 11.

become all wizened up from want of food. At all events, it was plain to be seen that he was extremely cadaverous and mere skin and bone. Though I knew the circumstances, I plied them with questions as to the manner of their taking off. "Well," said I to Damis, who was upbraiding his son, "you got your deserts, though, at his hands, since, when you had in round numbers a thousand talents and fared sumptuously yourself—ninety years of age though you were, while your son was eighteen—you used to dole out to the young man the paltry sum of four obols. And you, O Acarnanian there"—he too was groaning and calling down curses upon Myrtion—"why do you find fault with Eros," when you ought to blame yourself—you, who never quailed before the enemy, but from sheer love of danger were wont to fight in front of the rest, while you were conquered by the feigned tears and sighs of a chance young miss—a brave man, indeed!" Blepsias on his part kept accusing himself beforehand of consummate folly in keeping guard over his property, all for the benefit—as it proved—of heirs who bore no relation to him, thinking—the fool!—that he was going to live forever. However, their groaning afforded me at least no little enjoyment at that time. 8. Well, we are already near the entrance; but we must needs observe and watch them from a distance as they arrive. Bless me! What lots of them, of all sorts and kinds; and all weeping, save the babies and little children there! Yes, even the very old are indulging in lamentations. Why is it? Has, forsooth, the magic spell of their old life possession of them still? 9. Here's a venerable old man; I'll question him. My dear sir, why are you taking on so, seeing you died at such a ripe old age? Why are you grieved—and that, though you've arrived at advanced years? Of course you were a king of some sort.

THE BEGGAR. Oh dear, no!

DIOG. A satrap, then?

BEGGAR. No, not even that!

DIOG. Well, then, you were rich, and accordingly, the fact that you are dead and have left behind ever so much luxury distresses you?

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<sup>19</sup> Eros: God of love.

BEGGAR. Nothing of the sort! On the contrary, I had lived to about ninety years, and was getting a scanty subsistence by my fishing-rod and line, being exceedingly poor, childless and lame, besides, and of feeble sight.

DIOG. And so, though in such a plight, you wanted to live?

BEGGAR. Yes, for the light was sweet, and death dreadful and to be shunned.

DIOG. You are beside yourself, old man, and behave over your fate just like a boy, and that, though you are as old as the ferryman here. What further, then, can one say as regards the young when those who are so very old have such a fondness for life; whereas they ought to go in pursuit of death as a remedy for the evils of old age. (*To his companions.*) But let us be going at once lest even seeing us collected about the entrance somebody suspect us of advising them to run away.

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4.

HERMES, *conductor of the dead to the nether world.*  
CHARON, *ferryman of the river Styx.*

1. HERM. Come, Sir Ferryman, if you've no objection, let us reckon up how much you already owe me, that we mayn't hereafter have any dispute over the items.

CHAR. Well and good, Hermes! It's better to come to an understanding. One more care will be off our minds.

HERM. Well, upon your order I furnished an anchor at five drachmas.<sup>1</sup>

CHAR. An exorbitant price, that!

HERM. By Pluto,<sup>2</sup> that's what I paid for it—five drachmas; and two obols<sup>3</sup> for a leathern thong to tie the oar to the thole.

CHAR. Very well! Set down five drachmas and two obols.

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<sup>1</sup> Five drachmas: About one dollar.

<sup>2</sup> Pluto: God of the lower world.

<sup>3</sup> Two obols: About seven cents.

HERM. I supplied also a darning needle for mending the sail. It cost me five obols cash down.

CHAR. Well, add this amount too.

HERM. And bees wax to fill up the cracks in your boat, and nails besides, and a rope, out of which you made the halyard—all for two drachmas.

CHAR. And you got your money's worth that time.

HERM. That's all, unless some other item has escaped my notice in the reckoning. By the way, when do you mean to settle the bill?

CHAR. At present, Hermes, I can't do it. But if a plague or a war sends its victims down to us in sort of crowds, why, then it will be possible to turn a penny by cheating on the ferry dues.<sup>4</sup>

2. HERM. So then, as matters now stand, I'm to sit still, am I, and pray for the direst calamities to happen, that I may get out of these what is due me?

CHAR. Well, it can't be done in any other way, Hermes. For as you perceive, there are but few coming to us at present—it's a piping time of peace, you know.

HERM. 'Tis better so, even if I should have to grant you an extension of time on the debt. Be that as it may—as for the men of "ye olden time," *you* know, Charon, what splendid fellows they were, who used to come this way—all men of prowess, quite besmeared with gore, and wounded—most of them. But in these times, it's either some one who has been poisoned to death by his son or wife, or whose belly and legs are swollen up from high living—a tallow-faced, scurvy lot, not at all like those. The majority of them, to judge from appearances, are here, because they plotted against one another in order to get money.

CHAR. No wonder, since money is such a very great desideratum!

HERM. Maybe, then, even I shall not seem to commit a sin, if I rigidly exact from you what is my due.

<sup>4</sup> Ferry dues: Charon charged each passenger an obol and was required to account for the receipts to Æacus, one of the judges of the lower world. When business was brisk, he calculated to pocket some of the fees for his own benefit.

## 10.

CHARON,<sup>1</sup> *ferryman of the river Styx.*

HERMES, *conductor of the dead to the nether world.*  
*Divers dead folk thronging about CHARON'S boat.*

1. CHAR. (*Addressing the crowd of dead.*) Hark ye there! while I tell you just how the case stands with us. Our boat is small, as you see, somewhat rotten and with many a leak, and if it lurch to one side or the other it will upset. And yet here you are in such numbers all at once and loaded down with baggage, every one of you. If you come aboard with that rubbish, I fear you'll rue it later on, especially those who don't know how to swim.

HERM. Well, what shall we do, in order to get over in safety?

CHAR. I'll tell you. (*To the dead.*) You'll have to strip before embarking and leave behind all those superfluities on the shore. Even in that case the ferry-boat will scarcely have room for you. And it shall be your business, Hermes, from now on, to receive not one of these people, unless he's stripped bare and has, as I said, cast off all his movables. Do you take your station at the gangway and look sharp at them and keep them back, obliging them to strip before getting in.

2. HERM. Very good! Let us do so! Well, who's this fellow here—the first candidate?

MENIPPUS. I—Menippus!<sup>2</sup> But see! Hermes, my wallet and staff, here they go into the lake. (*With this he gives them a toss.*) My cloak fortunately I didn't bring along.

HERM. Pass in, Menippus! You're a regular trump (*patting him on the back*). Step right forward and take your place near the helmsman on that high seat, in order that you may command a view of the crowd.—3. But who's this handsome fellow?

CHARMOLAUS. I'm Charmolaus, the charming gen-

<sup>1</sup> Charon: With this dialogue cf. Plato's *Gorgias*, 523 ff., from which Lucian quite likely obtained some hints for this piece and also for the *Ferry over the Styx*.

<sup>2</sup> Menippus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 3.

tleman from Megara. It used to take two talents to pay for a kiss from me.

HERM. Well, then, lay aside your beauty and those lips, kisses and all, and that heavy mass of hair and the bloom upon your cheeks and your skin entire. (*He lays them aside.*) There, all right now! You're in light marching order. So get in at once!—4. But you—grim-visaged fellow over there with the purple on and the diadem—who may you be?

LAMPICHUS. Lampichus, king of Gela.<sup>3</sup>

HERM. Why then are you here, Lampichus, clad in such frippery?

LAMP. Why? do you ask? Ought a king, Hermes, to appear without his robes?

HERM. A king by no means; but a dead man of course. So off with them!

LAMP. There, have it your own way. I've thrown my riches overboard.

HERM. And your conceit, Lampichus, fling that away, and your arrogance. They'll weigh the boat down, if they fall into it together.

LAMP. Well, but let me keep my diadem and robe.

HERM. On no account! Get rid of them, too!

LAMP. Well, what further? For I've given them all up, as you see.

HERM. Your cruelty, folly, wanton violence and anger—put them away, too!

LAMP. Look! I'm stripped as you direct.

HERM. Very well! Go aboard at once!—5. You strapping, burly fellow there—who are you?

DAMASIAS. Damasias,<sup>4</sup> the athlete.

HERM. Yes, you look like him. I know you, for I've seen you many a time at the wrestling schools.<sup>5</sup>

DAM. So you have, Hermes. But let me pass—I'm stripped already.

HERM. Not stripped, my dear sir, when you have on such a quantity of flesh as all that. So then divest yourself of it, otherwise you'll swamp the boat, if you

<sup>3</sup> Gela: A city in southern Sicily.

<sup>4</sup> Damasias: Of Amphipolis. He had been victor in the footraces at Olympia.

<sup>5</sup> At the wrestling schools: Hermes was fleetest of runners and most skillful of disk-throwers and boxers. Hence the wrestling school and gymnasium were regarded as his institutions and adorned with his statues.

set only one foot upon it. Moreover, you must throw away those chaplets and proclamations.\*

DAM. There! I'm stripped for you as you perceive—no doubt about it—and in the same plight with these other defunct people.

HERM. Yes, you'll do. It's so much better for one to be light-weighted. Go aboard, then!—6. And you, Craton there, lay aside your wealth, and your effeminacy and high-living besides; and don't you bring along any graveclothes or ancestral honors, but leave behind your pedigree and reputation; and if your city ever proclaimed you a public benefactor, don't remind us of it, or of the inscriptions upon your statues, or mention the fact that men raised a huge tomb over you. For even the thought of these things weighs the boat down.

CRAT. I don't want to, but I will throw them away. For how can I help it?

7. HERM. Bless me! You man in armor there, what do you want? Why are you bringing that trophy?

GENERAL SO-AND-SO. Why, Hermes, I gained a victory and proved myself the bravest, and my city honored me.

HERM. Well, leave your trophy on the land. In Hades peace prevails, and there'll be no need of the panoply of war.—8. But, who's that solemn and haughty personage—at least, if we may judge from his bearing—he with his eyebrows perked up and absorbed in his own thoughts—that man there with the heavy beard?

MENIPPUS. A sort of philosopher, Hermes, or rather a cheat and chock-full of juggling tricks. Have him strip, too. You'll see not a few funny things hidden away beneath that cloak of his.

HERM. (*To the philosopher.*) Do you, sir, in the first place, lay off that coat and next all those things there. (*Philosopher does as commanded.*) Good heavens! What a deal of quackery he brings with him, and ignorance, combativeness and vanity! what

\* Chaplets: At the Olympic games a crown of olive was placed upon the head of the victor, whose name was then proclaimed by the herald in the presence of representatives of all Greece.



knotty questions, thorny arguments and tangled speculations—nay, even a vast amount of unprofitable labor, and nonsense not a little and idle talk and long-winded discourse! Yes, by Zeus—and mark the gold he has there and his luxury of life, his shamelessness and anger, sumptuous fare and effeminacy. They don't escape my notice, even though you are intent upon covering them up. And your mendacity and conceit—off with them! and your thinking yourself better than everybody else. Indeed, if you should come on board with all that stuff, what fifty-oared galley could accommodate you?

PHILOSOPHER. Yes, I'll put them off (*suiting the action to the word*), since that is your command.

9. MEN. But have him put off that beard too, Hermes. It's heavy and shaggy, as you perceive. At the least estimate, there's five pounds of hair.

HERM. An excellent suggestion! (*To the philosopher.*) Off with that also!

PHIL. And who'll be the one to clip it off?

HERM. Oh, this Menippus here. He'll chop it off with a ship-carpenter's axe. He can use the gang-plank for a chopping-block.

MEN. Nay, Hermes, let me have a saw. There'll be all the more fun in that.

HERM. The axe will answer. (*Menippus chops off the philosopher's beard.*) Very well! Now you appear more like a human being, since you've got rid of your goatish smell.

MEN. Shall I take off a trifle from his eyebrows too?

HERM. Most certainly! He has perked them up over his forehead and holds his head aloft—I don't know for what. (*Philosopher bursts into tears.*) How's this? Are you also weeping, you scapegrace, and do you play the coward in the face of death? Well, get in!

MEN. One thing more—the heaviest of all—he's got under his arm.

HERM. What is it, Menippus?

MEN. Flattery, Hermes; which brought many a grist to his mill, while he was living.

PHIL. (*In a passion.*) And do you, Menippus, lay

aside your unbridled tongue and frankness of speech, your utter unconcern, high spirits and laughter—anyway, you're the only one in the whole company who laughs.

HERM. Don't you do it, Menippus! Nay, rather hold on to them. They are light and very easily carried, and will serve us a good turn on the voyage down.—10. (*Next an orator comes up.*) I say you, Mr. Orator there, throw away your interminable loquacity, your antitheses, evenly-balanced clauses and well-rounded periods, your barbarisms, and the other heavy bundles of words you have there!

MR. ORATOR. See! There they go.

HERM. All right now! So loose the moorings and let us take up the gangplank. Hoist the anchor! Spread the sail and mind your rudder, Sir Ferryman! And now a fair voyage to us! (*They start off amid a chorus of groans from the passengers.*)—11. Why do you indulge in lamentations, you fools, and you philosopher there, in particular, who just had your beard chopped off?

PHIL. Because, Hermes, I expected the soul would be immortal.

MEN. He's telling a fib. Nay, it's likely something else occasions his grief.

HERM. And what is it?

MEN. It's the reflection that he won't get any more costly dinners, or go out by night—his head wrapped up in his mantle, thereby escaping everybody's notice—and make the rounds of the stews, and then in the morning deceive the young men and take pay<sup>7</sup> for his wisdom. That's what troubles him.

PHIL. What, Menippus, aren't you grieved at dying?

MEN. Why should I be, seeing that I hastened to death at nobody's bidding?<sup>8</sup>—12. But, by the bye, Hermes, don't you hear a sort of noise, as though the roar of human voices was being borne up from the earth?

HERM. Yes, Menippus—and indeed from more

<sup>7</sup> Take pay: The picture here given of the philosophers often recurs in Lucian. Cf. *Timon*, 54. Aristippus it said to have been the first among the disciples of Socrates to take pay for his teaching.

<sup>8</sup> At nobody's bidding: Menippus, it is said, committed suicide.

places than one. Some have met in the public assembly, and for very joy are all holding jubilee over the death of Lampichus. The women have hold of his wife; and his children, mere infants though they are, even these the boys are pelting with stones innumerable. Others there in Sicyon<sup>9</sup> are applauding the orator Diophantus,<sup>10</sup> as he pronounces a funeral discourse over Craton here. Yes, by Zeus—and the mother of Damasias, wailing with some women, is just beginning the funeral dirge over her son. But for you, Menippus, nobody is weeping. You're lying in silence all by yourself.

13. MEN. Oh, no! But by and by you'll hear the dogs howling most piteously over me, and the ravens flapping their wings, when they gather to my burial.

HERM. You're a noble old soul, Menippus. Well, now that we've reached the end of our voyage, be off, all of you to the court of justice. Take the road straight ahead there. The ferryman and I must go after another cargo.

MEN. (*Waving his adieu.*) A safe passage to you, Hermes! (*Turning to his comrades.*) Now let us go on our way! But why do you still linger? There's no getting away from being judged, you know, and the punishments, they say, are severe—wheels,<sup>11</sup> stones and vultures—and everybody's life is going to be thoroughly shown up.

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22.

CHARON and MENIPPUS.

1. CHARON.<sup>1</sup> Pay me your passage money,<sup>2</sup> you villain!

MENIPPUS.<sup>3</sup> Shout away, Charon, if that affords you more pleasure.

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<sup>9</sup> Sicyon: A city of the Peloponnesus.

<sup>10</sup> Diophantus: A contemporary of Demosthenes and one of the most remarkable speakers of the time.

<sup>11</sup> Wheels, etc.: Ixion, because of ingratitude to Zeus, was bound hand and foot to an ever-revolving wheel. Sisyphus, king of Corinth, on account of his many crimes, was compelled to keep rolling a huge block of marble to the top of a mountain. And Tityus, for offering violence to Leto, was chained to the earth, while two vultures kept gnawing at his ever-growing liver.

<sup>1</sup> Charon: See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 5.

<sup>2</sup> Passage money: One obol, or  $\frac{3}{4}$  cents.

<sup>3</sup> Menippus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 3.

CHAR. Pay me, I say, for my services in ferrying you over.

MEN. You can't take from one who hasn't anything.

CHAR. Why! Is there anybody who hasn't an obol?

MEN. Well, I don't know as to anybody else. But I haven't got one.

CHAR. By Pluto! I'll throttle you—you black-guard! indeed, I will, if you don't settle up.

MEN. And I'll break your head with a blow from my stick here.

CHAR. You will, then, have made such a long voyage to no purpose.

MEN. Oh, Hermes here shall pay for me. He turned me over to you.

2. HERM. Good heavens! A profitable bargain, indeed, I've got, if I'm also to pay the fare of the dead!

CHAR. (*To Menippus.*) I shan't let you off.

MEN. Well, as for that, haul your boat ashore and stay by, then! Albeit, how can you take what I haven't got?

CHAR. But didn't you know it was necessary to bring an obol?

MEN. Yes, I was aware of it. But I didn't have any. What then? Was I on that account to refrain from dying?

CHAR. Are you then the only one who shall have it to boast of, that he got his passage free?

MEN. Nay, not free, my dear friend! For I baled out the bilge-water and lent a hand at the oar, and I alone of all the passengers didn't keep a-groaning.

CHAR. Oh, these things are of no account to a ferryman. You must pay the obol. It isn't right for it to be otherwise.

3. MEN. Well, then, take me back again to my former life.

CHAR. A clever suggestion on your part—that I may, withal, receive a beating from Æacus<sup>5</sup> for it.

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<sup>4</sup> Pluto: God of the lower world.

<sup>5</sup> Æacus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 16, note 8, and 4, note 4.

MEN. Don't bother, then!

CHAR. Show me what you have in your wallet there!

MEN. Lupines,<sup>6</sup> if you please, and Hecaté's<sup>7</sup> dinner.

CHAR. (*To Hermes.*) I say, Hermes, whence did you bring this dog for us? How he did rattle on all the way over, ridiculing and making game of all the passengers, and the only one who sang, while they kept up their lamentations.

HERM. Don't you know, Charon, who it is you ferried across? Frank in the extreme, he doesn't care for anybody. This is Menippus.

CHAR. (*To Menippus.*) Well, if I ever catch you, I'll—

MEN. Yes, if you catch me, my dear sir—ah, but you won't catch me twice.

2.

PLUTO, *lord of the lower world,*

*versus*

MENIPPUS, *the Cynic philosopher.*

1. CRÆSUS.<sup>1</sup> I say, Pluto, we can't abide this dog of a Cynic, Menippus<sup>2</sup> here, as our neighbor. So, either you must remove him somewhere else, or *we* shall take ourselves off to another place.

PLUTO. Why, what dreadful thing is he doing to you, seeing he's a dead man like the rest of you?

CRÆS. Oh, when we wail and groan at the remembrance of the things we enjoyed in the upper world—this Midas<sup>3</sup> here at the thought of his gold, and Sar-

<sup>6</sup> Lupines: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 6.

<sup>7</sup> Hecaté's dinner: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 7.

<sup>1</sup> Cræsus: Last king of Lydia, sixth century B. C., and celebrated for his vast wealth. Sardis was his capital.

<sup>2</sup> Menippus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 3.

<sup>3</sup> Midas: A rich and effeminate king of Phrygia in Asia Minor, who requested of Dionysus that everything he touched might be turned into gold. When even his food became gold, he repented of his foolish request and was released from its results by bathing in the river Pactolus, which ever after had an abundance of gold in its sands.

danapalus,<sup>4</sup> of the great luxury in which he lived, and I, Cræsus, when I recall my treasures—why, he chuckles over it, and casts it in our teeth, stigmatizing us as slaves and rascals; and sometimes he disturbs our lamentations with singing even. He's a regular nuisance.

PLUT. (*To Menippus.*) What do they mean by this talk, Menippus?

MEN. It's all true, Pluto. For I hate them—base, pestilent fellows that they are! It wasn't enough for them to lead vicious lives; but even after death they still bethink themselves of the world above and cling to it. Accordingly I take pleasure in pestering them.

PLUT. But you ought not to. It's no paltry possession, the loss of which so distresses them.

MEN. Aren't you also playing the fool, Pluto, by making common cause with the groanings of these people?

PLUT. Not at all! But I wouldn't have you quarreling. (*Exit Pluto.*)

2. MEN. (*To Cræsus and companions.*) Egad! You basest of Lydians, Phrygians and Assyrians, depend upon it, I shall never leave off. Go where you may, I shall dog your steps, and by way of bothering you, deafen you with my singing, and jeer at you.

CRÆS. Isn't that an outrage?

MEN. Nay!—rather that which you used to do was an outrage—requiring people to prostrate themselves before you, mocking at free men, and wholly unmindful of the death that awaited you. Therefore, you shall lament at having been bereft of all those things. (*They renew their lamentations.*)

CRÆS. (*Wringing his hands.*) O ye gods! My many and vast possessions!

MID. Yes, and what a quantity of gold I had!

SARD. And what luxury was mine!

MEN. Well done! Keep it a-going! You shall wail, while I will accompany you with the refrain—

<sup>4</sup> Sardanapalus: According to Ctesias, the last king of the Assyrian empire of Ninus, or Nineveh, ninth century B. C. He lived in the greatest luxury and effeminacy, from which, however, he is said to have aroused himself when one of his satraps revolted. But finally despairing of success, he built an immense funeral pyre, upon which he himself, with all his treasures, wives, etc., was burned.

"Know thyself!"<sup>6</sup>—repeating it over and over again without pausing. 'Twill chime in first-rate, sung to the accompaniment of groans like these.

## 18.

## MENIPPUS and HERMES.

1. MEN. Look here, Hermes,<sup>1</sup> where are the handsome men and women? Show me the lions—I'm a newcomer in these parts.<sup>2</sup>

HERM. I've no time to spare, Menippus.<sup>3</sup> However, just look over there to your right. There are Hyacinthus,<sup>4</sup> Narcissus,<sup>5</sup> Nireus<sup>6</sup> and Achilles,<sup>7</sup> and Tyro,<sup>8</sup> Helen<sup>9</sup> and Leda—in fine, all the old-time beauties.

MEN. I see nothing but bones and skulls, with not a scrap of flesh upon them—the most of them just alike.

HERM. In sooth, they are what all the poets admire—those bones, which you appear to think slightly of.

MEN. All the same, show me Helen, for I at least shouldn't know her from the others.

HERM. That skull there is Helen.

<sup>6</sup> Know thyself: A sententious saying, attributed to Chilon, one of the seven sages, sixth century B. C. It has also been credited to Solon and was inscribed in letters of gold upon the temple of Apollo at Delphi.

<sup>1</sup> Hermes: See *Dial. of Gods*, 7, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> These parts: The lower world.

<sup>3</sup> Menippus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 3.

<sup>4</sup> Hyacinthus: A beautiful youth of Lacedæmon, beloved by Apollo. Zephyrus, out of jealousy, caused the discus of Apollo to strike and kill him. From his blood sprang the flower which goes by his name.

<sup>5</sup> Narcissus: Son of the river god Cephissus, and famous for his beauty. The mountain nymph, Echo, fell in love with him; but her affection not being reciprocated, she pined away and was changed into a rock, only her voice remaining. Aphrodité, to avenge his heartlessness, caused him to fall in love with his own shadow, reflected in a spring of water, at which he was quenching his thirst. Not being able to reach the image, he also pined away from grief and was changed into the flower, narcissus, which ever since has been the emblem of heartless beauty.

<sup>6</sup> Nireus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 25, note 2.

<sup>7</sup> Achilles: The handsomest of the Greeks before Troy.

<sup>8</sup> Tyro: Daughter of Salmoneus and beloved of Poseidon.

<sup>9</sup> Helen: Daughter of Zeus (or of Tyndareus, king of Lacedæmon) and Leda; of surpassing beauty. In her youth she was carried off by Theseus to Attica, but was rescued by her brothers, Castor and Polydeuces. On her return she married Menelaus; but was afterward carried off by Paris to Troy, which led to the Trojan war.

2. MEN. Was it, then, for this that the thousand ships were manned from all Greece, and Greeks and barbarians fell in such numbers, and so many cities were destroyed?

HERM. But, Menippus, you didn't see the woman alive. Else you, too, would have declared it a blameless thing

To suffer ills so long a time for such a lady's sake.

—*Il.* iii. 157.

For, take the case of flowers that are withered; if one should look at them, now that they have lost their color, to him no doubt they will seem unsightly. When, however, they are in blossom and have their proper hue, they are in the highest degree beautiful.

MEN. Therefore, Hermes, I'm amazed at this, that the Greeks didn't perceive that they were straining every nerve over a thing so ephemeral and easily fading away.

HERM. Well, Menippus, I haven't any leisure for arguing the matter with you. So select a spot wherever you please, and lay yourself down and stay there. For I must go at once and fetch the rest of the dead.

20.

MENIPPUS and ÆACUS.

1. MEN. By Pluto! Æacus,<sup>1</sup> take me around and show me all the sights in Hades!<sup>2</sup>

ÆAC. Not an easy matter, Menippus,<sup>3</sup> to show you everything! However, attend, while I point out the most notable. This fellow here you know is Cerberus,<sup>4</sup> and yonder is the ferryman<sup>5</sup> who brought you over;

<sup>1</sup> Æacus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 16, note 8.

<sup>2</sup> Hades: In Homer the name of the god of the lower world; afterward transferred to the place of his abode, or kingdom, which was later conceived to be in the center of the earth, with several passages to and from the upper world.

<sup>3</sup> Menippus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 8.

<sup>4</sup> Cerberus: The many-headed dog that guarded the entrance to Hades, refusing no one admittance, but allowing no one to depart. The twelfth and most daring of all the feats of Heracles was the chaining of this monster and bringing him up from the lower world.

<sup>5</sup> The ferryman: Charon, described in Virgil—*Æneid*, 6, 299 ff.—as a surly old man, of frightful squalor; his chin covered with unkempt gray hair; his eyes



and the lake<sup>6</sup> and Pyriphlegethon<sup>7</sup> you've already visited and seen.

MEN. Yes, I recognize these, and you as the gate-keeper; and the King<sup>8</sup> I saw and the Furies.<sup>9</sup> But show me the men of long ago, and especially the famous ones among them.

ÆAC. Well, here's Agamemnon<sup>10</sup> and there's Achilles; near him is Idomeneus, and yonder, Odysseus; next are Ajax and Diomedes, and the bravest of the Greeks.

2. MEN. Bless me! Homer, how the mighty chiefs that figure in your epics lie prostrate upon the ground! forgotten and hideous—dust all of them, and a lot of rubbish, in very truth

Dead men's shades, that quickly take their flight.

—*Od.* x. 521.

But this one, Æacus, who's he?

ÆAC. Cyrus,<sup>11</sup> and there's Croesus,<sup>12</sup> and the one beyond him, Sardanapalus,<sup>13</sup> and next to these, Midas,<sup>14</sup> and he yonder is Xerxes.<sup>15</sup>

MEN. (*To Xerxes.*) And so, you rascal, Greece trembled before you—did she? when you bridged the Hellespont and wanted to sail through the mountains. But what a looking fellow Croesus is! As for Sardanapalus, Æacus, just let me box him on the ear.

ÆAC. Don't you do it! You'd shiver his skull all to pieces—it's as fragile as a woman's.

stand out with flame; from his shoulders hangs by a knot a dirty cloak. He shoves the boat along with a punt-pole, attends to the sails, and ferries the dead to the nether world in his dusky bark, fare one obol, or 3¼ cents each.

<sup>6</sup> The lake: Palus Acherusia, where the Acheron, river of woe, disgorges.

<sup>7</sup> Pyriphlegethon: Or "Fire-blazing," one of the four rivers of the lower world.

<sup>8</sup> The king: Pluto.

<sup>9</sup> The Furies: Tisiphoné, Alecto and Megæra, who executed the commands of Pluto and Persephoné. Originally avengers of all violations of moral laws; later of injuries done to the sacred ties of blood, especially the murder of kindred. They are represented as armed with spear, bow and quiver, with torches, scourges, or snakes in their hands, and with wings on their shoulders or head as a sign of swiftness.

<sup>10</sup> Agamemnon, etc.: Leaders of the Greeks at the siege of Troy.

<sup>11</sup> Cyrus: The Great, founder of the Persian empire, sixth century B. C.

<sup>12</sup> Croesus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 2, note 1.

<sup>13</sup> Sardanapalus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 2, note 4.

<sup>14</sup> Midas: See *Dial. of Dead*, 2, note 3.

<sup>15</sup> Xerxes: King of Persia, B. C. 485-465, especially distinguished for his vast expedition into Greece in 480 B. C.

MEN. Well, come what may, I'll at least spit in his face—the effeminate fellow that he is!

3. ÆAC. Shall I point out to you the sages also?

MEN. Yes, by all means!

ÆAC. To begin with, here's Pythagoras<sup>16</sup> for you.

MEN. (*To Pythagoras.*) All hail, Euphorbus,<sup>17</sup> or Apollo, or whatever you please to be called!

PYTH. Good Heavens! is that you, Menippus?

MEN. Is your thigh<sup>18</sup> no longer of gold?

PYTH. Why, no!—But come! Let me see whether you've got anything eatable in your wallet.

MEN. Beans, my good friend. That article, though, isn't fit to eat according to your way of thinking.

PYTH. Only let me have them. Other opinions obtain among dead folks.

4. ÆAC. And here's Solon,<sup>19</sup> the son of Execestides, and there's Thales,<sup>20</sup> and near them Pittacus<sup>21</sup> and the rest.<sup>22</sup> They are seven in all, as you see.

MEN. They alone, Æacus, of the whole company, do not give way to grief, but are of glad countenance. But that man there, covered with cinders just like a loaf baked in ashes—he with the blisters all over him, who's he?

ÆAC. Empedocles,<sup>23</sup> Menippus—half-roasted, being just in from Ætna.

MEN. (*To Empedocles.*) My dear friend with the brazen slippers, what possessed you to throw yourself into the crater?

EMP. A sort of madness, Menippus.

MEN. Nay, upon my word, vanity, rather, and folly and downright stupidity—these burned you to a cinder, boots and all, as you richly deserved. Your clever

<sup>16</sup> Pythagoras: See *The Dream or the Cock*, note 7.

<sup>17</sup> Euphorbus: See *The Dream or the Cock*, note 18.

<sup>18</sup> Your thigh: The story that Pythagoras had a golden thigh was one of many fictions entertained about him among the Neo-Platonists.

<sup>19</sup> Solon: The legislator of Athens; born about 638 B. C.

<sup>20</sup> Thales: A founder, with Pythagoras and Xenophanes, of Greek speculative philosophy.

<sup>21</sup> Pittacus: A native of Lesbos and celebrated as warrior, statesman, philosopher and poet, sixth century B. C.

<sup>22</sup> The rest: Bias, Chilon, Cleobulus and Periander. These and Solon, Thales and Pittacus were the so-called seven wise men.

<sup>23</sup> Empedocles: A philosopher of Agrigento in Sicily, fifth century B. C. He was fabled to have ended his life by casting himself into the crater of Ætna.

trick, though, didn't profit you any. For it appears that you died, after all.—But Socrates, Æacus, where in the world is he?

ÆAC. Yonder there, talking twaddle by the wholesale to Nestor<sup>24</sup> and Palamedes.

MEN. All the same, I wanted to see him, if he's anywhere about here.

ÆAC. Do you see that baldheaded man there?

MEN. Why, they are all bald, so that that mark would be a universal one.

ÆAC. I mean that man with a flat nose.

MEN. It's just the same with regard to that also. They all have flat noses.

5. SOC. Are you in search of me, Menippus?

MEN. Exactly so, Socrates.

SOC. Well, how are matters and things in Athens?

MEN. Oh, many of the young men profess to be philosophers, and indeed if one should scan their bearing and gait simply, they would be philosophers of the first rank.

SOC. Yes, I've seen very many such.

MEN. Well, you saw, I presume, in what manner Aristippus<sup>25</sup> and Plato<sup>26</sup> himself came and demeaned themselves in your presence—how the former was red-

<sup>24</sup> Nestor: An aged chieftain of the Greeks at the siege of Troy, so distinguished for justice, wisdom, bravery, eloquence and knowledge of war, that his advice was appealed to in every emergency. Palamedes was also member of the expedition against Troy. Becoming obnoxious to some of the leaders, he was falsely accused of treachery and stoned to death, exclaiming: "Truth, I lament thee, for thou has died even before me." In his *Apology* Socrates expresses pleasure at the prospect of meeting in the other world with Palamedes and other heroes of old, who had died by unrighteous judgment, and of examining those who, like Nestor, had been renowned for wisdom.

<sup>25</sup> Aristippus: 435-350 B. C. Founder of the Cyrenaic school of philosophy; a disciple of Socrates, but departed widely from the teachings and practice of his master, being luxurious in mode of life. He is said to have been the first among the followers of Socrates to take money for teaching. A part of his life he passed with the younger Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse. Cf. *Auction of Philosophers*, 12.

<sup>26</sup> Plato: A native of Athens, 429-347 B. C., and devoted follower of Socrates. He taught in the gymnasium and olive groves of the Academy, in the north-western suburb of Athens. Menippus does not correctly represent Plato's relations with the tyrants of Sicily. While there for purposes of sightseeing, he was introduced by Dion to the elder Dionysius, who took offense at the plain talk of his guest, and subjected him to the greatest indignities and even sought to kill him, if we may credit Diodorus and Plutarch. Subsequently, at the invitation of the younger Dionysius, and urged by Dion, he revisited Sicily, in the hope of persuading the tyrant to adopt his theories of government and education. At first he was received with universal enthusiasm; but owing to the intrigues of the conservative party, Dionysius, after keeping him awhile in a sort of semi-captivity, permitted him to depart, with the understanding that he would make the despot another visit. During this third visit he was treated in the same way, and his friends with difficulty got him back to Athens alive. Cf. *Parasite*, 84.

olent with perfumes, and the latter had proved himself an adept at paying court to the tyrants in Sicily.

SOC. But what do people think about me?

MEN. You are a fortunate man, Socrates, at least in this regard. At any rate, all think that you were a wonderful man, and knew everything, and that, though you didn't know anything—for, I suppose I must speak the truth.

SOC. Why, I myself used to tell them so. But they thought my ignorance was all a pretense.

6. MEN. But who are these people around you?

SOC. Charmides,<sup>27</sup> Menippus, and Phædrus<sup>28</sup> and the son<sup>29</sup> of Clinias.

MEN. Well done, Socrates! in that you ply your trade even here, and don't hold handsome folks in light esteem either.

SOC. Why, what else more agreeable could I be doing? But, if you please, take up your quarters near us.

MEN. Nay, not so! For I'm going over there to Croesus and Sardanapalus, with the view of establishing myself in their neighborhood. At all events, it seems to me I'm likely to get no end of diversion from listening to their lamentations.

ÆAC. I, too, must be going at once, lest some dead man give us the slip. The other sights, Menippus, you shall see hereafter.

MEN. Be off, then. I've had enough of it, Æacus.

## 21.

### MENIPPUS and CERBERUS.

1. MEN. Tell me, Cerberus<sup>1</sup>—for I'm a kinsman of

<sup>27</sup> Charmides: An uncle of Plato's, who introduces him in the dialogue of that name, in which he is described as an amiable youth of very great beauty. He was a favorite of Socrates.

<sup>28</sup> Phædrus: A friend of Plato's, who introduces him in the dialogue of that name.

<sup>29</sup> Son of Clinias: Alcibiades, born in Athens about 450 B. C.; remarkably handsome and a man of brilliant abilities, which gave him prominence in politics. He became intimate with Socrates through certain services they had rendered each other in battle.

<sup>1</sup> Cerberus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 4.

yours, being a dog<sup>3</sup> myself as well as you—tell me, by the Styx,<sup>3</sup> how did Socrates<sup>4</sup> demean himself when he came down to you? It stands to reason that, being a divinity, you can not only bark, but also speak like a human being, whenever you please.

CERB. Well, Menippus, as I saw him from afar, he seemed to be approaching with his countenance perfectly calm; apparently he was not at all afraid of death and wanted to show this to those who stood outside the entrance. But when he stooped down and peered into the yawning gulf and saw the nether darkness, and when I in aid of the hemlock, bit him, as he still delayed, and dragged him down by the foot, he began to cry just like a baby, and mourned for his own children, and made all manner of wry faces.<sup>5</sup>

2. MEN. So then the man was a sophist, and yet in reality did not hold the thing in contempt?

CERB. No—but when he saw it was inevitable he screwed up his courage to the sticking point, as if, forsooth, about to suffer not unwillingly what he was under the absolute necessity of suffering, that so he might secure the admiration of those looking on. In a word, I might say of all such folks—up to the entrance they are resolute and manful, but the sight of what's within proves a crucial test.

MEN. But what sort of a figure in your view did I cut when I came down?

CERB. You alone, Menippus, demeaned yourself in a manner worthy of your stock—you and Diogenes before you. For both of you entered here, not under constraint nor forced to it, but voluntarily,<sup>6</sup> with laughter, and bidding all go howl.

<sup>3</sup> Being a dog: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 3.

<sup>3</sup> The Styx: A river surrounding the lower world.

<sup>4</sup> Socrates: The description Cerberus here gives of the manner in which Socrates met death does not at all agree with the account in the *Apology* and the *Crito*.

<sup>5</sup> All manner of wry faces: *παντοίως ἐγέμερο*, lit.: "took all possible shapes." It may mean here "tried every shift to escape."

<sup>6</sup> Voluntarily: Menippus is said to have hung himself.

## 25.

## NIREUS, THERSITES and MENIPPUS.

1. NIR. (*To Thersites.*) There now, this Menippus<sup>1</sup> here will decide which of us excels the other in beauty.—Say, Menippus, don't you think I'm more beautiful?

MEN. But who in the world are you? I think I ought to know that first.

NIR. Nireus<sup>2</sup> and Thersites.<sup>3</sup>

MEN. Which is Nireus and which Thersites? That isn't clear yet.

THERS. (*To Nireus.*) This one point I already have in my favor. I'm like you, nor are you in any wise so much superior to me as Homer, the famous blind bard, made out when he paid you the compliment of addressing you as more beautiful than all. On the contrary, I with my sugar-loaf head and bald pate appeared to the judge no whit inferior. But, Menippus, do *you* see just which one you think the handsomer?

NIR. Me, of course, Aglaia and Charop's son,

Who in beauty peerless stood 'mong those  
That 'neath the walls of Ilium came.

—II. ii. 672, ff.

2. MEN. However that may be, to my thinking, you didn't come down to the nether world possessed of the greatest beauty. On the contrary, the bones of you both look alike, and your skull, forsooth, could be dis-

<sup>1</sup> Menippus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> Nireus: See II. 2, 671 ff.

Nireus, too, from Symé led three balanced ships,  
Nireus, son of Aglaia and Charopus, sovereign prince,  
Nireus, most beauteous man that unto Ilium came,  
Of all the Danaans, save Peleus' blameless son;  
But a weakling was he and few the host that followed him.

<sup>3</sup> Thersites: See II. 2, 211 ff.

Now all the rest sat down and on the seats were curbed;  
Only Thersites, unbridled of tongue, still scolded on.  
Words in his mind he knew, —yœa, many, but confused,  
Wherewith in vain, nor seemly, against the kings to strive,  
But what, it seemed to him, would make the Argives laugh.  
The ugliest man was he, that unto Ilium came.  
Bandy-legged he was and lame of foot; his shoulders  
Two were round and o'er his breast together drawn.  
Peaked was his head above and scant the wool thereon.

tinguished from that of Thersites only in this way—by the fact that yours is easily fractured. You have one that's weak, and not like a man's.

NIR. Indeed, ask Homer what sort of a man I was, when I soldiered it with the Greeks.

MEN. Oh, you are telling me idle dreams. I see just what you now are. Your former glories the men of those times know.

NIR. Am I not, then, more beautiful here than anybody else, Menippus?

MEN. No! There's no comeliness about you or any one else. Equality prevails in Hades,<sup>4</sup> and all are alike.

TERS. Well, I'm satisfied with that.

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<sup>4</sup> Hades: See *Dial. of Dead*, 30, note 2.

## 2.

## THE FERRY OVER THE STYX; OR, THE TYRANT.

## CHARACTERS.

CHARON, *the ferryman.*

CLOTHO, *one of the Fates.*

HERMES, *conductor of the dead to the nether world.*

CYNISCUS, *the Cynic philosopher.*

MEGAPENTHES, *the tyrant.*

MICYLLUS, *the cobbler.*

SUNDRY DEAD FOLK.

TISIPHONE, *one of the Furies.*

RHADAMANTHUS, *one of the judges of the lower world.*

BED and LAMP, *witnesses.*

SCENE: *The hither bank of the river Styx. Charon with his boat, awaiting the coming of Hermes with a convoy of dead folk, to be ferried across to the realm of Hades.*

1. CHARON. (*Impatiently.*) Well, Clotho,<sup>1</sup> our boat here has been ready this long while, and right well prepared for the voyage. We've baled out the bilgewater, the mast is set up, and the sail hoisted; every oar has been fastened to its thole-pin with a thong, and so far as I'm concerned, there's nothing to hinder our weighing anchor and setting sail. But that Hermes<sup>2</sup> is loitering by the way, when he ought to have been here long ago. At all events, as you perceive, the ferryboat hasn't got a passenger on board, when by this time to-day it could have made the voyage three times over. It's now all but evening, and we haven't

<sup>1</sup> Clotho: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 50.

<sup>2</sup> Hermes: *Dial. of Gods*, 7, note 1.



yet earned so much as an obol.<sup>3</sup> Then, Pluto,<sup>4</sup> I'm sure, will get the notion that I'm remiss in these matters, and that too, when the blame belongs to somebody else. Yes, our *beau idéal* of a ghost conductor has himself been drinking, just like any other fellow, of the water of the Lethé<sup>5</sup> of the upper world, and has forgotten to return to us. No doubt he's wrestling<sup>6</sup> with the young men, or playing the cithara, or he's indulging in some speech-making by way of showing off his own silliness. Or, not unlikely, he's up to a bit of thieving even, while *en route*—the well-bred fellow! That, too, is one of his accomplishments, you know. Really, he does just about what he's a mind to as regards us, and that, notwithstanding we have a half-claim upon his services.

2. CLOTHO. Pray, are you certain, Charon, that some business has not fallen to him to do? Perhaps Zeus has need to make further use of him in the affairs of the upper world—he, too, you know, is a master of his.

CHAR. To be sure, Clotho; but not to the extent of having authority over a common possession beyond his proportionate share. For even we have never detained him, when he has to go away. But I know why he doesn't put in an appearance. With us, you know, there's nothing but asphodel,<sup>7</sup> funeral libations, sacrificial cakes and offerings to the manes, and as for the rest, nether darkness, mist and gloom. Whereas, in heaven it's all cheery, and there's plenty of ambrosia and lots of nectar.<sup>8</sup> And so, I fancy, it seems pleasanter to tarry with the folks up there. And he flies away from us here just as though he were escaping from some prison. But when it's time for him to re-

<sup>3</sup> Obol: About  $8\frac{1}{4}$  cents.

<sup>4</sup> Pluto: God of the lower world.

<sup>5</sup> Lethé: A place of oblivion in the lower world, or a river from which the Shades drank and obtained forgetfulness. Charon conceives of the upper world as having features corresponding to those of the world with which he was familiar.

<sup>6</sup> Wrestling: See *Dial. of Dead*, 10, note 5. For Hermes' invention of the Cithara, see *Dial. of Gods*, 7, note 6. He was also patron of speech and eloquence, and so was much given to debate. He had a propensity to steal, even from infancy, when he carried off some of the oxen of Apollo. While he was general factotum of Zeus, he also escorted souls at death to the region of shadows, and thus the authorities of the lower world had a half-claim upon his services.

<sup>7</sup> Asphodel: A plant of the lily kind. The reference here is to the mead of asphodel, haunted by the Shades of heroes. Cf. *Od.* 11, 539; 24, 13.

<sup>8</sup> Ambrosia and nectar: Respectively the food and drink of the gods.

turn, he tears himself away at the very last moment, and comes down leisurely and at a snail's pace.

3. CLOTH. Don't be in ill-humor any longer, Charon! There's the fellow himself almost here, as you see, bringing us quite a goodly number, or rather with his wand scaring them on, huddled together like a herd of goats. But what means this? I see one among them in fetters, and another laughing, and one in particular with a wallet hanging to him, and holding a cudgel in his hand, fiercely eying the rest and urging them forward. And don't you see, too, how Hermes himself is dripping with sweat, and his feet covered with dust, and how he's puffing and blowing? At any rate, he's gasping for breath. (*Enter Hermes.*) I say, Hermes, what's the matter? What means this haste? Why, you look to me all in a fluster.

HERMES. Matter, Clotho! Why, nothing else than the fact that this reprobate here ran away, and in chasing after him I to-day came within an ace of being a deserter from your boat.

CLOTH. But who is he, and what object had he in running off?

HERM. Oh, that's as plain as a pikestaff—it was because he wanted to live longer. He's some king, or tyrant—at least, I infer so from his lamentations, and from the theme of his loud wailing, for he says he has been deprived of great good fortune of some sort.

CLOTH. So, then, he tried to give you the slip, did he?—the fool!—as though he could live right on, when his thread of destiny had already reached its end, having been spun out.

4. HERM. Tried to give me the slip, do you say? Why, had not that most noble fellow yonder—he with the club—come to my aid and we seized and bound the runaway, he would have made good his escape. For ever since Atropos<sup>9</sup> put him in my charge, he kept resisting all the way, and holding back, and set his feet firmly against the ground, so that it wasn't an easy matter at all to bring him along. And every now and

<sup>9</sup> Atropos: One of the three Fates, with Clotho (spinster) and Lachesis (allotter). The first (unchangeable) had charge of the future; the second, of the present; the third, of the past.

then he resorted to prayers and earnest entreaty, demanding to be set free for a little while, and promising to reward me abundantly. But, of course, I didn't let him go, as I saw that he wished for what was impossible. But when we were just at the very entrance, on my taking an inventory of the dead for Æacus,<sup>10</sup> as is my wont, while he compared them with the tally-sheet your sister sent him, somehow or other this thrice-accursed wretch got off unnoticed. So, by the count one dead man proved to be missing. At this Æacus drew up his eyebrows. "Hermes," says he, "don't persist in practicing upon all occasions your thievish propensity. 'Tis enough for you to play your childish pranks up above. But the accounts pertaining to the dead are kept with scrupulous exactness and cannot possibly escape our notice. The check list, as you see, has one thousand and four names recorded upon it, whereas here you are with one short of the required number for me, unless you enter the plea that Atropos has cheated you." At this speech I turned as red as a lobster, but instantly bethought myself of what had happened while *en route*. And when, upon looking around, I saw this rascal nowhere, I perceived that he had given me the slip, and pursued him at the top of my speed along the road that leads to the light. And this best-of-fellows<sup>11</sup> here followed of his own motion; and by running as if from the starting line<sup>12</sup> of a race-course, we overtook him just at Tænarus<sup>13</sup>—so near did he come to making his escape.

5. CLOTH. But *we*, Charon, only just now were charging Hermes with neglect of duty!

CHAR. (*Impatiently.*) Why, then, do we still delay, as though we hadn't wasted enough time already?

CLOTH. You are right! Let them embark! And I with my book in hand will seat myself by the gangway, as is my wont, and ascertain who each one of them is, as he goes on board, where he hails from, and how he came to his death. And do you receive and

<sup>10</sup> Æacus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 16, note 8.

<sup>11</sup> Best of fellows: Cyniscus, the Cynic.

<sup>12</sup> Starting line: See *Timon*, note 81.

<sup>13</sup> Tænarus: A promontory in the southern part of the Peloponnesus, where was a cavern leading to the infernal regions.

pack them together and stow them away. And you, Hermes, first place on board these infants here. For what reply could they possibly make me?

HERM. Sir Ferryman, see what a lot we've got for you!—here's three hundred, including the infants that have died from being exposed.<sup>14</sup>

CHAR. Bless me! What a big haul! (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) So here you are with a lot of unripe dead for us!

HERM. Will you have us, Clotho, put on board the unwept next to these?

CLOTH. You mean those old people? Do so! For why need I take the trouble to inquire now into those things which took place before the time of Euclides?<sup>15</sup> You there who are upwards of sixty years of age, pass along at once! What means this? They don't hearken to me—they must be deaf by reason of their years. You will probably have to take them up and carry them across.

HERM. Look you, Charon! Here's another batch of four hundred, lacking two—all of them ripe enough to fairly melt in one's mouth—they've been gathered just in season.

CHAR. Nay, by Zeus! They all look just like dried grapes already.

6. CLOTH. The wounded, Hermes, bring them forward next. (*Addressing the wounded.*) Now, to begin with you, tell me this—how did you die, that you are here? Rather, I will myself examine you by the records. (*Reading.*) Eighty-four were doomed to die yesterday in battle in Mysia, and among them Gobares, son of Oxyartes.

HERM. They are on hand.

CLOTH. Seven committed suicide for love's sake; and the philosopher, Theagenes, on account of the hetæra<sup>16</sup> from Megara.

<sup>14</sup> Exposed: Referring to the not uncommon practice, in ancient times, of parents exposing infants whom they were unable or unwilling to rear. In Athens it was done by the father; in Sparta by the State in the case of the physically incapable. Plato recommends the practice in his ideal state. Aristotle maintains that there should be a law against rearing a cripple.

<sup>15</sup> Euclides: President of the board of nine archons, or governors, drawn after the fall of the Thirty Tyrants in 403 B. C., thus giving his name to a year so memorable in Athenian history that it came to be a date from which time was reckoned.

<sup>16</sup> Hetæra: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 11.

HERM. Yes, here they are, close by.

CLOTH. And where are they who perished at one another's hands in the struggle for royal power?

HERM. Right here!

CLOTH. And he who was murdered by his wife and her paramour?

HERM. There he is, close by you!

CLOTH. Now bring forward those from the courts of justice—I mean, you know, those who have been bastinadoed or impaled; and the sixteen who were killed by robbers—where are they, Hermes?

HERM. Yes, here they are—those who died from wounds—as you perceive. And the women, will you have me bring them forward at one and the same time?

CLOTH. Certainly! And along with them, those who have suffered shipwreck, for they died in similar fashion. And those who died of fever, bring them forward at the same time, and Agathocles, their physician, with them. 7. But where is the philosopher, Cyniscus, who was doomed to die because he ate Hecaté's<sup>17</sup> supper, and the eggs<sup>18</sup> from the purifying sacrifices, and a raw squid besides.

CYNISCUS. I've been standing near you this long time, most excellent Clotho. What wrong had I done, that you left me up above so long? Why, you allowed my spindle to run on until the thread was almost spun off! And yet I often tried to cut the thread and come hither, but somehow or other it was not to be parted.

CLOTH. Well, I left you behind to have an eye to the sins of men and be their physician. But go on board, and may you have a fine time of it!

CYN. No, by Zeus, not unless we first fetter this fellow here and put him on board. For I'm afraid he'll prevail with you by his entreaties.

8. CLOTH. Come! Let me see who he is.

HERM. The tyrant, Megapenthes,<sup>19</sup> the son of Lacydes.

CLOTH. (*To Megapenthes.*) Go on board, you!

MEGAPENTHES. Nay, not so, mistress Clotho! But

<sup>17</sup> Hecaté's supper: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 7.

<sup>18</sup> The eggs: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 8.

<sup>19</sup> Megapenthes: The name of no particular person, but chosen, doubtless, from its meaning—"very sorrowful," or "loud wailing."

permit me to return for a little while to the upper world. I'll come back soon of my own accord, without anybody calling me.

CLOTH. But why do you want to return?

MEG. Suffer me first to finish my house. I left it half done.

CLOTH. What nonsense! But get on board!

MEG. It isn't a long respite that I ask for, O goddess of fate. Permit me to stay this one day, until I give some directions to my wife about the property, and tell her where I had my great treasure buried.

CLOTH. 'Tis all settled. You would not accomplish your purpose.

MEG. Will, then, the gold treasure that I amassed in such quantity be utterly lost?

CLOTH. Oh, no, not lost. You need give yourself no concern on that score at least. Your cousin, Megacles, will inherit it.

MEG. Oh, what an outrage! Is my enemy to have it, whom I failed to kill off beforehand, only because of my easy-going temper?

CLOTH. Yes, the very man! and he'll survive you forty years and more, after inheriting your mistresses and wardrobe and all that gold of yours.

MEG. It's a piece of injustice on your part, Clotho—this distributing my property among my greatest enemies.

CLOTH. What! Didn't you take possession of it, when it belonged to Cydimachus, most noble Sir, after you had both killed him and butchered his children upon him, while the breath of life was still in his body?

MEG. Yes, but now it was mine.

CLOTH. Well, then, the time during which you were to have it has already expired.

9. MEG. Listen, Clotho! I want to say something to you in private without any one hearing.—You people here stand one side for a moment! (*Confidentially to Clotho*). Now, if you'll let me slip off, I promise to give you to-day a thousand talents in gold coin.

CLOTH. What! You ridiculous fellow! Have you still got gold and talents on the brain?

MEG. Yes, and the two bowls, which I took when

I killed Cleocritus—would you have me give you them also? They each weigh a hundred talents of refined gold.

CLOTH. Drag him on board, some of you! It seems that he won't embark for us of his own accord.

MEG. (*Turning to the bystanders.*) I call you to witness—the city wall remains unfinished and the dockyards. I should have completed them had I lived only five days more.

CLOTH. Never mind! Somebody else will build the wall.

MEG. And yet I have this request at least to make—a perfectly reasonable one, too.

CLOTH. Well, what is it?

MEG. That I may survive until I bring the Persians under my sway and levy tribute upon the Lydians, and until I erect a colossal monument for myself and inscribe thereon the great deeds of generalship I performed during my life.

CLOTH. There! You no longer ask one day for these enterprises, but a delay of almost twenty years.

10. MEG. And yet I'm ready to furnish you sureties for my speedy return. Yes, if you desire, I'll hand over to you my only son as a substitute for myself.

CLOTH. You brute! Didn't you oftentimes pray that you might leave him behind upon the earth?

MEG. Yes, that was my prayer in days of yore; but now I see what is better.

CLOTH. Well, he too, let me tell you, will be here after a bit, having been made away with by him who has lately become king.

11. MEG. Well, but this at least, O goddess of fate, do not refuse me!

CLOTH. What?

MEG. I want to know the course affairs will take after I'm gone.

CLOTH. Well, listen! You'll be distressed yet more, when you know the story. Your slave, Midas, is going to have your wife. Yes, long ago he used to carry on his intrigues with her.

MEG. The accursed wretch! I set him free in deference to her wishes.

CLOTH. And your daughter, let me tell you, is going to be numbered among the concubines of the present ruler. Yes, and the images and statues which the city in days gone by set up in your honor, will all be overturned and become, I presume, a laughing-stock to those who behold them.

MEG. Tell me! Is no one of my friends indignant at such doings?

CLOTH. Why, who was a friend of yours? Or what reason had any one for becoming your friend? Are you not aware that all who were wont to pay you homage and applaud all your sayings and doings did so from fear or hope, out of love for power and with an eye to their own profit?

MEG. And yet, when making their drink offerings at the banquets, with loud voice they used to invoke many blessings upon me; and each of them professed a readiness to die for me, if that were possible. In short, they were in the habit of swearing by me.

CLOTH. Yes, and it was after dining with one of them yesterday that you came to your death. The last thing that was brought in for you to drink—that sent you down here.

MEG. Well, as to that, I did taste something bitter. But with what intent did the fellow do it?

CLOTH. Come! You keep asking me so many questions, when you ought to have gone on board.

12. MEG. There's one thing, Clotho, that especially vexes me, on account of which I was anxious to pop up into the light again just for a little while.

CLOTH. And what's that? You look as though it were something extraordinary.

MEG. My steward, Carion, the moment he saw I was dead, toward evening went up into the chamber where I was lying, and improving the opportunity—for nobody was keeping guard over me—he brought in my concubine, the darling Glycera—they had carried on their liaisons of old, I presume—and pulling the door to, he made love to her, just as though there was nobody within; and then, looking at me—"You brute of a fellow, you!" says he, "you gave me a flogging many a time when I did nothing wrong." As he said



this, he plucked out my hair and struck me upon the temple; and finally, after coughing loudly and spitting upon me, he departed, adding these words: "Get you gone to where the ungodly dwell!"—I was on fire with rage, but for all that, I could do nothing to him, for I was already exhausted and in the chill of death. Yes, and the foul jade, when she heard the sound of persons approaching, smeared her eyes with spittle, as though she had been weeping over me, and went off shrieking and calling my name. If I could only get hold of them, I'd—

13. CLOTH. Have done with your threatening and go on board! It's already high time that you appeared before the court.

MEG. And who will think proper to pass sentence upon a man who is a king?

CLOTH. No one, upon a king, but Rhadamanthus will, upon a dead man. You'll see him presently—he's very just and punishes each one according to his deserts. Don't persist in delaying the business we now have in hand.

MEG. Well, make me even a private citizen, O goddess of fate, yes, one of those who work for their daily bread, a slave even, instead of the king I once was; but suffer me to return to life—that's all I ask.

CLOTH. (*Impatiently.*) I say—where's the fellow with the club?<sup>200</sup> And you, Hermes, drag him on board by the foot. He will not go of his own accord.

HERM. (*Seizing him.*) You runaway you, come along now! There! Sir Ferryman, take him, and—dash it!—that you may get him safely over—

CHAR. Don't concern yourself! He shall be tied up to the mast.

MEG. (*Protesting.*) Indeed I ought to have the front seat.

CLOTH. Why so?

MEG. Why? Because I was a king, by Zeus, and had a bodyguard of ten thousand spearmen.

CYNISCUS. And so Carion didn't do right, when he plucked out your hair?—you look so disfigured. Anyhow, bitter will be the thought of your kingly rank,

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<sup>200</sup> The fellow with the club: Cyniscus.

when you've had a taste of my club. (*Brandishing it over his head.*)

MEG. What! Shall Cyniscus have the effrontery to threaten me with a blow from his staff? Didn't I, only the other day, come within an ace of nailing you to a cross because you were too free-spoken, harsh and censorious?

CYN. Therefore, even you shall remain nailed fast to the mast.

14. MICYLLUS. Tell me, Clotho, do you folks esteem me of no account? Is it because I'm a poor devil, that I must be the last one to go on board?

CLOTH. Pray who are you?

MIC. The cobbler, Micyllus.

CLOTH. And so you are annoyed at the delay? Don't you see what this tyrant offers to give me, in case he's let off for a bit? Anyway, I'm surprised, that the delay isn't agreeable to you too.

MIC. Well, listen, most excellent of Fates! I take no pleasure whatever in such a gift as the Cyclops bestowed—that promise of his to “No-man”:

Last among his fellows, ‘No-man’ will I eat.<sup>21</sup>

Anyhow, be it the first or the last course, it's the same teeth that await it. Besides, I'm quite differently situated from the rich. For the lives of us poor folks are, as the saying has it, diametrically opposite to theirs. This tyrant here, who was seemingly happy during his lifetime, an object of fear to all and admired of all observers, and who left behind him such a quantity of gold and silver, wearing apparel, horses, dinners, blooming children and comely wives, had good reason to be grieved and distressed at being torn away from them. Somehow or other the soul becomes attached to such objects by a sort of glue, so to speak, and cannot easily quit its hold, because it has clung to them so

<sup>21</sup> “No-man” as my last course: *Od.* 9, 369. Cf. *Dial. of Sea-Gods*, 2. The reference is to the reply of the Cyclops, Polyphemus, to Odysseus, when the latter offered him wine and assured him he would tell who he was, in return for a gift in pledge of hospitality.

“No-man” is my name in truth and “No-man” they  
Call me—mother and father and other comrades all.

Then answered the Cyclops:

Last among his fellows “No-man” will I eat—the  
Best before; and this thy stranger's gift shall be.

long. Or rather, the chain, with which these people have come to be bound, is, as it were, quite incapable of being broken. Of course, if one carry them off by force, they utter loud lamentations and beg hard; and while in other respects they do not want for courage, as regards the road that leads to the nether world they prove arrant cowards. At all events they turn about and look back, and like those who are desperately in love, they would fain gaze steadfastly, even from afar, at what they have left behind in the world of light, just as that fool there was doing, even trying to escape while *en route*, and here plying you with his entreaties. 15. But I, because I had nothing to tie me to life—no estates, no houses, no gold, no furniture, no glory, no statues—naturally enough I was all ready to start off; and when Atropos only nodded to me, I gladly threw aside my knife and the sole I was stitching—for I had a boot in my hands—and jumping up at once, all bare-foot as I was, and even without having washed off of me the black stains of the leather, I followed along, or rather I led the way, with my eyes directed forward. For none of the things behind turned me about or called me back. Yea, by Zeus, to my eyes already, all the ways in vogue with you people here are just elegant. For to me at least it seems ever so nice to find all upon an equality of privilege and nobody better than his neighbor. I infer that debtors don't even get dunned here, and nobody pays taxes, and what's of most consequence, people don't shiver with the cold or suffer from disease, nor are they beaten by the more powerful. All is peace, and the circumstances of people are completely reversed. We poor folks laugh now, while the rich are in distress and utter loud lamentations.

16. CLOTH. I had noticed some time since, Micyllus, that you were laughing. Now what was it that especially moved you to laughter?

MIC. Well, listen, you whom I esteem most highly among goddesses! When upon earth, I lived next door to a tyrant and used to observe very closely how things went with him. At that time I thought him about equal to a god. For I pronounced him happy, when I beheld the brilliancy of the purple he wore, the crowd

of attendants about him, the gold, the beakers set with precious stones, and the divans with their legs of silver. Nay, more, the savory odor of the viands, as they were being cooked for his dinner fairly wore me out; so that he actually seemed to me to be a sort of superhuman person and thrice happy; yes, and all but handsomer than anybody else, and taller by a whole royal cubit, as he strode along with pompous air, elated at his good fortune, throwing his head back haughtily, and striking with awe all who met him. But when he was dead, the man himself seemed to me thoroughly ridiculous, now that he had stripped off his luxury; and still more did I laugh at my own self, such a reprobate had I been admiring, inferring his good fortune from the savory odors that came from his kitchen, and deeming him happy because he regaled himself with the blood of the snails caught in the Laconian sea.<sup>23</sup> 17. Not only at this man did I laugh, but also when I saw the money-lender, Gniphon,<sup>24</sup> sighing and sorrowing, because he didn't have the benefit of his money, but died without so much as a taste of it, leaving his property to the spendthrift, Rhodochares—this fellow, you know, was next of kin to him, and legally the first one to be cited to receive the inheritance. In his case, too, I could not possibly stop laughing, especially when I recalled how pale and slovenly he always was, how his forehead was all wrinkled with care, and how he was rich with his fingers alone, with which he used to count talents, even tens of thousands of them, that he was accumulating little by little, to be soon squandered by the fortunate Rhodochares. But why don't we get under way at once? We will have out the rest of our laughter during the passage, while we watch these people bemoaning their fate.

CLOTH. Well, go aboard, that the ferryman may heave the anchor. (*Micyllus mounts the gangplank.*)

18. CHAR. (*To Micyllus.*) You there! Where are you going? The boat's already full. Wait here till to-morrow. We'll ferry you over early in the morning.

MIC. You do wrong, Charon, to leave behind a dead

<sup>23</sup> Laconian sea: A bay on the southern coast of the Peloponnesus.

<sup>24</sup> Gniphon: Mr. Skinflint.

man, already quite stale. I'll certainly accuse you before Rhadamanthus of violating the law. (*To himself.*) Alas! What ill-luck! They are already under way, while I'm the only one to be left behind here. But why not swim across after them? I've no fears of becoming exhausted and drowning—I'm already dead. Besides, I haven't got even the obol with which to pay my fare. (*He essays to jump in.*)

CLOTH. (*Overhearing.*) What's that? Wait, Micyllus! 'Tisn't allowable for you to cross over in that way.

MIC. Perhaps, though, I shall get into port even before you do.

CLOTH. Impossible! (*Micyllus leaps into the water.*) Well, let us give chase and take him on board. There, Hermes, draw him in!

19. CHAR. But where now shall he sit down? Everything is full, as you perceive.

HERM. Upon the shoulders of the tyrant, if that's agreeable to you.

CLOTH. That's a capital suggestion of Hermes'.

CHAR. (*To Micyllus.*) Mount, then, and trample the old sinner's neck under foot. Now, good luck to us on the voyage! (*They get under way.*)

CYN. I say, Charon, I'd better, I suppose, tell you the truth at the start. The fact is, I shall not be able to pay you the obol, on getting to land. I haven't anything besides my wallet—which you see, and this staff here. As for the rest, if you want me to bale out the bilge-water, I'm at your service, and good at the oar, too. You shall have no occasion to find fault, if you only give me an oar easy to handle and strong.

CHAR. Row away then! That's as much as I ought to take from you.

CYN. Shall I also accompany the rowing with a boat-song?

CHAR. Yes, by all means, if you know some call that sailors are familiar with.

CYN. Yes, I know lots of them, Charon. But you see, these folks here raise such a hullabaloo with their blubbering, as will play the devil with our song.

20. CHORUS OF DEAD. (*Wringing their hands.*)

Oh, dear! My possessions!—Oh! My estates!—Alas! What a splendid mansion I left behind!—What lots of money my heir will squander, now that he has inherited it!—Oh! My poor babes!—Ah me! Who, now, will gather the fruit from the vines, I set out for myself last year?

HERM. I say, Micyllus, haven't you something to groan over? Really, it isn't allowable for a person to make the voyage without tears.

MIC. Away with you! There's no occasion for my groaning—I'm having a delightful sail of it.

HERM. All the same, do groan just a little in deference to the custom.

MIC. I will, then, Hermes, since it is your wish. Here goes!—Oh, dear, dear! My shoe-soles! Oh! My old boots! Oh! What will become of my rotten sandals! Alas! Poor wretch that I am! I shall no longer go without food from early morning until evening, nor in winter-time walk barefoot and half-naked, my teeth chattering from the cold. Ah, me! Who, forsooth, is going to have my shoemaker's knife and my awl?

HERM. There! You've wailed enough. We are almost to land by this time.

21. CHAR. (*To the passengers.*) Come now! Let me have your fares first! Pay up there!—Well, I believe I've got everybody's fare. (*Casting his eye around.*) I say, Micyllus, I want the obol from you, too.

MIC. You are jesting, Charon, or trying to write upon water, as the saying has it, in expecting an obol from Micyllus. Indeed, I'm utterly ignorant whether the coin is square or round.

CHAR. (*Counting over his receipts.*) Yes, what a splendid trip we've had to-day, and a profitable one, too! (*To the Company.*) All the same, go ashore! As for myself, I'm going after a cargo of horses,<sup>24</sup> cattle, dogs and the other live-stock. Yes, they also ought to have been brought across before now.

CLOTH. Come, Hermes, take and lead them away! As for myself, I'm going to sail back to the other side,

<sup>24</sup> A cargo of horses: A thrust at the popular belief that the shades of animals, as well as of men, passed at death into the under-world.

to Indopatre and Heramithre,<sup>26</sup> with the view of bringing the Seres<sup>26</sup> across. For they got into a fight with one another over land boundaries, and have been killed by this time. (*Exeunt Charon and Clotho.*)

HERM. (*To the dead folks.*) Come, you there! Let us proceed; or rather do you all follow me in order!

22. MIC. Good heavens! How dark it is! Where is the handsome Megillus<sup>27</sup> now? How can a fellow tell here whether Simmiché<sup>28</sup> is fairer than Phryné? All things are alike, and of the same color, and there are no such distinctions as beautiful and more beautiful; but already even my coarse cloak, that formerly seemed to me so unsightly, is become equally honorable with the king's purple. For they are invisible and enveloped in the same darkness.—I say, Cyniscus, where in the world are you?

CYN. Here! I tell you, Micyllus. Well, if agreeable to you, let us go on together.

MIC. Very good! Give me your right hand! Tell me, Cyniscus—for evidently you've been initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries<sup>29</sup>—aren't things here much the same as there?

CYN. Yes; you have the right idea. But see, there comes somebody with a torch in her hand, and wearing a sort of terrible, threatening look. Can it possibly be one of the Erinyes?<sup>30</sup>

MIC. So it seems—at least from her appearance. (*Enter Tisiphoné.*)

23. HERM. Take these people, Tisiphoné; there are one thousand and four of them.

<sup>26</sup> Indopatre and Heramithre; Flotitious names, like many others in this dialogue.

<sup>26</sup> Seres; A people of eastern Asia—the northern Chinese—from whom the ancients first obtained silk.

<sup>27</sup> Megillus; See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 12.

<sup>28</sup> Simmiché (snub-nosed) and Phryné (ugly as a toad): Nicknames of certain women of the Athenian demi-monde. A hetæra named Phryné is mentioned, who offered to rebuild at her own expense the city of Thebes after its destruction by Alexander. From her Praxiteles is said to have modeled his famous Caidian Aphrodité and Apelles to have painted his Aphrodité "Anadyomené," or "Coming up out of the sea."

<sup>29</sup> Eleusinian mysteries: Celebrated especially at Eleusis in honor of Demeter and the deities associated with her. The celebration lasted nine days, and its chief feature was the solemn procession on the sixth day from Athens, twelve miles distant. The initiation into the third, or highest grade, was performed during the night. The precise nature of the rites has never been disclosed.

<sup>30</sup> Erinyes: Or Furies. See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 9.

TIS. (*To the crowd of dead.*) Yes, Rhadamanthus here has been waiting for you this long while.

RHAD. Bring them forward, my dear Erinyes; and, Hermes, do you make proclamation and cite them before me. (*Hermes obeys, and the dead come forward.*)

CYN. I adjure thee, Rhadamanthus,<sup>21</sup> by thy father—call me up and examine me first!

RHAD. Why so?

CYN. Come what may, I wish to arraign a certain person for the evil deeds which I positively know of his having done during his lifetime. You wouldn't believe what I say, though, did I not tell you first, who I am and what my manner of life has been.

RHAD. Well, who are you?

CYN. Cyniscus, my dear sir, by profession a philosopher.

RHAD. Come hither, then, and present yourself first for trial. (*To Hermes.*) Now, summon his accusers!

24. HERM. If anybody has aught to bring against this Cyniscus here, let him come forward!

CYN. Nobody comes forward.

RHAD. But that isn't enough, Cyniscus. Strip, I say, in order that I may examine you by the marks upon you.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>21</sup> Rhadamanthus: Son of Zeus. Minos, Æacus and himself constituted the tribunal before which every soul, on entering the lower world, had to appear. Minos was chief-justice, to whom appeal was made in cases of doubt.

<sup>22</sup> Examine by the marks upon you: See Plato's *Gorgias*, 523 ff., where Socrates is represented as setting forth his views concerning the fate of the dead. By the law of Cronus, he who has lived a life of justice and holiness shall go to the Isles of the Blest (placed by the later Greeks in the ocean far to the west), while the unjust and impious shall go to the house of punishment, called Tartarus. At first judgment was rendered on the very day upon which a man was to die. But Pluto and the authorities of the Isles of the Blest complained to Zeus that the souls were finding their way to the wrong places, accurate judgment not being given, because both the souls of the judges and of the judged were still clothed with their bodies, which formed, as it were, a veil before the soul, often making it impossible to diagnose its real character. Accordingly it was ordered that judgment should take place after death, when the souls of both the judged and of the judge were stripped of their vesture. Thus the naked soul of the latter would be enabled to pierce into the naked soul of the former and render a just decision as to its fate. When at death body and soul part company, they each retain their characteristics, which are much the same as in life. When the soul is divested of the body all its natural or acquired affections are laid open to view. Rhadamanthus inspects the soul of each one, not knowing whose it is. But oftentimes, when he lays hold upon the Great King, or some other prince or potentate, he perceives no soundness in his soul, but finds that it has been subjected to a severe scourging, and is full of scars made by perjuries and wrongdoing, which each one's own conduct has stamped upon his soul, and is all crooked from falsehood and bragging, and nothing is straight, because he has lived without truth. So the judge sees the soul full of deformity and stained



CYN. Why, how did I become a branded culprit?

RHAD. Whatever evil deeds any one of you has done during his life, he carries about upon his soul invisible marks of every single one of them.

CYN. There! I stand before you stripped, as you direct. Now then, search out those marks you speak of.

RHAD. (*Making examination.*) Well, this man here is upon the whole without blemish, except these three or four scars that are quite faint and indistinct. But what means this? There are many traces and indications of the brands; but somehow or other they have been obliterated, or rather cut out. How comes that, Cyniscus? How is it that you have proved to be without spot again?

CYN. Well, I'll tell you. In my younger days I became bad through ignorance, and thereby earned for myself many marks. But just as soon as I began to devote myself to philosophy, little by little I washed off all the stains from my soul by the use of this remedy, so good indeed and highly effectual was it.

RHAD. Well, my friend, you may go to the Isles of the Blest, there to be with the noblest men. But you must first lodge your complaint against the tyrant you speak of. Now, Hermes, call up some more! (*Micyllus steps forward.*)

25. MIC. Mine, Sir Rhadamanthus, is a trifling matter and requires only a brief examination. Anyhow I've been stripped for you this long time—so, proceed with your inspection!

RHAD. But, who are you?

MIC. The cobbler Micyllus.

RHAD. Very good, Micyllus! You are absolutely without blemish; there isn't a mark upon you. Do you too take your place beside this Cyniscus here.

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with license and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and dispatches it ignominiously to its prison, and there it undergoes the punishment it deserves.

Appropos of a letter written to the Senate by the Emperor Tiberius, describing the utter misery and remorse of mind which had come upon him as a penalty for his crimes and infamies, Tacitus remarks: "Not without reason was the man most distinguished for wisdom (Socrates) wont to declare that, were the minds of kings to be laid open, there could be seen lacerations and wounds; for just as the body is mangled by whips, so by cruelty, by lust and by evil devices is the soul lacerated. Indeed, neither outward prosperity nor living in solitude could save Tiberius from the necessity of confessing his tortures of soul and from the retribution he had brought upon himself." *Annals*, vi., 6.

Now Hermes, summon the tyrant before me immediately!

HERM. Let Megapenthes, the son of Lacydes, present himself. (*Megapenthes tries to make off.*) Whither away? Come forward, I say! It's you, the tyrant there, that I'm calling for. Tisiphoné, shove him forward and hurl him into the midst headforemost. (*Megapenthes is forced to the front.*)

RHAD. Now, Cyniscus, make your accusation and forthwith prove your case. There's the man, close by you!

26. CYN. It were entirely unnecessary to say anything at all. For you'll find out right here and now what sort of a fellow he is, from the brands upon him. But for all that, I will myself tear aside the veil and expose the man to your view more clearly by means of speech also. However, I think I'll pass over what this thrice-accursed wretch here did as a private citizen. But when, associating with himself the boldest spirits and having got together a lot of spearmen, he rose in revolt against the city and established himself as despot, he put to death more than ten thousand without trial. Confiscating the property of each of them, and having thus become immensely rich, he neglected no form of excess and practiced all manner of cruelty and wanton violence upon the miserable citizens. He seduced maidens, dishonored youth, and in every way behaved toward his subjects like one drunken. Indeed, you could not possibly punish him according to his deserts for his arrogance and conceit and his insolence toward those who met him. Why, it would have been easier for one to look at the sun without winking, than at him. Nay, more, who could describe the unheard-of cruelty, of the punishments, which he invented? Indeed he spared not even his nearest of kin. And that this is no mere empty slander against him, you'll soon find out, when you have summoned those whom he has murdered. Or rather, as you see, they are present unbidden and, standing round about, are trying to choke him. All these people, Rhadamanthus, have died at the hands of this old sinner. Some were the objects of his plots on account of their handsome

wives; some were put to death because they were indignant, when their sons were taken away to gratify his lust; and others, because of their wealth; and others still, because they were shrewd, sensible men, and not at all pleased with his doings.

27. RHAD. (*To Megapenthes.*) What do you say to these charges, you wretch you?

MEG. As for the murders he tells about, I confess I have done them; but all the other things—the adulteries, the outrages upon youth, and the seductions of maidens—all these Cyniscus has falsely alleged against me.

CYN. Well, then, Rhadamanthus, I'll furnish witnesses as to these things too.

RHAD. Who are the witnesses, of whom you speak?

CYN. (*Turning to Hermes.*) I say, Hermes, summon for me his Lamp and Bed! They will come forward and testify in person as to what they knew of his doing.

HERM. Let the Bed and the Lamp of Megapenthes come forward! Here they are—they've done well to obey.

RHAD. (*To Lamp and Bed.*) Now, then, do you, state what deeds of this Megapenthes you were privy to. And do you, O Bed, speak first!

BED. It's all true, what Cyniscus has charged. I am ashamed, however, Sir Rhadamanthus, to tell these things, such was the nature of what he did upon me.

RHAD. Well, your testimony is perfectly clear, though you cannot bear even to put it into words. Now, Lamp, let us have your evidence.

LAMP. I didn't see his goings on by day, for I wasn't present. And as for what he did and experienced o' nights, I hesitate to tell. Albeit, I did see many things too shameful to be mentioned and transcending every conceivable outrage. And yet, oftentimes on purpose I did not drink up the oil, because I wanted to be extinguished. But he used to set me down in full view of his deeds, and in every possible way polluted my light.

28. RHAD. We've had enough witnesses already. (*To Megapenthes.*) Now, sir, strip off your purple,

that we may see how many brands there are upon you. Good heavens! The fellow is tattooed all over and fairly livid, or rather black and blue with the marks. How, then, shall he be punished? Ought he to be cast into the Pyriphlegethon<sup>33</sup>, or turned over to the tender mercies of Cerberus?<sup>34</sup>

CYN. Not a bit of it! But, if you please, I'll suggest to you a new sort of punishment, that just suits his case.

RHAD. Say on! I shall be extremely grateful to you for the suggestion.

CYN. It is customary, I believe, for all on dying to drink the water of Lethé.

RHAD. Certainly.

CYN. Well, then, let him be the only one of all never to drink thereof.

RHAD. Pray, why so?

CYN. Why, in this way the punishment he will have to undergo will be a severe one. What he once was and the power he enjoyed in the upper world will haunt his memory, and he will have an opportunity to meditate upon the luxury of his former life.

RHAD. That's well said, my friend. Let him now receive sentence. Away with the fellow to the side of Tantalus,<sup>35</sup> and let him be bound in chains, and be haunted ever with the memory of what he did during his lifetime.

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<sup>33</sup> Pyriphlegethon; See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 7.

<sup>34</sup> Cerberus; See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 4.

<sup>35</sup> Tantalus; See *Charon or Seeing the Signs*, note 33.

## 3.

## THE DREAM, OR THE COCK.

MICYLLUS, *the COBBLER, and a Cock.*

1. MICYLLUS. (*Suddenly aroused from sleep by the crowing of a cock.*) Well, you utterly good-for-nothing Cock, O that Zeus himself would make short work of you, you are so envious and have such a piercing voice! Why, just as I was in the midst of affluence, reveling in a most bewitching dream and enjoying an extraordinary run of good luck, you waked me up by your rather shrill and sonorous outcry, in order that even by night I shouldn't get rid of my poverty, a far more offensive companion than yourself. Indeed, it is not yet midnight, at least if one may judge by the fact that the stillness is yet profound and the cold has not yet benumbed me, as it is wont to do by morning—for to me that is a most trustworthy indication of approaching day. Whereas, this sleepless Cock here has been crowing from just at nightfall till now, as though he were guarding the famous golden fleece.<sup>1</sup> But he shall certainly rue it. For sure as fate, I'll pay you off, if only day come, and beat you to a jelly with my cane. I'll not undertake the job just now, for under present circumstances, you'll bother me with your jumping about in the darkness.

COCK. O my master, Micyllus, I thought I was going to do you a kindness by anticipating as much of the night as I could, in order that, by getting up betimes, you might be able to finish the most of your

<sup>1</sup> Golden fleece: The reference here is to the familiar story of Hellé and Phrixus, and the winged ram, upon which they fled across the sea to Colchis. Hellé was lost in the sea, but Phrixus arrived safely and, after sacrificing the ram to Zeus, hung up the fleece in the groves of Ares, where it was guarded day and night by a terrible dragon, until carried away by Jason and the Argonauts, who had gone in search of it.

work. Anyhow, if you complete one boot before the sun rises, you will have accomplished that much by way of help toward your bread and butter. But if it's more agreeable to you to sleep, I'll keep quiet out of deference to you and be far more voiceless than the fishes; and do *you* look to it, lest you wake up and find yourself hungry, notwithstanding your dream of wealth.

2. MIC. O Zeus, god of portents, and Heracles, who shields from ill, what calamity does this forebode? Why, the Cock talked like a human being!

COCK. Do you, then, regard it as such a marvel, that I speak the same language with you men?

MIC. Why, how can it but be a marvel? O ye gods, save us from threatening ill!

COCK. You seem to me, Micyllus, to be quite uneducated, and not even to have read the poems of Homer, in which even Bayard,<sup>2</sup> the horse of Achilles, bidding a long farewell to neighing, stood talking in the midst of the battle, reciting entire verses, not discouraging, as I do now, without metrical form. Nay, he even turned prophet and foretold future events, and was thought to be doing nothing paradoxical; nor did the hearer invoke the Defender-from-evil, as you did, because, forsooth, he fancied that what he heard was to be deprecated. And, indeed, what would you have done, if the keel of the *Argo*<sup>3</sup> had spoken to you, or the oak in Dodona had prophesied in your hearing with a real voice; or if you had seen hides of oxen moving and heard their flesh bellowing,<sup>4</sup> though stuck upon the spits and half roasted? As for myself, I'm an attendant, you know, of *Hermes*,<sup>5</sup> the most talkative and eloquent of all the gods, and for the rest, live and am

<sup>2</sup> Bayard: This and Dapple were the famous immortal horses of Achilles, *Il.* xvi, 149 ff. When he became reconciled to Agamemnon and once more joined the Achæans in the fray, the hero appealed to his steeds to bring him safely back to the Grecian host. It was then that Bayard, inspired by *Heré*, predicted in human speech the death of Achilles, *Il.* xix., 404 ff.

<sup>3</sup> *Argo*: The fifty-oared ship in which Jason went in search of the golden fleece. When *Argus* was building it, *Athené* caused a piece of wood from the Talking Oak of Dodona to be placed in the prow or keel. Like the oak it had the power of giving orders and was Jason's constant adviser.

<sup>4</sup> Heard the flesh bellowing: On his voyage back to Ithaca *Odysseus* lands upon the island of *Thrinacia* (an old name of Sicily), where were the sacred herds of *Helios* (Sun). His famished companions kill them, and among other signs shown forth by the gods the flesh upon the spits bellowed. *Od.* xii., 394 ff.

<sup>5</sup> An attendant of *Hermes*: He was often represented with a cock standing near him as a symbol of vigilance. He was regarded as the patron of eloquence.

brought up with you men, and accordingly was likely to master the language of men without difficulty. But if you were to promise me to hold your tongue, I shouldn't hesitate to tell you the truer cause of my speaking the same language with you and whence I derive the ability to talk in such wise.

3. MIC. But this, too, isn't a dream, is it—a cock conversing with me in this fashion? Be that as it may, in the name of Hermes, do tell me, my dear friend, just what else is the cause of your ability to speak! Why should you have misgivings about my keeping mum and that I will tell somebody? For who would believe me, if I should relate something, with the assertion that I had heard a cock tell it?

COCK. Well, then, Micyllus, listen! I well know that I am making a statement that is most incredible to you. For this creature here, who now seems to you a cock, not long since was a man.

MIC. Of course, I long ago heard some such thing about your tribe—how a youth named Alectryon (Cock) became a friend of Ares, drank with the god, was a boon companion of his in merrymaking, and shared in his love affairs. And when, for instance, Ares<sup>\*</sup> sallied forth to the apartments of Aphrodité to play the gay Lothario, he took Alectryon also along with him, and—as he was especially suspicious of Helios, lest he should observe what was going on and tell Hephæstus—he always left the young man outside near the door, so as to give the signal when Helios should rise. Then, so the story goes on to relate, Alectryon on one occasion slept through and unwittingly abandoned his watch, and Helios, without being observed, stood near Aphrodité and Ares while wrapped in slumber, because they took it for granted that Alectryon would sound the alarm if any one approached. And Hephæstus, having thus learned of the affair from Helios, made them fast by throwing chains around them, which he had made for them long before, and so caught them as in a net. But Ares, when let go—as was the case—was angry with Alectryon and changed him into this fowl here—

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\* Ares: God of war. The account of his amour with Aphrodité (goddess of love) in *Od. viii.*, 266 ff., furnished the basis of the story here given.

arms and all—so that he still retains upon his head the helmet crest. And, therefore, by way of apology to Ares—though there's no use in it—you, cocks, when you see Helios about coming up, crow a long time before, to give notice of his rising.

4. COCK. Yes; people do tell that story also, Micylus. But my case is quite different; you'll find I've changed into a cock very recently.

MIC. And how was it? For that's what I'm especially desirous of knowing.

COCK. Well, have you heard of a certain Pythagoras,<sup>7</sup> son of Mnesarchus, of Samos?

MIC. You refer, I suppose, to the sophist, the quack, who forbade by law to taste flesh, or eat beans, banishing from the table a most delicious relish—to my notion at least. And furthermore, he persuaded people that he had been Euphorbus,<sup>8</sup> before he became Pythagoras. They say, O Cock, that the man was also a sorcerer and wonder worker.

COCK. Well, I'm myself the famous Pythagoras, you'll find. So, my good man, stop railing at me, especially as you don't know just what sort of a person I was for character.

MIC. Why, this story, I repeat, is far more marvelous than the other. Good heavens! A cock, a philosopher! But for all that, tell me, son of Mnesarchus, how it was you came to appear as a bird with us, instead of a man, and from Tanagra<sup>9</sup> instead of Samos. For that is not probable, or very easy to believe, as I think I've already observed in you at least two characteristics quite foreign to Pythagoras.

COCK. Well, what are they?

MIC. One, that you are garrulous and noisy, whereas he, I think, used to exhort people to remain silent for five whole years; and the other is indeed a direct violation of law. For I had come home yesterday without the wherewithal to set before you, but with beans only, as you are aware, and you made no bones

<sup>7</sup> Pythagoras: The famous philosopher (6th century B. C.) of Croton, in southern Italy, where he established a brotherhood of his followers.

<sup>8</sup> Euphorbus: A Trojan hero. The transmigration of souls was one of the leading doctrines of Pythagoras.

<sup>9</sup> Tanagra: The cocks of Tanagra in Boeotia were famous for their size and strength, and cock-fights were a popular amusement there.



of gobbling them up. It must be, therefore, that you've told a lie and are somebody else, or, if you are Pythagoras, that you've acted unlawfully and committed sacrilege in eating beans.

5. COCK. No wonder you think so, Micellus, for you don't understand the rationale of these things or what is adapted to each kind of life. I didn't eat beans at that time, for I was a philosopher; but now I may eat them, for this food is for fowls and not forbidden us. If, however, it is agreeable to you, hear how it is, that, after having been Pythagoras, I am now, what you see before you, and in what states of being I formerly lived and what enjoyment I have derived from each transmigration.

MIC. Say on! For to me at least the tale would be fascinating beyond measure. Why, if somebody should set before me the choice, whether I would rather hear you relate such adventures, or behold again that superlatively happy dream that I had a little while ago, I don't know which I should choose, so exactly like the things that seem most charming do I regard your experiences; and both of you I hold in equal honor—you yourself and my highly-prized dream.

COCK. What! Are you still conning over your dream—whatever it was that appeared to you—and intently watching rather unsubstantial shapes, chasing in memory an empty and, to quote a word from the poets, a pretty “fleeting” happiness?

6. MIC. But, be assured, O Cock, I shall never forget that vision. So abundant is the honey that the dream left behind in my eyes, that I can scarcely open my eyelids, which are again drawn down by it into sleep. The objects I saw gave me such a tickling sensation, as, for instance, feathers produce, when turned about in one's ears.

COCK. I must say, the fondness you express for your dream is something marvelous, if indeed, being winged, as they tell, and with the period of slumber as the limit of its flight, it has nevertheless leaped over the allotted bounds<sup>10</sup> already, and lingers yet before your

<sup>10</sup> Over the allotted bounds: A proverbial expression drawn from the leaping exercise of the gymnastic schools. Literally, the scores of the contestants marked in the sand. Whoever leaped over all was declared victor.

eyes, though they are wide open, and appears so bonied and in such bold relief. At all events, I want to hear what sort of a thing it is, since you have such an intense yearning after it.

MIC. Well, I'm ready to tell you. Indeed, I shall be delighted to recall it to mind and give a somewhat circumstantial account of it. But, my dear Pythagoras, when are you going to relate the story of your trans-migrations?

COCK. When you, Micyllus, stop your dreaming and wipe off the honey from your eyelids. But, as it is, do you have your say first, that I may learn whether the dream was sent by way of the ivory gates, or through those of horn.

MIC. Not through either of them, Pythagoras.

COCK. And yet Homer declares there are only those two.<sup>11</sup>

MIC. Have done with that silly poet, for he doesn't know anything about dreams. The flimsy dreams such as he saw—though not very clearly, for he himself was blind, you know—perhaps *they* came forth by way of such gates. But my dream—the most bewitching of all—came through a sort of golden doorway, and was itself composed of gold and draped entirely in gold, and brought a quantity of gold along with it.

COCK. Cease talking of gold, my dear friend Midas,<sup>12</sup> for your dream is simply a fulfillment of his prayer, and I should think you had slept whole mines of gold.

7. MIC. Yes, I did see much gold, Pythagoras—a deal of it. Ah! How exquisitely beautiful it was and what a sheen it flashed forth! Pray what does Pindar<sup>13</sup> say in praise of it? Recall for me, if you know them, the lines, in which speaking of water as most excellent,

<sup>11</sup> Only those two: *Od.* xix., 563 ff.

Twain are the gates of fleeting dreams;  
One of horn is wrought, of ivory one.  
Some through doors of sawn ivory make their way;  
False are they and fruitless tidings bear.  
Others through gates of polished horn come forth;  
These to mortal sight true issues bring.

<sup>12</sup> Midas: King of Phrygia in central Asia Minor, who prayed that everything he touched might turn into gold.

<sup>13</sup> Pindar: The national lyricist of Greece (522-443 B.C.). Besides fragmentary remains, there are extant forty-four Epinicia, or odes, in celebration of victories at the Olympic and other games. The quotation is from *Olympic* i., 8 f.

he then goes into ecstasies over gold—and with good reason. It's at the very beginning of the book, and about the most graceful of all lyrics.

COCK. But surely it isn't this you are inquiring after, is it?

There's naught to compare with water; but as flaming fire by night,  
So gold shines forth, transcending all proud Plutus' gifts.

MIC. By my troth, that's the very thing! Pindar, you observe, praises gold just as if he had seen my vision. But, O most sapient Cock, listen, that you may learn at once what sort of a thing it was. You remember I didn't dine at home yesterday; for Eucrates, the millionaire, met me in the market-place and bade me be on hand and dine with him at the appointed hour, having first taken a bath.

8. COCK. Yes, I'm very well aware of that; for I had fasted all day long, until at a late hour of the evening you came home somewhat mellow and brought me those five beans—not a very ample meal, let me tell you, for a cock, that had once been a champion, and had contended, not without glory, in the Olympic games.<sup>14</sup>

MIC. Well, on my return from dinner, I at once went to bed, after throwing the beans to you, and then in Homeric parlance:

As the ambrosial night wore on, in sooth a  
Dream from the gods, a vision in my sleep, appeared and—  
—Il. ii. 56.

COCK. But first, Micyllus, tell me your experience at the house of Eucrates, how the dinner passed off, and all the things that happened at the symposium. For there's nothing to prevent your dining over again, as it were reproducing that dinner in a sort of vision, and in memory feasting upon the viands afresh.

9. MIC. I thought I should bore you if I described in detail these things also. But, as you strongly desire it, I'll tell you now. Never before, my dear Pythagoras, in all my born days, did I dine at any rich man's

<sup>14</sup> Olympic games: The most famous of the Greek national games and celebrated at intervals of four years at Olympia. After 776 B.C. time was reckoned by these intervals, called Olympiads. In the 48th Olympiad, Pythagoras is said to have been victor in the boxing contest.

table, until, as good luck would have it, I yesterday fell in with Eucrates. After saluting him as "my lord," according to my custom, I was on the point of taking my leave, lest I should mortify the man by keeping company with him in my seedy attire, when says he, "To-day, Micyllus, I celebrate the anniversary of my daughter's birth with a banquet, and I've invited in very many of our friends. But it's reported that one of them is on the sick list and cannot dine with us. So, do you make your toilet and be present in his place, unless, indeed, upon a second invitation, he should say that he will be on hand—which now at least is doubtful." On hearing this I made my bow and departed, beseeching all the gods to send chills and fever, pleurisy, or an attack of the gout upon the guest who was under the weather, whose alternate and substitute at dinner and successor I had been invited to be. The time until the hour for bathing seemed an eternity, and I kept my eyes fixed intently upon the sundial to see how long the shadow of the gnomon was and when at length it would be necessary to take my bath. When at last the proper time arrived, having quickly made my toilet, I set forth quite decently clad, having turned my cloak that my dress might have its less soiled part outside. 10. I find at the door many other guests, and even him too—borne upon a litter by four men—in whose stead I was to dine, and who was said to be sick. And indeed he evidently was badly off. At any rate, he kept up a low moaning, and had a rather deep-seated cough, and hawked and spit, so one couldn't go near him. He was pale as a ghost and bloated, and about sixty years old. He was said to be a sort of philosopher—one of that class who talk nonsense to the youth. Anyhow, his beard was very like that of a goat and greatly in need of being trimmed. On being taken to task by Doctor Archibius for venturing out in such a state of health, he replied: "One ought not to prove false to duty, especially if he is a philosopher, though countless infirmities stand in his way. Why, Eucrates will think I didn't care a straw for him." "No indeed!" said I. "On the contrary, he will commend you, if you prefer to depart this life at home by your-

self, rather than in the banquet hall, coughing up your immortal spirit<sup>15</sup> along with the phlegm." Out of pride, I suppose, he pretended not to have heard my jest. After a little, Eucrates, having finished his toilet, appears upon the scene, and seeing Thesmopolis—for that was our philosopher's name—"Professor," says he, "I appreciate your good will in being present in person at my house; but even had you stayed away, you wouldn't have lost anything, for all the courses would have been sent you in their order." With these words he passed in, leading Thesmopolis by the hand, who was also supported by the servants. 11. I accordingly was getting ready to leave, when my host turned around and was for some time at a loss what to do. But when he saw that I was very much out of sorts, he said—"And do you also, Micyllus, stay and dine with us. I will direct my son to eat with his mother in the women's apartment, in order that you may have a place." So in I went, having come within an ace of posing as a wolf who opens his mouth for nothing,<sup>16</sup> and mortified because I thought I had turned my host's son out of the banquet hall. When it came time to take our seats at the festive board, in the first place some strapping young fellows—five, I think—with much ado, I assure you, lifted Thesmopolis up and deposited him in his chair, stuffing in pillows all around him, that he might maintain his position and be able to hold out a long time. Then, as nobody was inclined to sit near him, they unceremoniously put me in the seat next below his, that we might be table companions. Dinner, Pythagoras, immediately followed—a rather sumptuous repast, with a profusion of viands, served upon an abundance of gold and silver plate. There were beakers of gold, servants in the bloom of youth, and singing girls and buffoons between-whiles. In a word, the entertainment was delightful in the extreme. One thing, however, vexed me beyond measure. Thesmopolis made a regular nuisance of himself, spinning a long yarn about "virtue"

<sup>15</sup> Coughing up your immortal spirit: Mark Twain has a similar expression in his "Curing a Cold." (*Williams*.)

<sup>16</sup> Posing as a wolf, etc.: A proverb, applied to those who find their expectations disappointed.

so-called, and informing me that two negatives make an affirmative, and that it is not night when it is day; and every now and then he even declared I had horns.<sup>17</sup> Though I didn't care a straw for them, he kept on indulging in a lot of such speculations, and so spoiled my pleasure by not permitting me to listen to the players and singers. Such, my dear Chanticleer, was the dinner.

COCK. Not very delightful after all, Micyllus, especially as you were allotted a seat near that old fool!

12. MIC. Well, listen now to my dream also. I imagined that Eucrates had no children himself, and now lay at death's door—I know not how it came about—and that he then called me to him, made his will, in which I was constituted heir of all his property, and soon after died. Then, in my dream, having come into possession of the estate, I drew off in pretty large tubs the gold and the silver, which poured into them in an ever-flowing and abundant stream; and the other things—the wardrobe, tables, drinking cups, and the menials—were all mine, of course. Then I rode out in a carriage with a span of white horses, with my head proudly thrown back, the cynosure of all eyes, and the object of their envy. A crowd ran ahead, or led the way on horseback, and more tagged on behind. Clad in the old gentleman's clothing, and wearing some sixteen massive rings upon my fingers, I was ordering a pretty splendid banquet to be prepared for the entertainment of my friends. As is natural enough in a dream, you know, they were on hand in a trice, and the dinner was presently brought in and the drink compounded. Just as I was in the midst of all this, and drinking healths in golden bowls to each of my guests, at the very moment the cake was being brought in, you inopportunely set up a crowing, and to our loss turned the symposium topsy-turvy, tipped over the tables, scattered that wealth of mine and caused it to be borne away on the wings of the wind. Don't you think, then, I've good reason to be vexed with you? Had my dream appeared to me three nights in succession, I should still have looked upon it with delight.

<sup>17</sup> I had horns: The fallacy of the horns is stated thus: What you haven't lost, that you have. You haven't lost horns, therefore you have horns.

13. COCK. Are you so fond of gold and enamored with riches as all that, Micyllus, and do you admire this alone above everything and regard it as a blessing—the possession of an ample supply of gold?

MIC. My dear Pythagoras, I'm not the only one of whom this is true; nay, you yourself also, when you were Euphorbus,<sup>18</sup> fastened ornaments of gold and silver in your locks, and thus tricked out you went into battle with the Achaïans. Although in the midst of the combat, where it was better to be ironclad rather than wear gold, yet even then you thought fit to contend, with your tresses tied up with gold. And in my opinion, it was for this, that Homer said your locks were like the Graces,<sup>19</sup> because

—they were tightly bound with silver and gold.

—*Il.* xvii. 53.

To be sure, they looked far better and more lovely, when entwined with the gold also and shining forth along with it. And yet, my friend with the golden ornaments in your hair, if you did prize gold, your opinion is of little consequence—you were only Panthous' son. Whereas, the father<sup>20</sup> of all men and gods, the son of Cronus and Rhea, when in his youth he fell in love with that famous maiden of Argolis,<sup>21</sup> having nothing more lovely into which he might transform himself, nor knowing how he could corrupt the watch set by Acrisius—of course you've heard how he turned into gold, and streaming down through the roof, embraced his Dulcinea. Why, then, should I go on to tell you, in the next place, what uses gold subserves—that it makes those who have it beautiful, wise and powerful, bestowing upon them honor and glory, and sometimes raises men from obscurity and degradation

<sup>18</sup> Euphorbus: Son of Panthous and was killed by Menelaus in the battle around the dead body of Patroclus, *Il.* xvii., 60 ff.

With a crash he fell, and his armor rang upon him.  
With blood his hair was wet—hair like to that of the Graces—  
And his locks, that tightly were bound with silver and gold.

<sup>19</sup> The Graces: Aglaia, Euphrosyne and Thalia, attendants upon Aphroditë.

<sup>20</sup> Father of all men: Zeus, son of Cronus and Rhea. Cronus was one of the Titans, by whom he was placed upon the throne of his father, Uranus, to be dethroned in turn by his own son.

<sup>21</sup> Maiden of Argolis: Danaë, immured by her father, Acrisius, in a subterranean room, or brazen tower, that she might be secluded from all lovers.

and makes them in a short time admired of all observers, and held in high repute? 14. Anyhow, you know my neighbor and fellow-craftsman, Simon, who dined with me not long ago, when at the festival of the Cronia<sup>22</sup> I boiled the pea soup, with two slices of sausage meat thrown in.

COCK. Oh, yes, I know him—the dapper little man, with the flat nose, who, at the conclusion of the dinner, stole the earthen bowl, the only one we had, and went off with it under his arm—for I myself, Micyllus, saw him do it.

MIC. So that fellow stole it, did he, and then swore by so many gods that he didn't? But why didn't you crow, my dear Chanticleer, and make it known, when you saw me robbed?

COCK. Well, I did set up a crowing, which was the only thing I could do then. But what of Simon? Methinks you were about to say something concerning him.

MIC. Well, he had a cousin who was ever so rich—Drimylus by name—who in all his life gave Simon not even an obol. Of course not, for even he himself didn't touch his own money. As, however, he lately died, all that property according to law belongs to Simon; and now that fellow, who used to wear rags, dirty at that, and was glad enough to lick the platter clean, rides out dressed in purple and scarlet, and has servants and carriages and golden beakers and tables with ivory feet; and receives the homage of all, but never so much as looks my way. Anyhow, the other day, seeing him coming toward me—"Good-day, Simon!" said I. But he replied in high dudgeon: "Tell that beggar not to abbreviate my name. My name isn't Simon—it's Simonides."<sup>23</sup> To crown all, even the ladies are in love with him already; whereas he gives himself airs in their presence and takes no notice of them. Some, though, he allows to approach him and treats graciously, while others threaten to hang themselves, be-

<sup>22</sup> Cronia: A festival celebrated in Greece and especially at Athens in honor of Cronus. It was similar to the Saturnalia of the Romans and has its counterpart, as a season of merrymaking, in the modern Italian carnival.

<sup>23</sup> Simonides: A thrust at the habit *parvenus* had of altering their names, so as to cover up their humble origin.



cause they are ignored. You see what a world of good gold accomplishes, since like the famous girdle<sup>24</sup> the poets sing about, it transforms the ugly and makes them attractive. You've also heard the poets say:<sup>25</sup>

Oh, gold! Thou welcome gift, supremely fair! and—  
For gold it is, that holds o'er mortal men a sovereign sway.

But why, O Cock, did you laugh right in the midst of my discourse?

15. COCK. Because, through lack of perception, you, too, Micyllus, just like the multitude, are thoroughly deceived as to the rich. Depend upon it, they pass their life in far greater wretchedness than you folks do. I, who tell you this, have many a time been poor and rich and have tried every kind of life. By and by, you yourself, also, shall know all the details.

MIC. By my troth, it's high time indeed for you too, to tell your story, how you exchanged one state of being for another, and what you remember about each life.

COCK. Attend, then. But this much, at least, be assured of beforehand, that I've never seen anybody who lived a happier life than you.

MIC. Than I, my dear Chanticleer? May the like good fortune fall to your lot! For you provoke me to be hard upon you. But begin with Euphorbus and tell me how you came to be changed into Pythagoras and then your successive transformations, until you assumed the form of a cock. For it's probable you saw and suffered divers things in your various lives.

16. COCK. Well, now for my story. How my soul first, on flying down to earth from Apollo,<sup>26</sup> entered a human body, and what sentence it fulfilled, it would be tedious to relate; and besides, it wouldn't be lawful either for me to tell, or for you to hear such things. But when I became Euphorbus—

MIC. But tell me this first, whether I also, as well

<sup>24</sup> The famous girdle: The magic girdle of Aphrodité (*Il.* xiv, 214 ff.).

She spoke, and from her breast the brodered girdle loosed,  
Rich wrought; and all her magic spells therein abide.  
Therein is love, therein desire, and fond discourse,  
A charm that steals men's wits, however wise they are.

<sup>25</sup> The poets say: The following quotations are probably from some lost play of Euripides.

<sup>26</sup> Apollo: The Neo-Platonists held that Apollo was father of Pythagoras.

as you, was ever changed from one state of being to another.

COCK. Certainly!

MIC. Who, then, was I just before my present state—who was I, you miracle of a fellow, if you can tell anything about it? That's what I want to know.

COCK. You? Why, you were an Indian ant<sup>37</sup>—one of the kind that dig up the gold.

MIC. Is it possible, then, that I was such a luckless wight as to hesitate about laying in even a small supply of the gold dust, when I came from that life into this? But tell me also what I'm going to be next! you probably know. If it should be something good, I'll at once get up and hang myself from the peg whereon you are perched.

17. COCK. There's no possible way by which you can find that out. Well, then, to return to those events, when I became Euphorbus, I fought at Troy and was slain by Menelaus. Some time after this I was transformed into Pythagoras. In the meantime I remained houseless and homeless, until at length Mnesarchus<sup>38</sup> prepared the house for me.

MIC. Were you without food and drink, my good friend?

COCK. Oh, certainly! There was no need of such things, save for the body only.

MIC. Well, then, tell me first the things that occurred at Troy. Were they really such as Homer declares them to have been?

COCK. Why, Micyllus, how did he have any certain knowledge of them? For, while those events were taking place, he was a camel in Bactra.<sup>39</sup> But this much I can tell you—nothing so very extraordinary happened at that time. Ajax<sup>40</sup> wasn't such a giant, nor Helen<sup>41</sup> her-

<sup>37</sup> Indian ant: Described by Herodotus (III. 104) as larger than a dog, but smaller than a fox, to be found along the upper Indus, where they burrow in the sand, which abounds in gold dust; perhaps the same animal as the spotted marmot, called ant by the Indians, because of its burrowing habit.

<sup>38</sup> Mnesarchus: Father of Pythagoras.

<sup>39</sup> Bactra: The modern Balkh, celebrated for its camels, distinguished from the Arabian dromedary by having two humps instead of one.

<sup>40</sup> Ajax: Described (*Il. iii.*, 227) as "huge, bulwark of the Achæans."

<sup>41</sup> Helen: Represented as of surpassing beauty; called a "swan's daughter," because Zeus appeared to her mother Leda in the form of a swan. In her youth she was carried off by Theseus, the great legendary hero of Attica. After her

self, so beautiful as people suppose. For I caught sight of her neck which was rather white and longish, so that I conjectured she was a swan's daughter. As for the rest, she was quite matronly, about as old as Hecabé.<sup>25</sup> For Theseus, who lived in the time of Heracles, first carried her off and kept her in Aphidnæ, and Heracles<sup>26</sup> had before that captured Troy, in the time of our fathers, or thereabouts. For Panthous<sup>27</sup> told me this, declaring that when he was only a stripling he had seen Heracles.

MIC. What now? Was Achilles<sup>28</sup> such as Homer represents him—peerless in all respects? Or, is this, too, only a myth?

COCK. I never came in contact with him, Micyllus, nor can I describe to you so accurately how things were with the Greeks. How can I, as I was an enemy of theirs? His comrade, however, Patroclus,<sup>29</sup> I had no difficulty in killing, thrusting him through with my lance.

MIC. Yes; and then Menelaus with far greater ease disposed of you. But enough of this! Now tell me about Pythagoras!

18. COCK. Well, upon the whole, Micyllus, I was a sophist—I must, I suppose, tell the truth about it. Besides, I was not uninstructed, or without practice in the noblest branches of learning. I journeyed even into Egypt, that I might hold converse with the priests respecting wisdom. I descended into their innermost sanctuaries, and learned by heart the books of Orus and

rescue by her brothers, Castor and Polydeuces, she married Menelaus of Lacedæmon, and subsequently was carried off by Paris to Troy, which act caused the Trojan war.

<sup>25</sup> Hecabé: Wife of Priam, king of Troy, and mother of Paris.

<sup>26</sup> Heracles: He made an expedition against Troy in order to avenge the faithlessness of King Laomedon. Both Theseus and Heracles belonged to the age preceding the siege of Troy. Hence, it is argued, that if Helen was a young lady in their day, she could not have been so young and beautiful, as Homer represents her, at the time of the Trojan war.

<sup>27</sup> Panthous: Father of Euphorbus.

<sup>28</sup> Achilles: The most intense and masterful figure of the *Iliad*.

Strong men and swift, their tossing plumes uprear.  
But stronger, swifter, goodlier he than they,  
More awful, more divine.

—Myers.

<sup>29</sup> Patroclus: The cherished friend of Achilles, struck senseless by Apollo; whereupon Euphorbus smote him from behind with his lance and then ran back, while Hector administered the finishing blow, *Il.* xvi. 813 ff. In the battle over his dead body Euphorbus himself was killed by Menelaus. *Il.* xvii., 45 ff.

Isis.<sup>37</sup> Then, I voyaged back again into Italy and exercised such influence over the Greeks in those parts that they came to regard me as a god.<sup>38</sup>

MIC. Yes, so I have heard; and that after dying you were reputed to have come to life again, and that on one occasion you exhibited to the people your thigh made of gold.<sup>39</sup> But tell me this—why did you take it into your head to make a law that no one should eat either flesh or beans?

COCK. Don't press that question, Micyllus!

MIC. Why not, my dear Chanticleer?

COCK. Because I'm ashamed to tell you the truth about it.

MIC. And yet you ought not to hesitate to tell one who lives in the same house with you, and a friend. As for being your master, I may no longer call myself such.

COCK. Well, it wasn't at all a matter of health or wisdom.<sup>40</sup> But I saw if I were to adopt the same customs and manner of life that the multitude follow I should utterly fail to induce men to admire me; but the more eccentric I showed myself, in so much the greater reverence I thought they would hold me. Therefore I chose to introduce new-fangled notions, representing the rationale of them as secret, in order that, one conjecturing one thing, another another—all might be astonished, just as at the baffling replies of the oracles. D'ye see? You, too, now, in your turn, are making game of me.

MIC. Not so much of you, as of the people of Crotona, Metapontum and Tarentum<sup>41</sup> and of the other folk, who silently dance attendance on you and worship the tracks you leave behind in your walks. 19. But having divested yourself of Pythagoras, what forms did you assume after him?

<sup>37</sup> Orus and Isis: These, with Osiris, the sun god, were the principal Egyptian divinities.

<sup>38</sup> Regard me as a god: According to Aristotle the people of Croton identified him with the Apollo of the Hyperboreans, a fabulous people of the north.

<sup>39</sup> Thigh of gold: One of the many fictions about Pythagoras among the Neo-Platonists.

<sup>40</sup> Not a matter of health or wisdom: Cf. the reasons for the interdiction of beans, imputed to Pythagoras in *Auction of Philosophers*, 5.

<sup>41</sup> Crotona, etc.: Cities of southern Italy, the chief seats of Pythagorean clubs.

COCK. I next took the form of Aspasia,<sup>42</sup> the famous hetæra from Miletus.

MIC. Whew! What an extraordinary story! And did Pythagoras actually become a woman among his other transformations? And was there once a time, when even you, O most noble of cocks, laid eggs and, as Aspasia, lived with Pericles, had children by him, carded wool and spun thread, and played the woman after the manner of hetærae?

COCK. Well, I wasn't the only one who did all this, but also Tiresias<sup>43</sup> before me and Cæneus,<sup>44</sup> the son of Elatus. So, whatever fun you poke at me, you will have leveled at them also.

MIC. How so? But which life was more agreeable to you? when you were a man, or when Pericles took you to wife?

COCK. My dear sir! Do you see what sort of question you asked there, and that his answer proved of no advantage even to Tiresias?

MIC. Well, if *you* won't say, Euripides reached a satisfactory conclusion in regard to the matter in these words:

———thrice in battle

I would rather stand, than once in travail be.

—*Medea*, 250 *f.*

COCK. And besides let me remind you, Micyllus, that, before a great while, you will be in travail yourself, for you, too, will be a woman many times in the long round of your transformations.

MIC. Go, hang! will you, Sir Chanticleer? You take everybody to be a Milesian or a Samian.<sup>45</sup> Anyhow,

<sup>42</sup> Aspasia: Remarkable for her beauty and varied accomplishments. Nominally, perhaps, of the class called "hetærae," but really the wife of Pericles, the Athenian statesman, except that the relation could have no legal sanction, as she was foreign born.

<sup>43</sup> Tiresias: A blind soothsayer of Thebes. According to the tradition referred to in the text, striking at two serpents, a male and a female, he chanced to kill the latter and was himself metamorphosed into a woman. Seven years later, chancing upon two serpents again, he killed the male and returned to his former state. Zeus and Heré referred the question to him, as to which was attended with the greater happiness. He decided in favor of the contention of Zeus, that the balance was on the side of woman. Heré in her displeasure blinded him; but Zeus endowed him with the prophetic gift and granted him to live for seven or nine generations.

<sup>44</sup> Cæneus: A warrior of the Thessalian tribe of Lapithæ; said to have been a maiden, who, at her own request, was changed into a man by Poseidon and made invulnerable.

<sup>45</sup> Milesians and Samians: Aspasia was from Miletus, Pythagoras from Samos.

they say also that when you were Pythagoras, you were such a handsome youth, that you often played the part of an Aspasia for the tyrant.<sup>46</sup> 20. But in what man or woman did you reappear next, after Aspasia?

COCK. In Crates,<sup>47</sup> the little Cynic.

MIC. O Gemini! What a contrast! Ha! ha! ha! Became a philosopher after being a hetæra!

COCK. Yes, and then a king, then a poor man, and after a little a satrap, and then a horse, jackdaw, and frog, and other things without number. It would be tedious to enumerate them all in detail. And last of all, I repeatedly became a cock; for I was charmed with that sort of life, and have been in the service of many different persons—kings, poor men, and rich; and to end up, I am now with you, every day laughing at you in my sleeve, as you indulge in loud lamentations and whine over your poverty, and admire the rich through ignorance of the trouble these people experience. At all events, if you only knew the anxieties they have, you would laugh at yourself to begin with for thinking that the rich man is pre-eminently happy.

MIC. Well, then, my dear Pythagoras, or whatever you best like to be called, that I may not confuse the narrative by calling you now one thing, now another—

COCK. It will make no difference, whether you address me as Euphorbus, Pythagoras, Aspasia or as Crates. For I'm all these. However, you had better address this being under his present guise and call him Cock, if only to show that you do not despise the apparently worthless bird, especially as he is the abode of so many souls.

21. MIC. Well, then, O Cock, as you've tried about all sorts of lives and were everything, please give me now an accurate description on the one hand of the manner of life of the rich, and on the other, of the way the poor live, that I may ascertain whether you tell the truth, when you affirm that I'm happier than the rich.

COCK. Well, then, Micyllus, note the following considerations: You don't concern yourself much about

<sup>46</sup> The tyrant: Polycrates, ruler of Samos in the time of Pythagoras, and one of the most fortunate, ambitious and treacherous of the Greek tyrants.

<sup>47</sup> Crates: A disciple of Diogenes and afterward one of the most distinguished of the Cynic school.

war, if the report come, that the enemy are approaching. Nor are you anxious, lest in their incursions they lay waste your farm, or trample your park underfoot, or cut down your vines; but on hearing the trumpet, you have only to look out for yourself—if in sooth it comes to that—and provide a refuge where you can save yourself and avoid the danger. Whereas, the rich both have to look out for their own personal safety and are distressed, as they see from their walls all the property plundered, which they had upon their estates. And if it be necessary to pay a special property tax, they alone are called upon; and if to go out against the foe, they bear the brunt of battle as generals, or as commanders of cavalry. Whereas, you have a shield of osier and are well equipped with reference to safety, and free from incumbrances and are ready to feast in honor of victory, when the commander in chief offers up sacrifices for the triumph he has won. 22. In time of peace, on the other hand, you, as one of the commons, will go up to the public assembly and play the tyrant over the rich, while they shake in their shoes and cower down and try to win your favor by means of largesses. Why, *they* labor that you may have bathhouses, public games, and spectacular shows, and all the other luxuries to your heart's content. Whereas *you* inquire rigidly into their conduct of affairs and subject them to a cruel scrutiny,<sup>48</sup> as though you were their master, sometimes not even allowing them an opportunity to explain matters. And if you take a notion to, you pelt them with a shower of stones like hail, and confiscate their possessions. Then, too, you yourself have no fear of a false accuser, or that some robber will scale the eaves or dig through the wall of your house and purloin your gold. You are not bothered with computing interest, making collections, or on account of squabbles with cursed stewards, or of distractions over so many cares. On the contrary, when you've finished a boot, you get seven obols<sup>49</sup> for pay; at eventide you leave your bench, take a

<sup>48</sup> A cruel scrutiny: In Athens before an official could enter upon his office, his record, public and private, was subjected to a severe scrutiny before the Senate, or the jury-courts; also, at the close of his term, he had to give account of his administration.

<sup>49</sup> Seven obols: About 25 cents.

bath, if so minded, and purchase a salt perch, some sprats, or perhaps a few little heads of onion, and then enjoy yourself, singing the while many a song and talking philosophy to your best friend—poverty. 23. And so, owing to this mode of life, you are healthy, strong in body, and able to endure the cold. For your toils put you on your mettle and render you no contemptible antagonist in the struggle with those things, which to everybody else seem insuperable. As a matter of course, not one of those severe diseases attacks you; but if ever a light fever lays hold of you, you succumb to it only for a short time, and forthwith leap up from your couch, having shaken off the nausea by abstinence from food; while the fever at once takes to flight, alarmed at seeing you drinking your fill of cold water and exclaiming: "Plague take the doctors and their visits!" But the rich, miserable by reason of their want of self-control, what ill do they fail to have—attacks of gout, consumption, inflammation of the lungs, and dropsy? For these things are the natural result of those expensive dinners. Accordingly, some of them, soaring up to a great height, like Icarus,<sup>60</sup> and getting near the sun, not knowing that their wings were fastened to them with wax, sometimes fall headlong into the deep with a great splash; while those who, like Dædalus, are not very presumptuous or filled with vaulting ambition, but keep near the earth, so that the wax is moistened every now and then with the brine, for the most part accomplish their flight in safety.

MIC. Pretty sensible and wise these people, whom you describe!

COCK. Yes, Micyllus! As for the others, however, you can see the utterly disgraceful shipwrecks they make of themselves, in the case of Cræsus,<sup>61</sup> for in-

<sup>60</sup> Icarus: Son of Dædalus, the most celebrated artist of the legendary period. For helping Theseus in his combat with the Minotaur, they were imprisoned in the famous labyrinth, which Dædalus had built in Crete. Having effected their escape and finding no ship in which to flee the island, they made wings for themselves, which they fastened on with wax. Icarus flew too near the sun and his wings were melted off, and he himself fell into the sea and was drowned.

<sup>61</sup> Cræsus: The Lydian king, famous for his vast wealth. When Cyrus, the Great, captured Sardis, the capital of Cræsus, he ordered the king to be burned alive upon a huge pyre. As Cræsus stood in chains upon the pyre, bethinking himself of what Solon had once said to him, that it cannot be told until the end comes, whether, or no, a man has lived a happy life, he uttered thrice the name of Solon. Cyrus inquired whom he was invoking and was so impressed when he



stance, who his wings clean plucked off, convulses the Persians with laughter as he mounts the funeral pyre; or of Dionysius,<sup>62</sup> who, when his power had suffered shipwreck, is seen in Corinth as a schoolmaster, after so long a reign, teaching children to spell.

24. MIC. But, tell me, my dear Chanticleer, when you were a king—for you say you once even sat on a throne—what sort of a life was it you then experienced? Were you really altogether happy in possessing the climax, whatever it is, of all good things?

COCK. Don't even remind me of it, Micyllus, so utterly wretched was I at that time—quite happy, as you were saying, in the estimation of all outsiders, but within keeping company with countless troubles.

MIC. And what were they? For what you say is paradoxical and not altogether credible.

COCK. Well, I was sovereign of no small country, Micyllus, prolific in pretty much everything. As to population and the beauty of its cities, it was among those most worthy of admiration, with navigable rivers flowing through it and having the use of a sea with good harbors. I had a large army, an organized force of cavalry, a considerable bodyguard, ships of war, an incalculable amount of money and no end of gold plate, with all the other paraphernalia of royalty splendid in the extreme; so that when I appeared in public, the multitude were wont to pay me homage and thought they were looking upon a sort of god, and flocked together crowding one upon another in order to see me. Some even clambered upon the roofs and regarded it as a great privilege to get a good view of my carriage, mantle and diadem, and of those who went ahead in the procession or followed on behind. But I knew all the time what things were harassing and torturing me, and so I excused those people on the score of their ignorance; while I pitied myself, resembling, as I did, those

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heard what the lawgiver had said, that he ordered the fire to be quenched. But it was too late, and the king would have perished, had he not appealed to Apollo to save him. Immediately the fire was extinguished by an abundant shower.

<sup>62</sup> Dionysius: The Younger, who succeeded his father as tyrant of Syracuse in Sicily, B. C. 367. He was deposed by Timoleon, a Corinthian general, in 343 and allowed to pass the remainder of his life at Corinth. He is said to have supported himself by teaching boys to read and public singers in their art.

huge colossi, which Phidias, Myron or Praxiteles<sup>53</sup> fashioned. A not inapt comparison; for each of these is externally a Poseidon, or all-beautiful Zeus, wrought of gold and ivory, and holding in his right hand a thunderbolt, lightning, or a trident. But if you stoop down and look at what is within, you will see bars and bolts and nails piercing it through and through, timbers and wedges, pitch and mortar, and much unsightliness of this sort lying hidden, not to mention a legion of rats and mice that sometimes take up their abode in them. Some such thing is even royalty.

25. MIC. But you haven't yet explained what you mean by the mortar and the bolts and bars, that belong to royal station, or what that mass of unsightly stuff is. At least, as respects being stared at, when he rides out, and ruling over so many people and being worshiped like a god, a king really does bear some external resemblance to the colosseal statues, to which you liken him. For there's something marvelous about this also. But tell me at once what the things inside the colossus represent.

COCK. Well, what shall I tell you first, Micyllus? Shall I describe his fears, his apprehensions and suspicions, the hatred a king receives from those about him, their machinations, and, too, the little sleep<sup>54</sup> he gets because of these, and that only light, and his dreams full of turmoil, his perplexities, and the forebodings of evil ever present with him? Or, shall I tell you of his lack of leisure, how he has to give audience to ambassadors, administer justice, conduct military campaigns, issue orders, make treaties and manage the finances? These things make it impossible for him to have any pleasure even in a dream; but he alone must take cognizance of everything and have no end of trouble.

Nay, not even Agamemnon, Atreus' son, by sleep was  
Held in sweet embrace, his mind by many cares distraught;

—*Il. x. 8 f.*

<sup>53</sup> Phidias: The most celebrated of Greek sculptors (490-483 B. C.). His masterpiece was the great statue of Zeus, executed in gold and ivory for the temple at Olympia. Myron, 5th century B. C., was a distinguished artist in bronze. Praxiteles, 4th century B. C., excelled especially in representing the softer beauties and graces of the human form.

<sup>54</sup> Little sleep: Cf. address to "Sleep," Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.*, 2d Pt., Act 2, Scene 1; also Prince Henry's Soliloquy, Act 4, Scene 4.

and that, too, though the Achaians were all snoring. His son's inability to speak is a grief to the Lydian king;<sup>55</sup> Clearchus, levying mercenaries for Cyrus, disquiets the Persian monarch;<sup>56</sup> a third,<sup>57</sup> Dion keeps in a constant worry by taking secret counsel with certain of the Syracusans; while the compliments paid Parmenion vex another<sup>58</sup> and Ptolemy is a thorn in the flesh to Perdicas, and Seleucus,<sup>59</sup> to Ptolemy. Then, there are these things also that make him unhappy—his favorite attends upon him because he must; his concubine takes delight in another; certain ones are reported to be going to revolt, and two or four of his bodyguard whisper with one another. But the worst of it is, he is obliged to be especially suspicious of his dearest friends, and to be always anticipating from them some dreadful deed. One, for example, dies of poison administered by his son, and his son himself at the hand of his favorite; while a third, perhaps, another similar death overtakes.

26. MIC. Get along with you! What a terrible picture this, O Cock! For me, at least, it is far safer to be a cobbler, bending over my last, than to be drinking somebody's health from a golden cup containing an infusion of hemlock or aconite. At all events, the only risk I run is that of cutting my fingers and staining them with a few drops of blood, in case my knife should slip and fail to cut straight. Whereas, they, according to your account, banquet upon death-dealing viands, besides keeping company with countless ills. Then when they fall, they bear a most striking resemblance to the actors of tragedy, many of whom are to be seen playing the while, the part of Cecrops,<sup>60</sup> forsooth, or of

<sup>55</sup> Lydian king: Croesus, one of whose sons was dumb, but suddenly recovered speech, when he saw his father in danger of life at the taking of Sardis by the Persians.

<sup>56</sup> Persian monarch: Artaxerxes II., whom Cyrus, the Younger, sought to dethrone in 401 B.C., with the help of a force of Greek mercenaries, commanded by Clearchus. The story is told in Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

<sup>57</sup> A third: Dionysius, the Younger, tyrant of Syracuse in Sicily, whom Dion, a wealthy and influential citizen and friend of Plato, succeeded, with the aid of Syracusan exiles, in expelling from power.

<sup>58</sup> Another: Alexander, the Great, to whom his veteran general, Parmenion, had been accused, no doubt falsely, of plotting against the king's life. By order of the king he was assassinated.

<sup>59</sup> Ptolemy, Perdicas and Seleucus: Distinguished officers of Alexander the Great. Upon his death in 323 B. C. they became bitter rivals of one another for the possession of the provinces he had conquered.

<sup>60</sup> Cecrops, etc.: The mythical founder of Attic civilization. Sisyphus, the reputed founder of Corinth, condemned for his wickedness to roll up hill in the

Sisyphus, or Telephus, and wearing diadems, ivory-hilted swords, waving hair and a cloak of gold tissue. But if one of them, as often happens, steps into a hole and falls down in the middle of the stage, he, of course, sets the spectators in a roar at sight of his mask shivered to atoms, diadem and all, the actor's real head stained with blood, and his legs quite bare, so that the clothes he wears underneath are seen to be miserable rags and his footgear of buskins most unsightly and out of proportion to the size of his foot. D'ye see, how already you've taught me also to use similes, most excellent Cock? Well, we've seen that that's about the sum and substance of royalty. But when you became a horse, a dog, a fish, or a frog, how did you abide that mode of life?

27. COCK. That's a long story you set a-going, and the present is no suitable time for it. But the gist, at least, of the matter is this—there isn't one of these lives but seemed to me freer from care than man's, because it was made commensurate with its natural desires and wants only. Among them you would never see a horse serving as a tax-gatherer, a frog in the rôle of a Sir Benjamin Backbite, a jackdaw splitting hairs like a philosopher, a mosquito, who is a cook, or a cock of lewd character, or anything else you men can conceive of.

28. MIC. That may all be true, my dear Chanticleer. But I'm not ashamed to tell you how I feel. I'm not yet able to put out of my head, that longing which I have had from boyhood, to become rich. On the contrary, my dream still lingers before my eyes with its display of gold; and above all, I'm choked with vexation at that accursed Simon reveling in such lots of good things.

COCK. Well, I'll cure you of that, Micyllus. As it is still night, get up and follow me. I'll conduct you into the presence of that Simon himself and into the houses of other rich men, that you may see what their lot really is.

MIC. But how can that be done, seeing the doors are

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lower world a huge block of marble, which kept rolling back, as soon as it reached the top. Telephus, son of Heracles and Augé. His adventures, while searching for his mother who had been sold into Mysia, formed a stock theme of artists and poets.

barred—unless, indeed, you mean to compel me to dig through the very wall?

COCK. Not a bit of it! But Hermes—I'm sacred to him, you know—gave me this remarkable power. Whoever pulls out my longest tail-feather—the one that bends over on account of its suppleness——

MIC. You have two such.

COCK. Whoever, then, with my permission, pulls out the right-hand one and keeps hold of it, is able, so long as I please, to open every door and see everything, without being seen himself.

MIC. It had escaped my notice that you, too, were a wizard. Well, if you'll let me have that feather just once, you shall see all Simon's belongings carted over here in a jiffy. I'll go in by stealth and transfer them. And he shall again gnaw the shoe soles, as he stretches them.

COCK. But that isn't allowed to be done. For Hermes directed me, in case the person having the feather should do anything of that sort, to crow lustily and thereby cause him to be caught in the very act.

MIC. An unlikely story that Hermes, who is himself a thief,<sup>1</sup> grudges everybody else any exploit in that line! But all the same, let us be gone. I'll keep my hands off the gold—if I can.

COCK. Well, Micyllus, pluck out the feather first—why, how is this? You've pulled out both.

MIC. It will be safer so, my dear Chanticleer, and less of a disfigurement to you. Otherwise you would go hobbling along, owing to your tail being one-sided.

29. COCK. Very well! Shall we go first to Simon, or to some other rich man?

MIC. Nowhere, but to Simon, who, now that he has become rich, insists upon having his name spelled with four syllables instead of two. Well, here we are at the door. Pray what shall I do next?

COCK. Lay the feather upon the bar.

MIC. See, there it is! Zounds! The door has opened just as with a key!

COCK. Proceed! Do you see him there all wide awake, and engaged in counting?

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<sup>1</sup> A thief: On Hermes' thieving propensity, compare *Dial. of Gods*, ?.

MIC. Yes, 'pon my word, I see him near his lamp there, which gives but a faint light, for the oil runs low. He's pale as a ghost, my dear Chanticleer—I don't know why—and completely reduced to a skeleton, wasted away by cares, of course; for he was said to be not otherwise ill.

COCK. But hear what he says! You'll learn why he's in such a plight.

SIMON. (*Talking to himself.*) Well now, those seventy talents I've got quite safely buried under my bed without anybody at all seeing. But the sixteen, I fancy, Sosylus, my groom, saw me hide away under the manger. Anyhow, he's all the time around the stable, though in other respects not very attentive or industrious. Likely enough I've been robbed of a good deal more than this; for how else could Tibius<sup>25</sup> have bought yesterday dried fish of such large size, as I was told he did, or have purchased for his wife an earring for five whole drachmas?<sup>26</sup> It's my money these fellows are squandering, unhappy man that I am! Well, not even my drinking cups are put away safely for me, so many are they. At any rate, I'm afraid somebody will dig under the wall and filch them away. There are many envious of me and plotting against me, especially my neighbor Micyllus.

MIC. Yes, by Jingo! I'm going off with your bowls under my arm, just as you did with mine.

COCK. Whist, Micyllus! He'll discover our presence.

SIMON. (*Still talking to himself.*) Anyhow, it is best for me to guard everything myself with sleepless vigilance. I'll get up, and go the rounds of the house. Who's there? Yes, I see you, you burglar! Nay, verily! 'Tis only a pillar—all's well, then! I'll dig up my gold and count it over again. I'm afraid I overlooked something day before yesterday. There! Some one has made a noise again, to my damage, of course. Everybody is besieging me and plotting against me. Where's my dagger? If I catch any one. . . . but let me bury my gold once more.

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<sup>25</sup> Tibius: A common name among slaves.

<sup>26</sup> Five drachmas: About \$1.00

30. COCK. Well, Micyllus, there's Simon's experience for you. But let us visit somebody else also, while there's still a little of the night left.

MIC. Oh, the wretched man! What a life he lives! May my enemies have the luck to be rich upon these terms! Well, I'll strike him over the head, and then make off. (*Strikes him.*)

SIMON. Who struck me? Ho, there! Somebody is robbing me—unfortunate man that I am!

MIC. (*To Simon.*) Go howl and lie awake o' nights! Yes, cling to your gold and become like unto it in color yourself. (*Turning to the cock.*) Now, if you please, let us go to the house of Mr. Skinflint, the money-lender. He, too, lives not far away. (*Arriving there, they apply the talisman.*) See, this door also has opened to us.

31. COCK. Well, do you see that his anxieties are keeping him also awake, as he broods over them? He's calculating his interest with his fingers, and is become already all shriveled up, though he'll soon have to leave all this behind and become a moth, a gnat, or a dog-fly.

MIC. Yes, I see an unhappy man, and void of understanding, even now leading a life not much better than that of the moth or gnat. To what a shadow of his former self he, too, has been reduced by his constant ciphering! Come, let us visit somebody else now!

32. COCK. We'll go to your friend, Eucrates, if you say so. Yes, see there! This door also opens to us. Let us go in, then.

MIC. (*Surveying the wealth about him.*) All this was mine a little while ago.

COCK. What! Are you still dreaming of your riches? Well, do you see Eucrates himself there, though far along in years, by his house servant—?

MIC. Yes, by Jingo! I see a brutal lust, an unnatural sensuality, a debauchery not human; and yonder, his wife, herself even in the arms of the cook.

COCK. How, now, Micyllus? Would you like to have all the possessions of Eucrates and inherit these things along with them?

MIC. By no manner of means, my dear Chanticleer!

I would sooner perish with hunger! The deuce take your gold and fine dinners! For me at least two obols<sup>44</sup> shall be wealth enough, rather than the servants should play their thievish tricks upon me.

COCK. Well, let us go home now—it's already about daybreak. The rest, Micyllus, you shall see at another time.

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<sup>44</sup> Two obols: About 7 cents.



## 4.

## CHARON, OR SEEING THE SIGHTS.

## CHARACTERS.

CHARON, *Ferryman of the river Styx.*

HERMES, *Messenger of ZEUS and conductor of souls to the lower world.*

OLON, *the legislator of Athens.*

CRÆSUS, *the millionaire king of Lydia.*

SCENE I.—*Hermes meeting Charon emerging near Olympus from the infernal regions.*

1. HERMES. What makes you laugh, Charon,<sup>1</sup> and what has led you to quit your ferryboat and come up here into our territory?<sup>2</sup> it's quite out of the common course for you to take any interest in affairs up above.

CHARON. Well, I had set my heart, Hermes, upon seeing what sort of a thing human life is, and what men do in it, or what they are bereft of, that they all wail so on coming down to us; for not one of them ever makes the voyage across the Styx without tears. So then, I too, craved of Pluto<sup>3</sup>—as that Thessalian youth<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Charon: Virgil (*Æneid*, vi., 299 ff.) describes him as a surly old man, of frightful squalor, his chin covered with a quantity of unkempt gray hair; his eyes standing out with flame, a dirty cloak hanging from his shoulders. Shoving his boat along with a punt-pole and attending to the sails, he ferries the dead across in his dusky bark to the nether world, fare one obol, or three and a half cents, each.

<sup>2</sup> Our territory: The upper world, as opposed to the lower world which was believed to be a region in the center of the earth with several passages to and from the former and surrounded by the river Styx, which could only be crossed with Charon's aid.

<sup>3</sup> Pluto: God of the lower world, which he received as his exclusive domain, when the three brothers Zeus, Poseidon and Pluto, partitioned the universe among themselves.

<sup>4</sup> That Thessalian youth: Protesilaus, the first to leap from the Grecian ships upon the Trojan coast and the first victim of the war. On hearing of his death, Laodamia, his wife, prayed to be allowed to converse with him for three hours only, and Hermes conducted him back to the upper world for the appointed time. According to Lucian it is P. who makes the request and receives one day's leave of absence.

did—one day's furlough from my boat and have come up to the light; and to my thinking, I've fallen in with you just in the nick of time. For, you'll act as a stranger's cicerone, I'm sure, and go around with me and show me all things in detail—for you, I presume, would know everything.

HERMES. Indeed, Sir Ferryman, I haven't the leisure, for I'm going away, charged by the Zeus above<sup>6</sup> with some business relating to mankind. He's a choleric fellow, and I'm afraid, if I loiter by the way, he'll let me be yours altogether, and give me over to the nether darkness; or, as he lately did to Hephæstus,<sup>7</sup> catch me by the foot and fling me, too, down from heaven's threshold, that I, myself, like him, might become a laughing stock as I go hobbling about, pouring out the wine.

CHAR. Will you, then, leave me to roam about the earth at random, especially as you are my comrade and shipmate, and aid me in conducting souls across the Styx? And, besides, O son of Maia, you would do well to remember these facts, anyway—I never yet bade you bale out the bilge water or lend a hand at the oar; but stretched at full length upon the deck you snore away, though you do have such powerful shoulders; or, if you find some dead man inclined to be chatty, you converse with him the whole voyage through, while I, old as I am, ply both sculls alone. No, by your sire,<sup>7</sup> my dearest little Hermes, don't leave me in the lurch, but act as my guide and explain to me everything this living world contains, so that I may see something before I go back home. Why, if you forsake me I shall be no better off than the blind. For, as they slip and

<sup>6</sup> The Zeus above: So-called by way of contrast with Pluto, who was often styled the Zeus below.

<sup>7</sup> Hephæstus: He interfered in a quarrel between Zeus and Heré, and the former, catching him by the foot, hurled him from heaven's threshold. (*Il.* i., 590 ff.)

From morn  
To noon he fell, from noon till dewy eve,  
A summer's day; and with the setting sun  
Dropped from the zenith, like a falling star,  
On Lemnos, the *Ægean* isle.—*Milton*.

Made lame by his fall, he is represented (*Il.* i., 596 ff.) as hobbling about, amid inextinguishable laughter, while acting as cupbearer to the gods.

<sup>7</sup> Your Sire: Zeus.

stumble in the darkness, in like manner, you see, I, too, am contrariwise purblind before the light. So do oblige me, child of Cyllené,<sup>1</sup> and I shall be everlastingly grateful.

2. HERM. This affair will cause me a beating. At any rate, as it looks now, I shall have a good cuffing as part pay for being your cicerone. But for all that, I'm in duty bound to be obliging. For, how can a fellow help himself, when one who is his friend constrains him? However, Sir Ferryman, it is impossible for you to inspect everything thoroughly one by one. It would furnish serious employment for many years. And then Zeus will find it necessary to advertise me as a runaway; as for yourself, it will preclude your carrying on Death's business, and will subject Pluto's kingdom to loss, owing to your not conducting the dead thither for many a long day. And then Æacus,<sup>2</sup> who receives the toll, will be out of humor at making not even an obol. But it is time to consider how you are to take in the most important sights.

CHAR. Do you yourself, Hermes, lay out what plan is best. Being a stranger, I'm utterly ignorant about earthly things.

HERM. Well, the long and the short of it is, Charon, we must find some high point from which you can look down upon everything. Were it possible for you to mount up to heaven, we should have no trouble. For from such a coign of vantage you would obtain a complete view of everything. But since it is not lawful for you, who are the constant companion of ghosts, to set foot upon the dominions of Zeus, it's time for us to be looking around for some lofty mountain.

3. CHAR. You remember, Hermes, don't you, what I'm wont to tell you, when we are afloat? For whenever a hurricane of a wind strikes us on our quarter, and the billows are running high, then you passengers, from ignorance, urge me to take in sail or ease off the sheet a bit, or to let her boom before the wind, while I

<sup>1</sup> Cyllené: A mountain between Achaia and Arcadia, in a grotto of which Hermes was born.

<sup>2</sup> Æacus: An early king of the island of Ægina, so distinguished for wisdom and justice, that he was often called upon to settle disputes among men and even among the gods. After his death he was made one of the three judges in Hades.

order you to keep still and mind your own business; for I myself know what is better to do. On the same principle do you also do what you think is well, for now at least you are pilot. But I, as is the custom of passengers, will sit down in silence, in all respects obedient to your commands.

HERM. Yes, you have the right of it; for I myself am likely to know what needs to be done, and I'll find the satisfactory lookout we require. (*To himself.*) Will, then, the Caucasus answer, or is Parnassus higher or Olympus over there higher than both? By the way, Charon, not a bad idea came into my head, as I looked toward Olympus. But you also must give me some help and lend a hand.

CHAR. Issue your orders. I will aid so far as may be in my power.

HERM. Homer, the poet, says that the sons of Alôeus<sup>10</sup>—two like ourselves—when mere boys, sought once upon a time to drag Ossa from its foundations and place it upon Olympus, and then Pelion on top of that, thinking that thus they would have a ladder adequate to scaling the heavens. Those two lads, therefore, paid the penalty of their presumption. But why do not we—for we are not planning this with intent to harm the gods—why do not we also, ourselves, build up an eminence in the same way by piling mountains one on top of another, that we may obtain a more accurate view from a higher point?

4. CHAR. And can we too, by ourselves, Hermes, remove Pelion or Ossa and set it upon Olympus?

HERM. Why not, Charon? Do you expect we are inferior to those two brats—and that, too, when we have the advantage of being gods from the very cradle?

CHAR. No! But in my opinion your plan involves a stupendous amount of labor, that is quite impossible.

HERM. Likely enough; for you are a prosaic fellow,

<sup>10</sup> Sons of Alôeus: Otus and Ephialtes. Homer (*Od. xi.*, 311 ff.) says of them: "When nine years old, they were nine cubits in breadth and nine fathoms high, the tallest men that Earth had ever reared. It was they who threatened to stir up even against the immortals in Olympus the din of furious war. They strove to set Ossa upon Olympus and then on Ossa, Pelion, quivering with leaves, that heaven might be scaled. And surely they would have accomplished their purpose, had they reached manhood's prime; but Apollo destroyed them both, ere the dawn had blossomed beneath their temples and thickly covered their cheeks with its blooming growth."

Charon, and not at all poetical. But the noble Homer made it possible for us to scale heaven in a moment, by means of a distich, with such ease did he put the mountains together. And I am surprised that this seems a prodigious task to you, who, of course, know about Atlas,<sup>11</sup> who by himself supports the very firmament and upholds us all. You have probably heard tell of Heracles also, my brother, how he once on a time took the place of that very Atlas and gave him a moment's rest from his burden by assuming the load himself.

CHAR. Yes; I have heard these stories also. But you, Hermes, and the poets should know as to their truth.

HERM. Unquestionably true, Charon. For why should wise men tell lies about it? So then, let us take a crowbar and raise Ossa first just as our engineer in his poem directs:

Pelion, then, on Ossa's top, quivering with forest leaves.

—Od. xi. 815.

(*They place Pelion upon Ossa.*) You see how easily we have done it, and at the same time poetically. Now, then, let me go up and see whether this is enough, or whether we shall have to build higher. 5. Whew! We are still away down at the mountain-base of heaven. Off to the east Ionia and Lydia are scarcely in sight, and away to the west not more of Italy or Sicily, and toward the north only the regions this side the Danube, and over there, Crete not very clearly. Sir Ferryman, we shall apparently have to shift Oeta also and then put Parnassus atop of all.

CHAR. Let us do so! Only take care we don't make our fabric too slender by piling it up higher than would be safe; and then, when we have been thrown down along with it and have got our skulls cracked, find Homer's engineering a bitter experience.

HERM. Take courage! All will be safe. Do you

<sup>11</sup> Atlas: According to Hesiod, he was condemned to bear up the heavens on his head and hands, because he had been leader of the Titans in their contest with Zeus. When Heracles was going about in search of the golden apples of the Hesperides, he requested Atlas to fetch them, agreeing meanwhile to take his place. Atlas, having fulfilled his errand, declined to relieve his substitute. The latter, however, cunningly persuaded the former to take his place for a moment, while he should arrange a cushion for his back, and made off with the apples.

shift Oeta! Now let Parnassus be piled on top! There you are! I'll go up again. It's all right! I see everything! Now, up with yourself also!

CHAR. Let me have your hand, Hermes; for 'tis no trifling affair—this staging you are having me mount.

HERM. Never mind that, Charon, if you really want to see everything. It isn't possible to keep out of harm's way, and at the same time indulge a passion for sight-seeing. Well, take hold of my right hand, and look out that you don't step on a slippery place. Good! You, too, have got up here. As Parnassus has two peaks, let us each take one peak for himself and sit down. Now be good enough to look around in a circle and take in the whole landscape.

SCENE II.—*Summit of Parnassus, Hermes on one peak and Charon on the other.*

6. CHAR. I see a vast stretch of country and a sort of large lake<sup>13</sup> flowing around it, and mountains and rivers larger than Cocytus and Pyriphlegethon, and mere pygmies of men and their cave-like dwellings.

HERM. Those are cities, which you believe to be caves.

CHAR. You perceive, then, don't you, Hermes, that we have accomplished nothing, but to no purpose have moved Parnassus, Castalia<sup>14</sup> and all, and Oeta and the other mountains?

HERM. Why, what's the matter?

CHAR. I, for my part, see nothing accurately from this lofty place. I wanted to see not cities and mountains merely as they appear in pictures, but the men themselves, and what they are about, and hear what they say, as when, on first encountering me, you saw me laughing and asked what I was laughing at, for I was mightily amused at something I had heard.

HERM. Pray, what was that?

CHAR. A man had been invited by one of his friends

<sup>13</sup> Sort of large lake: The ancients conceived of the earth as a flat disk, surrounded by the great stream of Ocean. Charon naturally compares the features of the landscape with those to which he was accustomed in the lower world, the Lake Acherusia and the rivers Cocytus and Pyriphlegethon.

<sup>14</sup> Castalia: A famous fountain of the Muses as the base of Mt. Parnassus.

to dinner—I think it was for the morrow. “I shall most certainly be there,” said he. But the words were hardly out of his mouth when somehow or other a tile from the roof of his house fell on him and killed him. So I burst out laughing, because he couldn’t fulfill his engagement. It seems to me, I shall now have to descend a little, so as to see and hear better.

7. HERM. Don’t you stir a peg. I’m going to give you a remedy for this difficulty too, and I’ll make you in a trice most sharp-sighted, by taking from Homer a sort of incantation adapted to this very purpose; and the moment I pronounce the words, mind that you be purblind no longer, but see all things clearly.

CHAR. Say on, then.

HERM.

The mist moreover, that once was o’er them, I have taken from  
thine eyes,  
That thou a god may’st discern aright and man as well.<sup>14</sup>

How is it? Do you see now?

CHAR. Yes, with wonderful clearness! The well-known Lynceus<sup>15</sup> was blind in comparison with me. Now, then, in the next place, do you become my teacher also, and answer my inquiries. But would you have me, too, question you in Homeric phrase, that you may know that not even I myself am an unpracticed hand at quoting Homer?

HERM. And how can *you* know any Homer, seeing you have always been a sailor and at the oar?

CHAR. What a slur that on my craft! Why, when I ferried him across after his death, I overheard him reciting many verses, some of which still linger in my memory. However, a tremendous storm overtook us at that time. For when he began to chant a sort of ode, not at all auspicious for seafaring folk, how Poseidon gathered his clouds<sup>16</sup> and stirred up the deep, thrusting in his trident, as a kind of ladle, and roused up all the whirlwinds—and much more to the same effect—toss-

<sup>14</sup> Lines quoted from the reply of Pallas Athénê to the prayer of the wounded Diomedes. *Il.* v., 127 f.

<sup>15</sup> Lynceus: One of the Argonauts and famous for his sharpness of sight, which became a proverb.

<sup>16</sup> Gathered his clouds, etc. Cf. *Od.* v., 291 ff.

ing the waters about by his words, all of a sudden a tempest accompanied with darkness struck us and came within an ace of upsetting our boat for us. And just then he was taken with seasickness, and threw up the most of his cantos—Scylla, Charybdis, the Cyclops, and all. I had, therefore, no great difficulty in observing closely a few things at least out of such a mass that had been cast up. 8. Now tell me

Who is yonder hero, all brawny, brave and tall,  
Peerless among his fellows for stature and for shoulders broad?"

HERM. That's Milon,<sup>18</sup> the athlete from Croton. The Greeks are cheering him, because he has just shouldered the bull and is carrying him through the middle of the stadium.

CHAR. And how much more justly they will applaud me, won't they, Hermes? when I shall get hold of your Milon there after a bit and clap him on board my little skiff, when he has come to us, floored by Death, the most puissant of antagonists; and not even aware how Death tripped him up. And then we shall have enough of his groaning, you may be sure, as he recalls these chaplets and this applause. But at present, he's as proud as a peacock at being admired for carrying the bullock. What, then, are we to think—that he expects to *die* some day?

HERM. Why should he bethink himself of Death now, when he's at the very zenith of fame?

CHAR. Oho! He'll furnish sport for us before long, when he makes the voyage, no longer able to lift us a mosquito, let alone a bullock.—9. But do you tell me this: Who's this other majestic personage I see before me? Not a Greek, as appears from his dress, at any rate.

HERM. Cyrus,<sup>19</sup> Charon, the son of Cambyses, who just now made the Persians masters of the empire the

<sup>17</sup> A parody upon *Il. iii.*, 236 f., where Priam inquires concerning Ajax:

Who's this other Achaian warrior, brave and tall  
Above the Argives towering by a head and shoulders broad?

<sup>18</sup> Milon: A famous athlete of Croton, southern Italy, in the latter half of the sixth century B. C. The exploit referred to in the text was performed at Olympia, and he ate the animal afterward in a single day. Passing through a forest in his old age and seeing a tree which the wood-chopper had left partially split open, he undertook to pull it apart by main strength; but the wood closing upon his hands, held him fast, and he was devoured by wolves.

<sup>19</sup> Cyrus: Lucian does not follow here the strict chronological order of events. The fall of Croesus occurred (546 B. C.) before the conquest of Assyria and Babylon (538 B. C.).



Medes once possessed. Recently he conquered the Assyrians also, and brought Babylon to terms; and now to all appearance he intends to march against Lydia in order to dethrone Croesus and bring all under his sway.

CHAR. And Croesus, too, where in the world is he?

HERM. Direct your eyes over there to the great castle, that with the triple wall. That's Sardis; and you see Croesus himself at this moment seated upon a golden divan in conversation with Solon,<sup>20</sup> the Athenian. Is it your pleasure that we listen to what they are actually saying?

CHAR. Yes, by all means!

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SCENE III. *Palace of Croesus at Sardis. Solon and Croesus conversing. Hermes and Charon, on Parnassus, listening.*

10. CRÆSUS. My guest from Athens! for you have seen my wealth and treasures, and what a quantity of gold plate I have, and my lavish expenditures in other directions; now, tell me, who in your opinion is the happiest of all men.

CHAR. (*To Hermes.*) What, pray, will Solon reply?

HERM. Rely upon it, Charon, nothing sordid.

SOLON. The happy, Croesus, are but few. Among those I am acquainted with, *I* think Cleobis and Biton<sup>21</sup> are happiest—those children of the priestess of Argos who lately died together, when, taking the place of the oxen at the yoke, they drew their mother in her chariot every step of the way to the temple.

CRÆS. Be it so! Let *them* have the precedence in happiness. But who would be their next in rank?

SOL. Tellus,<sup>22</sup> the Athenian, who lived uprightly and died for his country.

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<sup>20</sup> Solon: Born about 688 B. C. The account of his celebrated interview with Croesus is taken from Herodotus I., 29 ff. It is chronologically doubtful whether the conversation ever took place.

<sup>21</sup> Cleobis and Biton: Sons of Cydippé, priestess of Heré at Argos. Moved by the act of filial devotion described in the text, their mother prayed the goddess to grant them the best gift for mortals. After the festival the youth went to sleep in the temple and never awoke, the goddess indicating thereby that death was the greatest boon at her disposal.

<sup>22</sup> Tellus: A wealthy and noble citizen of Athens, who perished most honorably in the war with the people of Eleusis. His countrymen buried him at the public expense on the spot where he fell. In Herodotus' version of the story, Solon ranks Tellus first for happiness instead of second, as in the present account, probably an inadvertence on Lucian's part.

**CRÆS.** But I, you reprobate! don't you think I am happy?

**SOL.** I don't know yet,<sup>23</sup> Cræsus, and shall not until you reach the end of your life. For in such cases death is an accurate criterion by which to determine whether one has passed his whole life happily up to the very end.

**CHAR.** Most admirably put, Solon, because you haven't forgotten me, but yourself hold that the decision in such matters can be reached only on board my ferryboat. 11. (*To Hermes.*) But who are those yonder whom Cræsus is sending away, and what are they bearing on their shoulders?

**HERM.** He is making a votive offering of gold ingots<sup>24</sup> to Pythian Apollo in return for the oracles, which will be even the death of him, by and by; the man, though, is uncommonly fond of augury.

**CHAR.** What! Is that gold, that bright stuff which shines so, pale yellow with a rosy tint? From time out of mind I have heard about it, but now for the first time have I set eyes upon it.

**HERM.** Yes, Charon, that is the famous thing, about which men fight so much.

**CHAR.** And yet I don't see what good there is in it, unless, forsooth, this be a sort of one only, that they who carry it are oppressed by the weight.

**HERM.** Why, don't you know how many wars have come about because of this, and plots, and robberies, false oaths, and murders, and imprisonments, long voyages, commercial ventures, and enslavements?

**CHAR.** Is it because, Hermes, it differs not much from copper? For I am familiar with copper, since, as you are aware, I collect an obol from every one who makes the voyage down.

<sup>23</sup> I don't know yet, etc.: A sentiment often repeated in ancient writers, e.g., Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus*, 1538 ff.

From hence the lesson learn ye,  
To reckon no man happy, till ye witness  
The closing day; until he pass the border  
Which severs life from death, unscathed by sorrow.—*Pfumpste.*

<sup>24</sup> Gold ingots: One among many sumptuous gifts (Herodotus i., 50 ff.) which Cræsus sent to the oracle of Pythian Apollo at Delphi, to propitiate its favor beforehand, not, as stated here, in return for utterances already given.

HERM. Yes; but copper is abundant. Therefore, they don't put a very high value upon it. But this they dig up in small quantity by mining to a great depth. Albeit this, too, comes from the ground just like lead and the rest.

CHAR. That's a pretty appalling story of human folly you tell, if men have such a passionate fondness for a yellowish, burdensome piece of property.

HERM. But at any rate, Solon there, Charon, does not appear to be fond of it; for as you perceive, he is laughing at Croesus, at the barbarian's boastful pretensions; and I take it, he wants to ask him some question. Let us listen, therefore.<sup>35</sup>

12. SOL. (*Resuming.*) Tell me, Croesus, think you the Pythian has any need of these ingots?

CRÆS. Yes, by Jingo! for he hasn't got in Delphi any such votive offering as this.

SOL. Do you, then, imagine that it will make the god happy if he should have, along with his other offerings, gold ingots also?

CRÆS. Why, how can it but be so.

SOL. According to what you tell me, Croesus, they must be dreadfully poor in heaven, if they have to send for gold from Lydia, in case they want it.

CRÆS. Why, how could there be so much gold as there is with us?

SOL. You have gold to be sure. But tell me, is iron one of nature's products in Lydia?

CRÆS. No, not to any extent!

SOL. You, then, are lacking in the better metal.

CRÆS. How is iron better than gold?

SOL. If you should answer questions without being vexed, you would find out.

CRÆS. Proceed with your inquiries, Solon.

SOL. Which are better, those who save people, or those saved by them?

CRÆS. They who save, of course.

SOL. If now, Cyrus, as certain newsmongers represent, should attack the Lydians, would you in that case make sabers of gold for your army, or would iron be indispensable then?

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<sup>35</sup> Let us listen: The following conversation is of Lucian's own invention.

CRÆS. Iron, undoubtedly.

SOL. And if indeed you shouldn't provide this, your gold would be gone as spoil for the Persians.

CRÆS. (*Getting excited.*) You, sir, mind what you say!

SOL. God forbid that such things should happen! However, you clearly admit that iron is superior to gold.

CRÆS. Would you then have me make even to the god a votive offering of iron ingots and bring the gold back again?

SOL. He, at any rate, will have no need even of iron. But whether you make an offering of bronze or of gold, you will have set it apart as a possession and windfall at some time or other for somebody else—for Phocians,<sup>26</sup> Bœotians, or the Delphians themselves, or for some despot or robber; but the god will care little for your goldsmiths.

CRÆS. (*Angrily.*) You are all the time making war upon my wealth and harboring envy. (*Sardis vanishes.*)

13. HERM. The Lydian, Charon, does not brook the frankness with which Solon tells him the truth, but thinks it an extraordinary procedure that a man who hasn't a farthing does not cower before him, but speaks freely whatever comes into his head. However, he'll remember Solon by and by, when he himself has been captured and he has to mount the funeral-pyre<sup>27</sup> by Cyrus' command. For I lately heard Clotho<sup>28</sup> reading aloud every man's destiny, and in the list this, too,

<sup>26</sup> Phocians, etc.: During the Sacred War (356—346 B. C.), the temple of Delphi was despoiled of its treasures by the Phocian generals, in order to pay the mercenaries they had hired to enforce the ancient Phocian claim to the presidency of the temple. Among the objects carried off were the splendid gifts of Cræsus, 117 bricks of gold, 860 golden goblets, a female statue of gold; also some of the most precious heirlooms, such as the necklaces of Helen and Eriphylé. In these successive spoiliations the temple is said to have been robbed to the extent of over \$10,000,000.

<sup>27</sup> Funeral pyre: When Cyrus the Great captured Sardis, the capital of Cræsus, he ordered the king to be burned alive upon a huge pyre. As Cræsus stood in chains upon the pyre, bethinking himself of what Solon once said to him, that it cannot be told until the end comes, whether, or no, a man has lived a happy life, he uttered thrice the name of Solon. Cyrus inquired whom he was invoking, and was so impressed when he heard from the lips of Cræsus what the lawgiver had said, that he ordered the fire to be quenched. But it was too late; and the king would have perished had he not appealed to Apollo on the score of the presents he had given the Delphic oracle, to save him now. Immediately the fire was extinguished by an abundant shower, and thereafter Cræsus was made the friend and counselor of Cyrus.

<sup>28</sup> Clotho: One of the three Fates, with Atropos and Lachesis

stood recorded, that Croesus would be captured by Cyrus, and that Cyrus himself would perish at the hand of the famous queen of the Massagetæ.<sup>20</sup> You see the Scythian queen, don't you?—the one riding that white charger.

CHAR. Yes, indeed, I do!

HERM. That is Tomyris. Yes, she has cut off the head of Cyrus and is about to put it into a wineskin full of blood. Do you see also his son, that young man? That is Cambyzes.<sup>21</sup> He will be his father's successor upon the throne, and, after meeting with numberless disasters in Libya and Æthiopia, at last will die bereft of reason for having slain Apis.

CHAR. How very ridiculous! But as the case now stands who could bear to see them treat their fellow-men with such disdain? Or who could believe that, after a little, the first is to be a captive and the second is to have his head in a wineskin of blood.

#### SCENE IV. *Charon and Hermes taking a survey of the earth.*

14. CHAR. (*Continuing.*) But who is that man, Hermes, who wears the purple mantle fastened at the shoulder with a brooch—he with the fillet around his tiara—to whom the cook is restoring the seal ring, having cut open the fish?

On island girt round by ocean's tide; and boasts himself a sort of king.<sup>22</sup>

HERM. Anyhow, Charon, you are pretty good at a parody. It is Polycrates,<sup>23</sup> you see, the Samian despot

<sup>20</sup> Queen of the Massagetæ; Tomyris, whose people lived east of the Caspian Sea. Cyrus tried to subdue them, but was killed in battle B. C. 539. The queen put his head in a wineskin full of blood, that, as she said, he might have his fill of it.

<sup>21</sup> Cambyzes: The Egyptians ascribed his insanity to his impiety in killing Apis, the sacred bull of Memphis.

<sup>22</sup> A parody, the first part upon *Od. i. 50*; and the last part upon *Od. v., 450*.

<sup>23</sup> Polycrates: He had been so wonderfully fortunate that his ally, Amasis, of Egypt, alarmed lest he should be envied by the gods and incur their displeasure, advised him to throw away something that he prized most, in order to do himself some harm. Accordingly, Polycrates threw into the sea a surpassingly beautiful seal ring. But in a few days it was found in the belly of a fish that had been presented to him by a fisherman. Whereupon Amasis broke off the alliance. Polycrates was killed, and his body crucified by Orontes, satrap of Sardis.

who imagines he is quite happy. But this very man also, after being betrayed to Orcetes, the satrap, by Mæandrius his secretary, who stands near him, is fated to be miserably deprived in a trice, of his good fortune and to be fixed upon a stake. And this is sure to come true, for I heard it from Clotho.

CHAR. Well said, Clotho! Give them a good toasting, my dear friend; cut off their heads and impale them, that they may know they are but men. Meanwhile let them be exalted, for they will experience the more pain in falling from a higher elevation. But I shall chuckle, when I discover each of them in my little skiff, stripped of everything, without either purple cloak, tiara, or couch of gold.

15. HERM. Yes; such shall be their fate. But, Charon, do you observe the teeming millions, some of them seafaring men, some engaged in war, some in litigation, others tilling the soil, others lending money, and others asking alms?

CHAR. Yes, I see the throng—a pretty motley one—the life they live, full of confusion, and their cities indeed resembling the beehives, in which every one has a kind of sting of his own, with which he torments his neighbor; while some few, like wasps, make a business of despoiling the weaker of everything. But this host that hovers over them unseen—who are they?

HERM. Hopes, Charon, and fears, and follies, lusts, and avaricious desires, passions and hates, and such like. Of these, folly mingles with the throng upon the earth, yea, verily, is even their fellow-citizen; so, also hate and anger, and jealousy, and ignorance, and want and greed. But fear and hopes soar aloft. The former, swooping down, frightens one out of his wits, sometimes even makes him cower in terror; while hopes float overhead, and at the very moment one thinks he is going to lay hold of them, are on the wing, leaving him all agape—just as you see Tantalus<sup>33</sup> served in the lower world by the water. 16. But if you look intently, you

<sup>33</sup> Tantalus: A Phrygian king, who became so puffed up by his good fortune, that he indulged in the grossest outrages upon gods and men. He was punished in the lower world by being condemned to stand up to his neck in water, with the most delicious fruits about him, all the while unable to quench the pangs of hunger and thirst.

will also catch sight of the Fates on high, turning for each one the spindle, from which it appears that all hang by delicate threads. Do you see any threads coming down upon each from the spindles, exactly like sort of cobwebs?

CHAR. I do see each one's thread, though very slender, wreathed indeed into a tangled network, this with yonder man's thread and his in turn with another's.

HERM. Quite likely, Sir Ferryman. For it is fated that that one should be murdered by this one, and this one by another, that this person should be that man's heir whose thread is smaller, and that person this one's heir, for that is about the meaning of the intricate network. Do you actually see that all are suspended by a tiny thread? And this one has been hoisted up so that he is in mid-air, and by and by when the thread snaps, when it can no longer sustain the weight, he will tumble down with a tremendous crash; while that one raised only a little way above the earth, even if he fall, will have a noiseless descent, his neighbors even scarcely hearing the sound of his fall.

CHAR. This account is perfectly ridiculous, Hermes.

17. HERM. Yet you couldn't begin to tell as it deserves, how ridiculous it all is, Charon, especially their intense eagerness, and the fact that right in the midst of their hopes they are suddenly snatched away by their best friend, Death. He has very many messengers and ministers, as you perceive—chills and fevers, consumption, inflammation of the lungs, the sword, robber bands, hemlock juice, judges and despots. Men take no thought at all about any of these things, so long as they are prosperous; but when they fall from their high estate, then there's no end of "Ohs!" "Ahs!" and "Ah mes!" But if they were to bear in mind from the very first that they are themselves but mortal, and after sojourning in the world their usual time—brief at that—will depart as it were, out of a dream, leaving everything upon the earth, they would live more wisely and be less grieved at dying. But, as the case stands, they expect to have the use of the present world for all time; and so, when the minister of death, standing near, calls and leads them away, having chained them to a fu-

neral pyre, or to consumption, they are displeased at being carried off, having never anticipated that they would have to part company with it. Why, what would the man do, who, at great pains, builds himself a house and hurries up the workmen, if he should learn that he will see it finished, but will himself depart, as soon as he has got the roof on, leaving his heir to get the benefit of it, he, himself, poor fellow, not having had even a meal within its walls? And the man who is jubilant because his wife has borne him a son, and entertains his friends<sup>34</sup> on account of it, and christens the boy with his own father's name, if he understood that the child would die when seven years old, pray do you think he would rejoice at his birth? But the reason is that he only observes the one who is fortunate in his son, the father, I mean, of the athlete who has won a victory at the Olympic games;<sup>35</sup> whereas he does not observe his neighbor who carries his little one forth to burial, nor does he note by how slender a thread *his* child hung. You perceive some quarreling over the boundary lines of their estates and others heaping up riches, and then, before they have a chance to enjoy them, summoned by the messengers and ministers of whom I spoke.

18. CHAR. Yes, I observe all this; and I'm racking my brain to make out what pleasure they have during life, or what that is, at the loss of which they are distressed. At all events, if one look at the kings among them—the very men who are apparently most happy—aside from the fickle and, as you say, uncertain part which Dame Fortune plays, he will find that the troubles which it is their lot to experience, the terrors and tumults, the hateful deeds and cabals, the insults and fulsome compliments—outnumber the pleasant things; for all princes are no strangers to such trials. I pass over sorrows, diseases, and accidents which, of course, wield the scepter over them equally with other

<sup>34</sup> Entertains his friends: A banquet was usually given on the tenth, sometimes seventh day after the birth, when presents were made and the child was christened with the name of his father's father, if he was the first-born son.

<sup>35</sup> Olympic games: The most famous of the Greek national games, and celebrated at intervals of four years at Olympia, in Elis. After 776 B. C., time was reckoned by these intervals, called Olympiads.



mortals. But where kings are in a wretched plight, we can readily calculate what the lot of common folk is likely to be. 19. And by the bye, I fain would tell you, Hermes, what mankind and all the life they lead seemed to me to be like. Have you ever seen bubbles rise up in water, where a brook falls in a cascade? I mean the bubbles of which the foam is composed. Well, then, some of them are small and burst at once and vanish, and some hold out longer, and, becoming prodigiously inflated by the addition of others, attain to enormous dimensions. But presently these, too, burst all to pieces, for it cannot be otherwise. Such is human life. All are breathed into by the spirit of life, some in a greater degree, others in a less; and some continue to be inflated for a brief but fleeting span, while others disappear as soon as they come into being. All, I repeat, must needs break to pieces.

HERM. Your metaphor, Charon, is not at all inferior to Homer's, who likens the human race to leaves.\*

20. CHAR. And though such is their nature, Hermes, you see what they are about and how they vie with one another in the competition for offices, honors and possessions, all of which they will have to leave behind, and come to us with just one obol. Is it your pleasure, then, seeing we are upon an eminence, that I cry out with might and main and exhort them to desist from this silly drudgery and to live, keeping death ever before their eyes? And shall I say to them, O fools! why are you so eager about these things? Cease toiling, for you will not live forever. Naught of the grand things here is eternal, nor could one at death carry away with himself, any of them; but he must needs depart empty-handed, and his home, estate and gold must, from time to time, change their owners and become the property of different people. If I should din in their ears these and such like expostulations within hearing distance, don't you think the world would be much advantaged and men would become a great deal wiser?

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\* Leaves: *Il.*, vi. 146, ff.

As with the race of leaves, so also with that of men.

The leaves that be, the breeze on the ground doth strew; then others

The bloom-clad forest puts forth, when the season of spring arrives.

So with men; to birth cometh one generation, and another passeth away.

21. HERM. My dear sir! you've no idea to what an extent lack of perception and deceit have affected them, in consequence of which their ears can no more be opened even with an auger. They have stopped them up with beeswax, just as Odysseus did to his companions for fear they should hear the sirens.<sup>37</sup> How then could those men hear, even though you split yourself with shouting? For just what Lethé<sup>38</sup> does in our world, lack of perception effects here. Albeit there are a few of them, who, not having admitted the wax into their ears, are favorably disposed toward truth and look sharply into things and know of what sort they are.

CHAR. Shall we, then, shout to these at least?

HERM. It would be waste of time to tell them what they know already. Do you perceive how they stand aloof from the crowd and laugh scornfully at what takes place, and nowhere and in no wise find gratification therein, but evidently are already planning flight from the world to you? And with good reason, for they are even detested, because they convict the multitude of stupidity.

CHAR. Bravo! Ye noble souls! Albeit there are very few of them, Hermes.

HERM. Enough even at that. But let us now go down!

22. CHAR. One thing further, Hermes, I was desirous of seeing, and when you have shown me this, you will have put the finishing touch upon your work as cicerone. I wanted to see the burial places of their bodies—where they lay them in the ground.

HERM. Such places, Charon, they call mounds, tombs and sepulchers. Albeit, do you see those tumuli near the cities, the gravestones and pyramids? Those are all receptacles for the dead and places where bodies are kept.

CHAR. Why, then, do they deck the stones with garlands and anoint them with balsam? And when they have piled up a funeral pyre in front of the mounds and dug a kind of pit, why do they burn those costly

<sup>37</sup> Sirens: Sea goddesses, who were believed to bewitch with their song those who heard them. *Od.*, xii, 39, ff., 166 ff.

<sup>38</sup> Lethé: A place of oblivion in the lower world, or a river from which the shades drank and obtained forgetfulness.

viands there, and pour into the excavations, wine and a mixture of honey and water—so far at least as one can conjecture what it is?

HERM. I don't know, Sir Ferryman, what good this does the inhabitants of Hades. At all events, men believe that the souls come up from below and feast their fill by flying about in the steam and smoke, and drink the mixture of honey and water out of the pit.

CHAR. You don't say that they whose skulls are all dried up still eat and drink? It is ridiculous, though, for me to speak of this to you, who every day conduct them to the nether world. You know, accordingly, whether they who have once become tenants there are likely to be able to come up again. For in truth, Hermes, your lot would be too ridiculous for anything, if with your numerous responsibilities you had not only to escort them down, but also to bring them up again to get a drink. (*Charon continues as if addressing the people he sees.*) O fools and void of understanding! in that ye know not how great barriers separate the world of the dead from that of the living, and what sort of a world ours is, and that—

Alike are dead, he who unburied lies, and who a tomb hath found;

And Irus<sup>33</sup> and Agamemnon, lord of men, in equal honor stand;  
And fair-haired lady Thetis' son Thersites' equal proves.

All alike are spirits of the dead, that quickly take their flight;  
Disrobed and gaunt they wander wide in mead of asphodel.<sup>40</sup>

23. HERM. Heracles! what a flood of Homer you do pour over one! But seeing that you have reminded me

<sup>33</sup> Irus: The Ithacan beggar, notorious for his greediness, his endless eating and drinking, yet without strength or might, though exceedingly big to look upon. *Od.* xviii, 1 ff. At the opposite pole in life was Agamemnon, inferior only to Achilles, Thetis' son, among the Greeks at Troy. Thersites is described in *Il.* ii, 211 ff.

Now all the rest sat down, and on the seats were curbed;  
Only Thersites, unbridled of tongue, still scolded on.  
Words in his mind he knew, yea, many, but confused,  
Wherewith in vain, nor seemly, against the kings to strive,  
But what, it seemed to him, would make the Argives laugh.  
The ugliest man was he, that unto Ilum came;  
Bandy-legged he was, and lame of foot; his shoulders  
Two were round, and o'er his breast together drawn.  
Peaked was his head above, and scant the wool thereon.

<sup>40</sup> Asphodel: These lines are in part made up of phrases from Homer. The asphodel is a plant of the lily order. The reference here is to the mead of asphodel in the under world, haunted by the Shades of heroes. *Od.* xi, 539; xxiv, 18.

of it, I will show you the tomb of Achilles. Do you see that point near the sea? That is Sigeum<sup>41</sup> in the Troad; and right opposite Ajax lies buried in Rhœteum.

CHAR. Pshaw, Hermes! Those tombs are no great shakes. But show me now the noted cities, which we hear about down below—Nineveh,<sup>42</sup> the capital of Sardanapalus, and Babylon,<sup>43</sup> and Mycenæ, Cleonæ<sup>44</sup> and Ilium itself. At any rate, I remember having ferried many over, from there, so that for ten whole years I didn't have time to haul my boat ashore to dry and clean.

HERM. Nineveh, Sir Ferryman, has already perished and not a vestige of it now remains, nor could you tell even where it once was. But Babylon, you would have me tell you of, is that well-towered city, the one with the immense wall around it. Before long this city also is doomed to be sought for in vain, just like Nineveh. Mycenæ and Cleonæ I am ashamed to show you, and especially Ilium; for I'm sure you'll choke Homer, when you go back, on account of the big talk in his poems. Albeit they were prosperous once, but now they, too, are dead; for, Sir Ferryman, cities, as well as men, die, and what is most incredible, whole rivers also. Anyhow, not a ditch even any longer remains in Argos of the river Inachus.<sup>45</sup>

CHAR. Oh, what praises, Homer, and epithets you indulge in—"sacred" Ilium, "with broad avenues" and "well built" Cleonæ! 24. (*To Hermes.*) But, by

<sup>41</sup> Sigeum and Rhœteum: Promontories at the entrance to the Hellespont. See *Od.* xxiv, 88, ff., for description of death and burial of Achilles.

Above them, then, we reared a huge and goodly tomb,  
Yea, we, the sacred host of Argive spearmen brave,  
On boldly beetling headland, by the Hellespont wide,  
That from the deep it might be seen afar by men,  
Who now their being have and in after time shall live.

—*Od.* xxiv, 80 ff.

<sup>42</sup> Nineveh: The Assyrian capital, upon the upper Tigris, captured and destroyed about 606 B. C. by Cyaxares, king of Media.

<sup>43</sup> Babylon: On the Euphrates. Taken by Cyrus the Great, 538 B. C.

<sup>44</sup> Mycenæ and Cleonæ: Cities of Argolis, the former Agamemnon's capital. Ilium in the Troad, the seat of the ten years' war which Charon represents as having kept him full of business.

<sup>45</sup> Inachus: A river of Argos, named after a god or hero, who threw himself into and became identified with it. Having decided a dispute between Poseidon and Heré in favor of the latter, the former made the stream dry, except in rainy seasons.

the bye, who are those people engaged in battle, and why are they killing one another?

HERM. They are Argives you see, Charon, and Lacedæmonians; and that half-dead general is Othryades,<sup>46</sup> who with his own blood is tracing an inscription upon the trophy.

CHAR. But what are they fighting about, Hermes?

HERM. About the very plain upon which they are contending.

CHAR. Oh, the folly of those who verily do not understand that even if they themselves own all the Peloponnesus, they would each receive from Æacus a spot hardly a foot square! But some at one time, others at another, will oftentimes cultivate this plain, with the plough utterly demolishing the trophy.

HERM. So it shall be.—But let us go down now, and having put the mountains back in their place, let us depart, I to do the errand on which I was despatched, you to your ferryboat. But I shall be with you again, after a bit, with a squad of dead.

CHAR. Indeed, you have done me a great favor, Hermes. You'll be registered for all time as a benefactor. Thanks to you, I've got some good of my outing. (*Exit Hermes. Charon to himself.*) What a life wretched mortals lead! And yet not even a word of Charon.<sup>47</sup> (*Exit.*)

<sup>46</sup> Othryades: The only Lacedæmonian who survived, of 300 chosen to fight with an equal number of Argives for the possession of the frontier district of Thyrea (574 B. C.). Of the Argives two survived to carry home the news of victory. Meanwhile, Othryades, who had been wounded, raised a trophy, and traced upon it with his own blood this inscription: "To Zeus, the god of trophies;" and then died, or, according to one account, ashamed to survive his comrades, killed himself on the field. *Herodotus* i, 82.

<sup>47</sup> Not even a word of Charon: i. e., no one has any thought of death.

## 5.

## TIMON; OR, THE MISANTHROPE.

I am Misanthropos and hate mankind.  
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
 That I might love thee something.

—*Shak. Tim. of Ath.*, iv. 3.

*Introduction:* Timon was a citizen of Athens in the palmy days of the Attic Comedy, by which he was stamped as the type of misanthropy, a character which he has had the singular fortune to sustain ever since. The ancient notices of him are few and meager. Plutarch, in his life of Antony, who, after his downfall, compared his own fate to that of Timon, gives the following brief account of the latter:

"Timon was an Athenian who lived about the time of the Peloponnesian war (431-405 B.C.), as we may conclude from the plays of Aristophanes and Plato; for he is brought forward in them as peevish and misanthropical. Though he avoided and rejected all intercourse with men, yet he received in a friendly manner Alcibiades, who was a young, audacious fellow, and showed him great affection. And when Apemantus wondered at this, and asked the reason, he said that he liked the young man, because he knew that he would be the cause of much ill to the Athenians. Apemantus was the only person whom he sometimes allowed to approach him, because he was like himself and imitated his mode of life. On one occasion, during the festival called Choës, when the two were feasting together, Apemantus said, 'How delightful the entertainment is, Timon!'—'Yes, if you were not here,' was the reply. It is said, that when the Athenians were in public assembly, Timon ascended the bema and called for silence, which raised great expectation, on account of the unusual nature of the circumstance: he then said, 'I have a small plot of building ground, men of Athens, and there is a fig tree growing on it, on which many of the citizens have already hung themselves. Now, as I intend to build on the ground, I wish to give public notice, that if any of you choose, they may hang themselves before the fig tree is cut down.' After his death he was buried in Halæ, near the sea; but the shore in front of the place slipped down, and the sea, surrounding the tomb, made it inaccessible and unapproachable. The inscription on the tomb was:

" 'Here from the load of life released I lie;  
Ask not my name; but take my curse and die.'"

And they say that he wrote this inscription during his lifetime; but that which is commonly circulated as the inscription is by Callimachus:

" 'Timon, misanthrope I am. Away!  
Curse, an' thou wilt, but only do not stay.'"  
—Antony, 69 f. Stewart and Long's translation.

We have this picture of him by the chorus of women in the *Lysistrata* (808 f.) of Aristophanes:

"One Timon lived in days of yore,  
Whose face with thorns all covered o'er,  
Kept wanderers from approaching nigh,  
A very furies' progeny.  
Then Timon far from mortals fled,  
By bitter detestation led,  
And many a curse invoked upon their impious head.  
So this your friend to wicked men was moved  
By hatred, but by women dearly loved."

—*Wheelwright.*

And in the *Birds* (1547 f.) Prometheus calls himself a "Timon pure and simple (*καθαρός*)".

"PROMETHEUS. Full well thou know'st  
That all the gods I hold in detestation.  
PEISTHETÆRUS. By Jove, thou always hast been a god-hater.  
PROM. A very Timon."

—*Wheelwright.*

Phrynichus, of the Old Comedy, makes his hero say in the *Monotropos* (Hermit):

"I lead a Timon's life—  
No wife, no servant, verjuiced, unapproachable;  
I laugh not, talk not, cork myself within myself."

—*Gildersleeve.*

Callimachus has two epigrams relating to Timon:

Utter no word of kind adieu, base heart, but pass thou by;  
Say'st thou farewell, or draw not nigh, 'tis all the same to me.

And then, as if to complete and intensify the conception of his misanthropy, he represents Timon as never ceasing to hate even in the world of shadows:

"Say, Timon, sunk in night, abhor'st thou now  
The light above or gloomy shades below?  
'I hate the shades, since filled with humankind  
In greater numbers than I left behind.'"

—*Tytler.*

Plutarch leaves us to infer that Timon became embittered by the base ingratitude of those whom he had befriended with his wealth, but who turned to him the cold shoulder when he himself became poor. This idea Lucian develops more fully. Perhaps, as Prof. Charles R. Williams suggests, "one main cause for

his soured disposition" was "the growing degeneracy of the times—the moral and religious disintegration," which he saw going on around him, and "the influx of laxer moral ideas." In bitter disgust he secludes himself in his lonely tower, taking no part in the life of men, except to criticize with cynical contempt. He is said to have died in consequence of refusing the services of a surgeon to set a broken limb.

How much, if any, Shakspeare was indebted to Lucian for the materials of his *Timon of Athens* has been a disputed question among scholars. Skottowe remarks (Life of Shakspeare, Vol. II., p. 280): "It has been deemed a satisfactory conclusion, that he derived none of his materials from Lucian, because no translation of the dialogue of *Timon* is known to have existed in Shakspeare's day. But it should rather have been inferred from the many striking coincidences between the play and the dialogue, that Lucian had some influence over the composition of *Timon*, although the channel through which the influence was communicated is no longer to be traced." If there was no English translation of Lucian's work, Erasmus, at least, had rendered it into Latin, and *Timon* was a familiar character in literature. His story was doubtless known to Shakspeare through Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and through the passage from Plutarch already quoted. There is extant an earlier play upon the same theme, written about 1600, and edited in 1842 by Dyce for the Shakspearean Society. This, however, was intended for an academic audience only, and there is no evidence that Shakspeare was acquainted with it. His own play he left unfinished. He wrote out the main part of it, and outlined its general plan, but a later hand worked it up into the form in which we now have it. This author may have been familiar with Lucian's dialogue.

Gervinus, in his *Commentaries*, affirms that Shakspeare was "indirectly acquainted with Lucian's *Timon*. The digging up of the gold, the parasites' pursuit of him, his driving them away with stones and blows, the portioning of his servant, and even some resemblances in the imagery and speeches leave scarcely any doubt of this. But the use of Roman names seems to prove that he did not borrow directly from Lucian, as Shakspeare would in that case have avoided them." Shakspeare's *Timon* refuses the gold; Lucian's refuses, but afterward reluctantly accepts it, in deference to the divine command. There is also some correspondence between the poet and Gnathonides, the flatterer, who offers *Timon* the tribute of an ode, and between the senators and Demeas, the public man. Other similarities and contrasts in treatment are suggested in the notes.

There is a marked difference in aim between the two authors. Shakspeare seeks to arouse sympathy and compassion for *Timon*. In the earlier scenes of the play he represents him as in the heyday of wealth and popularity, and courted by crowds of flatterers and "trencher friends," who impose upon his lavish generosity and eat him out of house and home, and then abandon him to his poverty and wretchedness with the most unfeeling indifference. It is against these parasites and sycophants that the dramatist



directs his satire, while their unhappy victim is the "noble" Timon. Lucian's satire takes a wider range. One of its motives is to discredit the popular theology, by picturing Zeus as utterly unconcerned about the wrong-doing that is going on in the world, and in particular the treatment to which the hero of the dialogue had been subjected. Another is to show up the poet, parasite, the politician, professional philosopher and the cheat, who, on hearing of his newly-found wealth, hasten to fawn upon him as of yore. A third motive of the satire is to exhibit Timon and that class of which he is a type in their true character, as wronged, to be sure, by those who prey upon them, but as themselves really to blame for it all, because of their folly, simple-mindedness and lack of discrimination in choosing their friends and companions. That Lucian did not place a high estimate upon the character of Timon would appear from what he says of him in the *True Story*. He there represents him as standing sentry at the single narrow pass between the rivers that flow around the abode of the damned. While giving his own interpretation to Timon's character, Lucian was no doubt influenced by a play, not now extant, of that name, by Antiphanes, one the most distinguished poets of the Middle Comedy. He also derived some suggestions from the *Plutus* of his favorite master, Aristophanes. Lucian gives an original and striking turn to the plot in representing his hero as having suddenly had his wealth restored to him.

#### CHARACTERS.

*TIMON, once a wealthy Athenian.*

*ZEUS, supreme deity of the Greek Olympus.*

*HERMES, messenger of Zeus.*

*PLUTUS, personification of wealth.*

*PENIA, personification of poverty.*

*GNATHONIDES, or Mr. Cheeky, the poet.*

*PHILIADES, or Mr. Friendly, the parasite.*

*DEMEAS, or Mr. Politician, the public man.*

*THRASYCLES, or Mr. Boldface, the professional philosopher.*

*BLEPSIAS, or Mr. Sharky, the cheat.*

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#### ACT I.

**SCENE I.** *A desert place in Attica, whither Timon, the Misanthrope, has betaken himself from Athens.*

1. **TIMON.** *(Bitterly reproaching Zeus, as all by himself he turns up the stony soil with his mat-*

*tock.*) O Zeus, thou god of friendship, hospitality and good fellowship, thou protector of hearth and home and lightning-flasher, thou guardian of oaths, cloud-gatherer, thunderer, and whatever else the crack-brained poets call thee, especially when they are at their wits' end to make the line scan—for then from your well-stocked repertory of titles, you furnish them a prop, when the verse breaks down, and fill up the yawning chasms in the rhythm—where is now your lightning, with its terrific crash, and the loud resounding thunder, and that terrible bolt of yours, which burns at a white heat? For all this has now proved to be silly talk and simply poetic rubbish, aside from the jingle of the names. That thunderbolt of yours, so famous in song, and that reaches so far and is always ready to hand, somehow or other has entirely gone out and is chill, retaining not even a tiny spark of wrath against evil-doers. 2. At all events, any one essaying to commit perjury would sooner fear a half-extinguished lamp-wick, than the flash of your all-subduing bolt. To such an extent do you seem to be holding over them a sort of burnt-out torch, that they are not afraid of the fire or smoke from it, but imagine that the only damage they are likely to receive from the stroke is that they will be filled chock-full of soot. And so, in consequence of this, even Salomoneus<sup>1</sup> just now had the impudence to try and rival you at thundering—and the story is not at all improbable, for in comparison with Zeus, who is so slow to wrath, he's a hot-headed man, braggart though he is. And what wonder? since, indeed, you are asleep as if under the influence of a narcotic; for you neither hear perjurers, nor take any notice of wrong-doers; but are bleary-eyed and purblind in respect to passing events and are become hard of hearing, just like those past their prime. 3. For in your youth, at least, when you were quick to get angry and at your best as respects temper, you took summary action against evil and violent men, nor at that time did you ever make a truce with them, but your thunderbolt was all the time in

<sup>1</sup> Salomoneus: He claimed to be the equal of Zeus, ordered sacrifices to be offered to himself, and even imitated thunder by driving his chariot over a brazen bridge, and lightning with blazing torches. For this presumption Zeus killed him with a thunderbolt.

full blast and your ægis was shaken threateningly, your thunder rolled, and your lightning darted forward without cessation, like the firing along a skirmish line. Your earthquakes shook us up as in a sieve, your snow fell in heaps, and your hail pelted us as with stones; and to address thee with vulgar bombast, your rains were furious and violent, every drop a river. Therefore, in the age of Deucalion<sup>3</sup> such a general wreck came about in a twinkling, that all things were submerged, except a single craft, a sort of ark, which was with difficulty saved from destruction by stranding upon Mount Lycorea, and preserved a vital spark, as it were, of the seed of man for the breeding of greater wickedness. 4. Accordingly you are receiving from men the consequences and wages of your supineness. No one any longer makes you an offering or crowns you with a garland, unless, forsooth, it be some one who does so as a postscript to the Olympic games, and he not because he considers it very necessary to do these things, but in compliance with a primitive custom. And by and by, O highest-born among the gods, they will make another Cronus<sup>5</sup> of you and put you out of office. I refrain from telling how often already they have despoiled your temples. But certain ones have laid their hands even upon your own person at Olympia,<sup>4</sup> and you, high-thundering one, didn't have spunk enough to set the dogs on them, or rouse the neighbors to hasten to your aid and arrest the fellows, while in the very act of preparing for flight. But you, the high-born! the giant-killer! and conqueror of the Titans!<sup>5</sup> didn't move a

<sup>3</sup> Deucalion: Son of Prometheus. Warned by his father that Zeus had determined to destroy by a flood the degenerate race of men, he built himself an ark, in which he took refuge with his wife, Pyrrha. After nine days and nights the waters began to subside, and his vessel was stranded upon Mt. Lycorea, one of the peaks of Parnassus. Disembarking he offered a sacrifice of thanksgiving to Zeus, who granted his request for the restoration of mankind, and commanded him and his wife to cast behind them stones—or the bones of their mother (earth), which they interpreted to mean stones—from which sprung a new race.

<sup>4</sup> Cronus: Father and predecessor of Zeus, by whom he was overthrown. "They will treat you just as you did your sire."

<sup>5</sup> Your own person at Olympia: Referring to Phidias' great chryselephantine statue of Zeus in his temple there. Each lock of hair weighed seven and one-half pounds troy of gold.

<sup>6</sup> Giant killer and conqueror of the Titans: The giants were huge monsters, with fearful countenances and tails of dragons. Their leaders, Alcyoneus and Porphyrion, undertook to storm Olympus, but were finally shut up in Tartarus. The Titans, sons of Uranus, prompted by their mother, Gæa, conspired against

muscle, while they clipped your locks all the way around, though you held in your right hand a ten-cubit thunderbolt. When, now, your serene highness! shall these outrages cease to be treated with such careless neglect? When are you going to punish such wrongdoing? How many Phaëthons<sup>6</sup> and Deucalions will suffice to quell such overflowing insolence on the part of the present generation? 5. But to leave these general wrongs and speak of my own—after exalting so many Athenians and rescuing them from the depths of poverty, making millionaires of them, and helping all in want; or rather, after pouring out my wealth without stint for the benefit of my friends, when, thanks to that, I have become a poor man, they no longer even recognize me. And those who so long were wont to cower before and do obeisance to me and hang upon my word, do not even look at me. But if, as I walk upon the highway, I chance to encounter any of them, they give me the go-by, as if I were a sort of gravestone of a man long dead, that has toppled over, prostrated by time, and the inscription on which they have not even read. While those even who catch a glimpse of me in the distance, turn off another way, as if they thought they were about to see an ill-omened and disagreeable sight in the person of him who not long before had been their savior and benefactor. 6. And so, under the influence of my misfortunes, I betook myself to this out-of-the-way spot, and, clad in leathern garb, I am tilling the soil for four obols<sup>7</sup> a day and philosophizing upon my solitude and my mattock. At all events I gain here this advantage, methinks; I shall no longer see numbers of men prospering beyond their deserts—for that indeed is more grievous to bear. Therefore, O son of Cronus and Rhea, shake off for the nonce this deep sound sleep, for you've slept longer than Epimenides.<sup>8</sup>

their father, and forced him to abdicate. Cronus succeeded him, but was himself supplanted by his son, Zeus, to whom some of the Titans refused to submit. But after a contest of ten years they were overthrown and consigned to Tartarus.

<sup>6</sup> How many Phaëthons, etc.: i. e.: How many conflagrations and deluges will suffice, etc. Phaëthon was killed with a flash of lightning for his presumption in undertaking to drive the chariot of his father, Helios, Sun.

<sup>7</sup> Four obols: The obol was worth  $\frac{3}{4}$  cents.

<sup>8</sup> Epimenides: The prototype of our modern Rip Van Winkle. The story is that in his boyhood his father sent him after a sheep. The day being hot he took

Rekindle your thunderbolt, or get a light from *Ætna*,<sup>9</sup> and make a huge blaze and show some anger worthy of the manly, high-spirited Zeus—unless those stories are true that the people of *Crete*<sup>10</sup> tell about thee and thy burial there.

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SCENE II. *Olympus. Zeus, hearing Timon's outcries, asks Hermes who he is.*

7. ZEUS. I say, Hermes, who is that fellow hallooing from Attica, near the base of Mount Hymettus—all begrimed, unwashed and with a goat skin on? He is all the time stooping over, engaged in digging, I think—a loquacious, impudent chap; a philosopher, of course, else he wouldn't indulge in such blasphemous talk against me.

HERMES. What say you, sire? Don't you know Timon, the son of Echecratides, from the township of Collytus? He's the man who but just now was rich, the one who has often regaled us with faultless sacrifices. He it was who offered the whole hecatombs, and at his expense we were wont to have a magnificent celebration of the Diasia.<sup>11</sup>

ZEUS. Alas! what a change! Is he that noble looking man, that nabob, who had such a crowd of friends around him? What misfortune has brought him to such a pass?—filthy, wretched, and a hireling delver as it appears, so unwieldy is the mattock with which he is plying his work.

8. HERM. Goodness of heart and kindness, so to speak, have been the ruin of him,<sup>12</sup> and his compassion

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refuge in a cave, where he fell into a deep sleep, which continued for fifty-seven years. On waking up he resumed his quest for the sheep, and was surprised at the changed aspect of everything. Returning home he found that his younger brother was now an old man.

<sup>9</sup> *Ætna*: A volcano in Sicily, and one of the seats of the forges and smithies of Hephestus.

<sup>10</sup> *Crete*: The Cretans had a legend that Zeus was buried near the city of Cnossus.

<sup>11</sup> *Diasia*: A festival observed twice a year at Athens in honor of Zeus.

<sup>12</sup> Goodness of heart and kindness have been the ruin of him: Cf. *Shakespeare's Timon of Athens*, Act iv, Scene 2:

"Poor, honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men."

for all those in want; but to tell the truth, folly, simple-mindedness and a lack of discrimination in respect to his friends are at the bottom of it all. For he could not see<sup>13</sup> that he was showing favor to carrion-crows and wolves; but the ill-starred man, though so many vultures were devouring his liver,<sup>14</sup> was possessed with the idea that they were friends<sup>15</sup> and boon companions, who, out of good will toward him, enjoyed his hospitality. And when they had completely stripped the bones and gnawed them around, and squeezed out whatever marrow they contained—and that with a deal of pains—they went their way,<sup>16</sup> leaving him like a withered tree<sup>17</sup> that has had its roots cut off, no longer recognizing or even looking at him—why should they?—or in their turn helping him, or contributing to his necessities. Therefore with mattock and clad in a leathern frock, as you see, he has forsaken the city<sup>18</sup> for very

<sup>13</sup> For he could not see, etc.:

"O, you gods! what a number  
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!  
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up, too."—*Tim. of Ath.*, Act I, Scene 2.

<sup>14</sup> Devouring his liver: An allusion to the fate of Prometheus, who was chained to a rock in Scythia, where an eagle or vulture by day devoured his liver, which each night grew again.

<sup>15</sup> Possessed with the idea that they were friends, etc.:

"I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary."—*Tim. of Ath.*, Act I, Scene 2.

<sup>16</sup> They went their way:

"Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made.  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couched."—*Tim. of Ath.*, Act II, Scene 2.

<sup>17</sup> Like a withered tree: An abrupt change of figure.

"The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows."—*Tim. of Ath.*, Act IV, Scene 2.

<sup>18</sup> Has forsaken the city:

"Nothing I'll hear from thee,  
But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
Take thou that, too, with multiplying bans!  
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods, all)  
The Athenians, both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!  
Amen!"—*Tim. of Ath.*, Act IV, Scene 1.

shame, and is tilling the soil for wages, embittered on account of his troubles, because those who have received their wealth from him pass him by in utter disdain, not even knowing his name, whether he might be called Timon.

9. ZEUS. Well, this man must not be overlooked or neglected, for naturally enough he would be indignant, if left to his ill-fortune. For we shall be acting just like those accursed parasites, if we forget a man who has burned upon our altars so many thigh-bones of both bulls and goats wrapped in the richest fat. Anyhow, I still have their savor in my nostrils. But owing to my being so busy, and to the great uproar made by perjurers, extortioners and thieves, and moreover, to the fear caused by temple robbers—for these are so numerous and hard to keep off, that they do not suffer me to close my eyes even for an instant—for a long time now I've not even looked in the direction of Attica, and especially since philosophy and strifes of words became all the fashion among them. For between their wrangling with one another and shouting, it isn't possible even to hear the prayers. Accordingly, one has to sit with his ears stopped up, or be bored to death by these people, as they vociferate a long string of stuff about "virtue," so-called, incorporeal substances and such trumpery. And so, you see, it has come about that I've neglected even this man, although he's a person of some account. 10. But, nevertheless, Hermes, take Plutus<sup>10</sup> and go to him with all haste; and let Plutus bring also Thesaurus along with him, and let them both stay in Timon's house and not take themselves off so easily, even if he should try again to banish them from his dwelling by ever so much beneficence. But as for those flatterers and the ingratitude they have shown toward him, I shall look to it hereafter, and they shall make amends, when I've got my thunderbolt patched up. Its two largest rays are broken and have had their edge taken off, because a while ago, in my excessive zeal, I

<sup>10</sup> Plutus: Personification of wealth. Zeus is said to have blinded him, that he might distribute his favors indiscriminately, without regard to merit. The character was probably suggested by Aristophanes' *Plutus*; but Lucian has developed it in his own way.

let fly at the sophist, Anaxagoras,<sup>30</sup> who was trying to persuade his disciples that we gods are utter nobodies. But I missed him—for Pericles held his hand over him—and the bolt fell near by upon the temple of Castor and Polydeuces<sup>31</sup> and burned it up, and came very near being itself shivered to atoms on the rock. In the meantime, however, it will be sufficient punishment for them, if they see Timon again rolling in wealth.

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SCENE III. *Hermes departs in quest of Plutus.*

11. HERMES. (*To himself.*) What a fine thing it always was to bawl loud and be importunate and brazen-faced! That's a good card, not for advocates only, but for those who offer prayers. There's Timon, who, you see, is going to be raised on the spot from the depths of poverty to wealth, all because he cried out, spoke his mind in his prayer and looked Zeus right in the face. Whereas had he bent over and plied his digging in silence, he would be digging unnoticed to this day.

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *Olympus. Hermes has brought Plutus into the presence of Zeus.*

PLUTUS. Well, but I would rather not go near him, Zeus.

ZEUS. Why so, most worthy Plutus—not at my behest?

12. PLUT. Because, by Zeus, he maltreated me and carried me forth and scattered me hither and thither in many fragments, and that, though I was an old family friend; and he all but thrust me out of his house with pitchforks<sup>32</sup> as quickly as they who drop a live coal.

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<sup>30</sup> Anaxagoras: A philosopher of Athens, 5th century B. C. Accused of impiety, he was saved from being condemned to death by the influence of Pericles, the orator and statesman, whose friend and teacher he was.

<sup>31</sup> Temple of Castor and Polydeuces: On the north side of the precipitous cliff on which stood the Acropolis of Athens.

<sup>32</sup> He all but thrust me forth with pitchforks:

"He pours it out. Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
Seven-fold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance."—*Tim. of Ath.*, Act I, Scene 1.



Shall I, then, go back again to be lavished upon parasites, flatterers and mistresses? O Zeus, send me to those who will appreciate the gift and treat me with respect—with whom I shall be honored and a great favorite. As for those cormorants, let them keep company with their poverty, which they prefer to me, and having got from her a leathern garment and a mattock, let them be content—poor wretches!—to bring in to their mistress five obols a day—they who squander the talents so quickly in presents.

13. ZEUS. But Timon will not demean himself toward you in any such way again. For his mattock has thoroughly convinced him—unless his loins are utterly insensible to pain—that you are to be preferred to his poverty. Why, you seem to me to be very much of a grumbler. You now find fault with Timon because he opened his doors and let you go about freely and did not shut you up, or view you with jealousy. But at other times, on the contrary, you are vexed at the rich, affirming that they keep you under lock and key, with seal upon seal, so that you cannot get so much as a peep at the light of day. At all events you used to complain bitterly about it to me, and declare that you were being suffocated by the darkness, so dense was it. And on account of this you were wont to look sallow to us and quite full of care, and you had your fingers drawn up, owing to the habit of counting, and threatened to run away from these people, if you could snatch an opportunity. In short, you used to think it ever so dreadful to lead a maiden's life just like Danaë,<sup>23</sup> in your chamber of bronze or iron, brought up under the tutelage of those sharp-witted, thorough-going knaves—Usury and Arithmetic. 14. At any rate it was a frequent saying of yours, that they act strangely who fall in love with you to excess, and though it is in their power to enjoy you, do not make bold to do so, or use in security the object of their passion, though they have full control of it; but they stay awake and watch it, with their eyes fixed upon the seal and the bar<sup>24</sup> without winking, deem-

<sup>23</sup> Danaë: One of the numerous lady-loves of Zeus, who appeared to her in a golden shower through the roof of the subterranean room, or of the brazen tower, where her father had immured her, that she might be secluded from all lovers.

<sup>24</sup> Seal and bar: The cross-bar, with the seal upon it, which guards the entrance to their treasure chest.

ing it sufficient fruition, not that they possess the means of enjoyment themselves, but that they share them with nobody else, just like the dog in the manger, which neither eats of the barley herself, nor allows the hungry horse to partake. And besides it was your wont even to mock at them for using you sparingly and keeping guard over you, and, oddest of all, for being jealous of themselves and failing to perceive that some accursed menial or scapegrace of a steward will sneak in clandestinely and indulge in a drunken debauch, leaving his unhappy and ill-natured master to lie awake, brooding over his interest by the dim light of a little narrow-necked lamp and thirsty mite of a wick. Isn't it, then, all wrong to make such charges in days of yore and now to bring against Timon the contrary accusations?

15. PLUT. And yet, if you were to look into the facts, I shall appear to you to act with sound sense in both cases. For this utterly wasteful extravagance and thoughtlessness of Timon's would naturally seem to indicate a want of good will on his part toward me. Besides, those who keep me confined with doors and in darkness, taking care that I should become more gross for them, and fat and swollen to a great size, and who won't have anything to do with me themselves, or bring me forth into the light of day, in order that no one may catch sight of me—such people I used to regard as silly and overbearing. For, though I do no wrong, they let me corrode beneath such a mass of fetters, not knowing that after a little they, themselves, will pass away and leave me to some other lucky man. 16. I have, therefore, no word of praise for these, or for that other class who are free and easy with me, but only for those who will use moderation in the matter—the very best thing to do—and will not keep their hands off altogether, nor expend me entirely. By your majesty's very self, O Zeus, just think—if a man, after lawfully marrying a young and beautiful woman, should then neither keep watch of her, nor be absolutely jealous, allowing her both to go wherever she pleases, night and day, and to associate with whomever she wants to—nay, more, suppose he should himself conduct her forth from his dwelling, or should open wide the doors and invite

any and all to visit her—would such a one, forsooth, seem to have any affection? You, at least, O Zeus, would not say so, for you've often lost your heart.<sup>25</sup>

17. But suppose, on the other hand, a man should according to law receive into his home a free woman, to be his wife and mother of his children, but would not himself have anything to do with the blooming, beautiful maiden, or permit any one else to look upon her, but having shut her up should rear her as a virgin, childless and without issue, and that, too, though he protests his affection and is evidently in love, judging by his wan complexion, wasting flesh and sunken eyes—is it possible that such a person should not be regarded as out of his mind, because, when he ought to rear a family and enjoy his married life, he allows a maiden, so fair of face and so lovely, to wither away by treating her all her life as a priestess of the law-giving Demeter?<sup>26</sup> I too have these grounds for vexation myself; on the part of some I am ignominiously trampled upon, devoured and robbed, while by others I am kept in fetters like a branded runaway.

18. ZEUS. Why, then, are you vexed at them? For both classes make amends for it handsomely. The former like Tantalus, haven't a drop to drink or anything to eat and are haggard in face, absorbed in admiration for their gold; while the latter, like Phineus,<sup>27</sup> have their food snatched right out of their throats by the Harpies. So be off at once, prepared to find Timon a good deal wiser.

PLUT. What! Will Timon ever stop emptying me out with all his might, as it were from a tub with a hole in it, before I have fairly run in, desiring to keep ahead of the inflow, lest I burst in with a deluge and swamp him? So, then, to my thinking, I'm about to bring water and pour it into just such a vessel as the

<sup>25</sup> You've often lost your heart: A sharp thrust at Zeus for his many love affairs.

<sup>26</sup> Demeter: Called the lawgiver, because she taught men agriculture and kindred arts and laid the foundations of civil society and lawful marriage. Hence she was worshiped especially by women.

<sup>27</sup> Phineus: A Thracian king. As a penalty, for ill-treating his step-children, the Harpies, or Snatchers, were sent to plague him by snatching, or fouling, the viands on his table.

Danaïds<sup>28</sup> had—all to no purpose. For the jar holds no water, but before it has run in, the stream will have almost flowed out, so very wide is the opening in the vessel for the outflow and so unhindered is the discharge.

19. ZEUS. Well, then, if he doesn't stop up this gaping and always open orifice, as you run out in a trice, he will easily find his leathern frock again and his mattock in the sediment of the jar. So off with you at once and give him a mint of money.—(*Turning to Hermes.*) But be sure and remember, Hermes, on your way back, to bring me the Cyclopes<sup>29</sup> from Ætna, that they may mend my bolt and put a keen edge on it, as we shall very soon need to have it sharp.

SCENE II. *Hermes and Plutus en route to Timon.*

20. HERM. Come, Plutus, let us go on our way! Why, how is this? You limp a little, do you? It had escaped my notice, my noble friend, that you were not only blind,<sup>30</sup> but lame as well.

PLUT. It is not always so, Hermes. But whenever I set off to visit any one under commission from Zeus, somehow or other I am slow and lame in both feet, so that I barely reach my goal, and sometimes the man has grown prematurely old with waiting for me. But as soon as I am obliged to depart, you will see me possessed of wings and far more fleet than the phantoms of dreamland. The barrier,<sup>31</sup> at any rate, has no sooner fallen, than I forthwith am proclaimed as conqueror, having bounded across the race-course with such speed that sometimes the spectators do not even see me.

<sup>28</sup> Danaïds: The fifty daughters of Danaüs, who gave each of them a dagger on the day of their marriage to the fifty sons of Ægyptus and bade them slay their husbands. All obeyed, save one. As a punishment for their crime, they were condemned in the lower world to pour water into a cask full of holes.

<sup>29</sup> Cyclopes: Titans, employed by Zeus to forge his bolts for him. According to later tradition they were assistants of Hephestus; and volcanoes, especially Ætna, were their workshops.

<sup>30</sup> Blind: Cf. Aristophanes' *Plutus*, 87 ff.:

"Jove wrought me this, out of ill-will to men.  
For in my younger days I threatened still  
I would betake me to the good and wise  
And upright only: so he made me blind,  
That I should not discern them from the knaves."—*Collins*.

<sup>31</sup> The barrier: Or starting line, a rope stretched across the bounds of the race course, and dropped the moment the runners were to start.

**HERM.** This that you say isn't true. At the very least I could tell you of many who yesterday hadn't even an obol to buy a halter<sup>22</sup> with, but to-day, all of a sudden, are rich and ride out in extravagant style in a carriage with a span of white horses, when they had never before owned even so much as a pack-ass. And they go about clad in purple and with gold rings upon their fingers, not even they themselves, I must think, believing they are rich, except in a dream.

21. **PLUT.** That's quite another matter, Hermes; and in such cases I do not go on my own feet, nor does Zeus despatch me to these people, but Pluto<sup>23</sup>—for he, too, is himself a giver of wealth and princely in his benefactions. At any rate, it would appear so even from his name. Whenever, then, I have to change my residence from one to another, they throw me into a will,<sup>24</sup> and having carefully sealed me down take me up with a rush and bear me away. The corpse lies in state in some dark corner<sup>25</sup> of the house, with a covering of an old piece of linen cloth across his knees and fought over by the weasels; while the expectant heirs await me in the forum with their mouths wide open, just as chirping nestlings await the swallow hovering over them.

22. When the seal is torn off, the cord cut and the will opened and made known, my new owner—some kinsman, forsooth, or parasite, or dissolute menial, esteemed for ministering to his master's sensuality, his jaw partly shorn, and having received—the fine fellow!—the contract price, large at that, in return for various and manifold delights in which, though already past the bloom of youth, he has gratified him—this man, whoever he is, snatches me up, will and all, and hurriedly takes himself off and gets his name changed to Megacles, Megabyzus, or Protarchus, instead of Pyrrhias, Dromon, or Tibius,<sup>26</sup> as it was before, leaving the

<sup>22</sup> A halter: With which to hang themselves.

<sup>23</sup> Pluto: God of the lower world and called the wealth-giver, because of the riches he bestows upon mankind in the precious metals contained in his subterranean passages and chambers.

<sup>24</sup> A will: The tablets containing the testament were bound with a triple cord, sealed and signed with the names of the witnesses.

<sup>25</sup> Lies in state in some dark corner: In contrast with the usual custom of laying out the dead in the principal room and dressed in a splendid garment. "Lies in state" is said in bitter sarcasm.

<sup>26</sup> Pyrrhias, etc.: Common slave names, exchanged for those more honorable and high-sounding.

others behind idly gaping and gazing into one another's faces; and genuine is their grief at the thought that such a tunny-fish<sup>37</sup> should have escaped them out of the inmost part of the seine, after gulping down no little bait. 23. He bursts in upon me all at once, vulgar, stupid fellow!—and though he still shudders at the clanking of a chain, and pricks up his ear, if some passerby snaps his whip inadvertently, and falls down and worships, as though it were a shrine, the mill<sup>38</sup> where he was once condemned to labor, yet he is no longer endurable to those who come in contact with him. Nay, he insults the free and flogs his former companions in slavery, putting it to the proof whether he, too, has it in his power to do such things, until falling into the hands of some little wench, or setting his heart upon keeping horses, or giving himself up to flatterers, who take oath that full surely he is handsomer than Nireus,<sup>39</sup> of nobler birth than Cecrops or Codrus,<sup>40</sup> more sagacious than Odysseus and richer than sixteen Croesuses put together, he, poor wretch! runs through in a twinkling the fortune which had been slowly amassed through a long course of perjury, extortion and villainy.

24. HERM. The facts of the case, I presume, are pretty much as you say. But when you travel on your own feet, how do you find the way, seeing you are blind? How do you distinguish those to whom Zeus sends you, after he decides that they are worthy of wealth?

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<sup>37</sup> Such a tunny: A large fish common in the Mediterranean and named from its quick darting motion. It is here used of the rich old man who escapes from the net which the legacy hunters have set for him and makes off with the bait, i.e., with the presents they have given him in the hope that he will be influenced thereby to remember them in his will. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* ii, 5, lines 25, 44.

<sup>38</sup> Mill: A place where grain was pounded, usually worked by horses, or asses; but sometimes a lazy or otherwise bad slave was compelled to do the work as a punishment. Even in the midst of his suddenly acquired wealth, he cannot quite forget his old life, the clanking of his chain, the cracking of the driver's lash, or the mill.

<sup>39</sup> Nireus: *Il.*, ii, 671 ff.

Nireus, too, from Symé led three balanced ships,  
Nireus, son of Aglala and Charopus, sovereign prince,  
Nireus, most beauteous man that unto Ilum came,  
Of all the Danaans, save Peleus' blameless son;  
But a weakling was he, and few the host that followed him.

<sup>40</sup> Cecrops and Codrus: The former was the first king of Athens and the mythical founder of the state and of its civilization; the latter was the last Attic king, and voluntarily gave up his life for his country in the Dorian invasion, about 1100 B. C.

PLUT. Why! do you imagine I ascertain who they are? No, by Zeus, not a bit of it! For if I did I shouldn't have forsaken Aristides<sup>41</sup> and visited Hipponicus and Callias<sup>42</sup> and many other Athenians, who didn't deserve even an obol.

HERM. But how do you manage when you are sent on one of these missions?

PLUT. Oh, I wander to and fro and go about aimlessly until I unexpectedly fall into somebody or other's hands; and whoever is the first to stumble upon me, leads me away to his house and holds possession, paying homage to you, Hermes<sup>43</sup> in view of the unexpectedness of his good fortune.

25. HERM. Is Zeus, then, completely befooled in the idea that you are enriching, in accordance with his purpose, as many as he thinks worthy of wealth?

PLUT. Yes, and very justly, my good friend, in that, though well aware of my blindness, he was in the habit of sending me to seek after a creature so hard to find and that had disappeared long ago from among men, which indeed not even Lynceus<sup>44</sup> could easily discover, so shadowy and microscopic is it. Therefore, because the good are few, whereas knaves in very great numbers control everything in the cities, I fall in with such more readily as I go about, and am caught by them as in a net.

HERM. How then, when you abandon them, do you easily make your escape, in view of the fact that you don't know the road?

PLUT. Somehow I then become sharp-sighted and sound of foot just for the time of my flight.

26. HERM. Moreover, answer me this too. How is it that you, blind though you are—excuse my speaking of it—and of sallow complexion into the bargain, and unwieldy in your legs, have so many lovers, so that you are the cynosure of all eyes, and those who secure you

<sup>41</sup> Aristides: An Athenian statesman of such integrity and honesty that he was surnamed the "just." He died very poor.

<sup>42</sup> Hipponicus and Callias: Members of an Athenian family famous for its wealth; both were men of ill repute.

<sup>43</sup> Hermes: Every chance gain, or unexpected stroke of good fortune, was attributed to him.

<sup>44</sup> Lynceus: Even he, with his proverbial acuteness of vision, could not discover any one who really deserved the gift of wealth.

think they are fortunate, but if they fail of gaining you, that they cannot endure to live? At all events, I know some of them—and they are not few—who are so passionately in love with you that they even cast themselves headlong into the deep-yawning<sup>46</sup> sea, or down from lofty rocks, thinking that they are overlooked by you, just because you didn't look at them at all. Albeit you also, I am very sure, would acknowledge, if you understood yourself at all, that they are filled as it were with Corybantic frenzy<sup>46</sup> in being mad after such an object of passion.

27. PLUT. Why! surely you don't suppose I appear in their eyes to be just such a person as I really am, halt or blind, or as having any other peculiarities of my own?

HERM. Well, but how can it be otherwise, Plutus, unless they too are all blind themselves?

PLUT. No, not blind, my most excellent friend; but the ignorance and deceit, which now prevail the world over, becloud their minds. And besides, I myself, that I might not be altogether ugly, don a sort of mask of surpassing loveliness, shot with gold and set with precious stones, and array myself in brodered robes, and in this guise I meet them. And they, supposing that the beauty they see is in my own person, become enamored of me and perish on not obtaining their desire. For, indeed, should some one strip me quite bare and expose me to their view, evidently they would accuse themselves of being exceedingly purblind, and of loving things that are unlovely and misshapen.

28. HERM. Why is it, then, that even after they have become rich and have themselves donned the mask, they are still deceived, and if some one attempt

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<sup>46</sup> Deep-yawning sea, etc.: Quoted from the lines of Theognis on poverty, Bergk, 173 ff.

The good man 'bove all doth penury most subdue,  
E'en more than hoary age, or ague chill.  
Its power fleeing, e'en into the deep-yawning sea  
His body he ought to hurl, or down steep crag;  
For man in poverty's thrall can nothing say,  
Can nothing do; yea, fettered is his tongue.  
Alike o'er land and the sea's broad back it behooves  
Him release to seek from poverty's cruel sway.

<sup>46</sup> Corybantic frenzy: The Corybantes were priests of Cybelé, in Phrygia, whose rites they celebrated with wild orgies to the accompaniment of drums, cymbals and horns.



to deprive them of it, they would sooner give up their life than the mask? For, of course, when they see all that is within, they are not likely to be ignorant then that this beauty of form is only veneer.

PLUT. Not a few things, Hermes, fight on my side even with reference to this.

HERM. What are they?

PLUT. Whenever any one, having first fallen in with me, throws open the door and receives me within, vanity enters unawares along with me, and ignorance, arrogance, effeminacy, wantonness, deceit and certain other things in countless numbers. When his soul has been taken possession of by all these, he admires things that are not worthy of admiration, grasps at objects which are to be shunned, and views me with wonder as the father of all those evil genii that have entered in and by whom I am attended as by a bodyguard; and he would suffer everything sooner than submit to letting me go.

29. HERM. How smooth and slippery you are, Plutus, hard to be held on to and able to get away, supplying nothing firm to hold on by; but just like eels and snakes you slip through one's fingers, I know not how. But Poverty, on the contrary, is sticky and easy to get hold of and has numberless barbs that grow out all over her body, so that those who come near are at once held fast and cannot easily get clear.—But while we are engaged in this foolish talk, a matter just now of no little consequence has escaped my notice.

PLUT. Well, what is it?

HERM. Why, we haven't brought Thesaurus along with us, and we couldn't possibly do without him.

30. PLUT. Have no fear on that score at least! When I go up to you, I always leave him behind upon the earth, under strict orders to shut the door and remain within, and to open to nobody, unless he hears me call.

SCENE III. *The desert place in Attica. Hermes and Plutus alight, finding Timon, with Poverty and Attendants.*

HERM. Well, then, let us set foot at once some-

where in Attica, and do you follow me and hold on to my coat-tail, until I reach Timon's retreat by the sea.

PLUT. It is very kind of you, Hermes, to keep hold of me. For if you forsook me, in my rounds, I should soon fall in with Hyperbolus or Cleon.<sup>47</sup> But what is that noise we hear, just like that made by iron striking a stone?

31. HERM. It's Timon right here close by, spading up a somewhat stony piece of ground on the mountain side. Good heavens! Poverty is by his side and Toil yonder, Patience, Wisdom and Manliness and the mighty host of all those arrayed under Famine's banner—a nobler company far than your bodyguard.

PLUT. Why not, then, take our departure, Hermes, post haste? For we couldn't render any service worth mentioning to a man surrounded by so great a host.

HERM. Nay, Zeus thought otherwise. Let us, therefore, not play the coward!

32. POVERTY. (*To Hermes.*) Whither, O Slayer of Argus,<sup>48</sup> are you leading this man by the hand?

HERM. We have been despatched by Zeus on an errand to Timon here.

POV. What! Has Plutus been sent to Timon now, when I had rescued him from ill-treatment at the hands of Luxury and confided him to the care of these people here—Wisdom and Toil—and thereby have made a noble-minded man of him and one of sterling worth? Am I, Poverty, in your opinion so despicable, forsooth! and exposed to wrong, that you take away from me the only possession I had, after it had been carefully perfected in virtue, in order that Plutus, when he has got hold of him again and put him into the hands of Wantonness and Folly and rendered him just like what he was of old—cowardly, low-minded, and without understanding—may give him back to me once more, he having become by this time as worthless as an old rag?

<sup>47</sup> Hyperbolus, or Cleon: Two coarse and ignorant Athenian demagogues, prominent in the earlier years of the Peloponnesian war, the former a lamp-maker, the latter a tanner.

<sup>48</sup> Slayer of Argus: Or "swift messenger," "swiftly or brightly appearing," as some render the Greek. The common rendering is connected with the story of Io, Heré's priestess, whose beauty had attracted the attention of Zeus. Out of jealousy Heré changed her into a heifer and put the hundred-eyed Argus in charge of her. Hermes, whom Zeus had sent to get possession of the heifer, lulled Argus to sleep with his wand and then slew him.

HERM. O Poverty, such is the will of Zeus.

33. POV. Well, then, I'm off; aye and do you also—Toil, Wisdom and the rest—follow me. But this man will appreciate by and by what sort of a person he will lose in me—a capital helpmeet and teacher in the best things, in fellowship with whom he was at all times healthy in body and vigorous in mind, living a manly life, self-reliant, and regarding superfluities—and they are many—as foreign to himself, as indeed they are. (*Exeunt Poverty and attendants.*)

HERM. (*To Plutus.*) Well, they are off. Now let us approach him.

34. TIMON. (*Seeing them coming.*) Who are you, you accursed interlopers? With what intent have you come here to trouble a hireling tiller of the soil? Begone, bad luck to you, foul brood as ye all are! Else I'll beat you to a jelly on the spot with these clods and stones.

HERM. For mercy's sake, Timon, don't throw! For we whom you are about to strike are not men. But I am Hermes, and my friend here is Plutus. Zeus has sent us in response to your prayers. So have done with your toils, accept the happiness he proffers, and may good fortune attend you!

TIM. And you shall howl presently, gods though ye are—your word for it. For I hate men and gods—all of them at one and the same time; and as for this blind fellow, whoever he is, I have a mind to just knock him on the head with my mattock.

PLUT. By Zeus, Hermes, let us get away, lest I come off with some additional damage; for to my thinking this fellow has a violent fit of melancholy.

35. HERM. Don't do any mischief, Timon. But throw off this excessive boorishness and roughness, stretch out your hands and receive this piece of good fortune; be rich once more and the first among Athenians; look down upon these thankless brutes and enjoy your prosperity all by yourself.

TIM. I want nothing of you. Don't trouble me! My mattock is wealth enough for me. As for the rest, I'm most fortunate if I haven't a single neighbor.

HERM. Do you live, my good friend, in such unsocial fashion?

Shall I bear back to Zeus this answer harsh and stern?

—*Il.* xv., 202.

Well! it were quite natural that you should be a hater of mankind, after suffering so many dreadful things at their hands, but in nowise a hater of the gods, seeing they have taken such good care of you.

36. **TIM.** Well, I'm ever so much obliged to you, Hermes, and to Zeus, for your solicitude in my behalf; but as for this Plutus here—I'll have none of him.

**HERM.** Why, pray?

**TIM.** Because ever so long ago he brought upon me countless ills, by giving me into the hands of parasites and letting loose designing men upon me, by rousing up hatred and corrupting me with luxury and by making me an object of envy; and at last forsaking me all of a sudden so perfidiously and treacherously. But most worthy Poverty, having disciplined me by means of the manliest toils and keeping me company along with sincerity and frankness, both supplied my necessities by labor and taught me to despise the manifold luxuries of former days by making my hopes of a livelihood depend upon myself and by showing that *my* wealth was something which neither fawning flatterer, nor truckling sycophant, nor infuriate mob, nor voting assemblyman, nor plotting tyrant could take from me. 37. In good health, therefore, through my exertions in laboriously cultivating this field here and seeing none of the evils to be found in a city, I have enough and sufficient bread from my mattock. So then, Hermes, take yourself back again to Zeus, and Plutus along with you. I should be quite satisfied to have made all men, young and old, howl.

**HERM.** On no account do it, my dear sir, for it isn't every man that's adapted to howling. So have done with these peevish and puerile notions and receive Plutus. The gifts that come from Zeus are by no means to be thrown aside.

**PLUT.** Shall I plead my cause before you, Timon? Or are you angry with me for putting in a word?

**TIM.** Say on, but don't be long about it, nor indulge in any prefatory remarks after the fashion of practiced

orators. Yes, I'll put up with a few words from you for the sake of Hermes here.

38. PLUT. I ought, perhaps, to have replied even at great length, you have brought so many accusations against me. All the same, see if I have done you any wrong, as you say—I, who have been instrumental in securing for you all the most delightful things—esteem, the privilege of a front seat at the theater,<sup>49</sup> and at the games, honorary crowns and all other luxuries. Thanks to me, you were the observed of all observers, famous and much sought after. But if you have been harshly treated by the flatterers, I do not deserve to be blamed by you. Nay, rather, I have myself received this wrong at your hands—that you so ignominiously put me at the mercy of accursed men, who flatter and bewitch you and in every way plot against me. And lastly, you said that I have betrayed you; whereas, on the contrary, I myself would charge you with driving me out in every way and with thrusting me forth head-foremost from your dwelling. Therefore, instead of a soft mantle of wool, Poverty, who is held by you in the highest honor, has put on you this leathern frock. Accordingly, Hermes here is witness how I implored Zeus that I might not have to come any more into your presence who had treated me so unkindly.

39. HERM. But, Plutus, do you now see what a change has already been wrought in the man? So then be of good courage and take up your abode with him. And (*turning to Timon*) keep on digging just as you are; and do you, Plutus, summon Thesaurus to his mattock; for he'll answer your call.

TIM. Well, Hermes, I suppose I must obey and become rich once more; for what can a fellow do when the gods compel. But only see in what trouble you are involving poor unfortunate me. For after living most happily until now, all of a sudden, though I've done no wrong, I'm about to receive so much gold and take upon myself so many anxieties.

40. HERM. Submit patiently, Timon, for my sake,

<sup>49</sup> Privilege of a front seat at the theater, etc.: It was an old Athenian custom to assign the front tiers of seats to members of the Council, generals, archons, foreign ambassadors and other distinguished persons. Honorary crowns were given as a recognition of extraordinary public services.

even if it is hard and unendurable, in order that those parasites may burst asunder with envy. But I'm going to fly off to heaven by the way of *Ætna*—so good-by! (*Exit Hermes.*)

PLUT. He's gone, so it seems, for I judge by the measured stroke of his wings. Do you wait here, Timon. I'll depart and send you *Thesaurus*; or rather do you keep on striking. (*Addressing Thesaurus.*) You, I say, *Treasure-of-gold*, answer Timon here, and yield yourself for him to take up. Go on digging, Timon; deal heavy blows. For your sake, I'll take my leave. (*Exit Plutus.*)

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### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The desert place. Timon digs up the treasure. The false friends of former days—Gnathonides, Philicides, Demeas, Thrasycles, Blepsias, Laches and Gniphon, and a crowd of others—hear of his good fortune and hasten to greet him.*

41. TIM. (*Alone.*) Come now, O mattock, take courage for the nonce, I pray you, and don't tire of calling *Thesaurus* forth from the depths into the light. (*The strokes of his mattock suddenly revealing the treasure.*) O Zeus, god of marvels, and ye beloved priests of Cybelé, and Hermes, bestower of treasure-trove—whence comes so much gold? Can it be that it's a dream? At any rate, I'm afraid I shall awake and find only coals.<sup>60</sup> Yet truly it is gold coin, reddish, heavy and in appearance perfectly exquisite.

O gold, the fairest blessing by mortal men possessed!

Thou strik'st the eye both night and day, just like a flaming fire.<sup>61</sup>

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<sup>60</sup> Find only coals: An allusion to the proverb—"Carbonem pro thesauro invenire," which expresses the common notion, that treasure-trove often turns to coals.

<sup>61</sup> O gold, the fairest blessing, etc.: The first line of this couplet is from a trag-

Come, dearest and most lovely being! Now, indeed, I can believe that even Zeus once upon a time turned into gold. For what maiden would not welcome with open arms so fair a lover, though he dropped down through the roof? 42. O Midas and Cræsus,<sup>52</sup> and ye votive offerings in Delphi,<sup>53</sup> how utterly insignificant, after all, were ye in comparison with Timon and Timon's wealth, to whom in fact not even the King of the Persians<sup>54</sup> is equal! O mattock and dearest leathern frock, it will be a graceful thing to dedicate you to Pan<sup>55</sup> here. As for myself I'll purchase at once all the land on the border and build a little tower over my treasure, big enough for me to live in by myself; and I think, when I die, I'll have the same as my tomb also. Be this irrevocably decreed and ordained by law for the rest of my life—no intercourse or acquaintance with anybody, and contempt for all. Be friend, guest, companion, or Mercy's altar<sup>56</sup> an utter absurdity; and to pity one in

edy of Euripides, not extant; the second line is from Pindar's first Olympic Ode. With section 41 cf. *Timon of Athens*, Act iv., Scene 3.

"What is here?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
I am no idle votarist.  
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
Twixt natural son and sire! Thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! Thou valiant Mars  
Thou ever young, fresh, loved and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap!"

<sup>52</sup> O Midas and Cræsus: Kings respectively of Phrygia and Lydia and proverbial for their great wealth. All that Midas touched turned to gold.

<sup>53</sup> Votive offerings in Delphi: Proverbial for their extent and value even in the time of Homer.

<sup>54</sup> King of the Persians: Regarded by the Greeks as the most powerful and richest potentate, and hence used as a standard of exaggerated comparison.

<sup>55</sup> Pan: God of woods and meadows and of rural life in general. In giving up one's occupation, it was common to devote to its presiding deity the insignia, or tools, which especially belonged to it.

<sup>56</sup> Mercy's altar: In the agora at Athens there was an altar to Eleos, personification of mercy. It stood there from very early times, until the death of the Emperor Julian (A. D. 363). Pausanias says that this being was worshiped among the Athenians alone, of all the Greeks. With the sentiments of Timon's decree compare *Timon of Athens*, Act v., Scene 3:

"Therefore be abhorred  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.  
Destruction fang mankind!  
Thou shalt build from men;  
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;  
But let the famished flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,  
Debts wither them to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods."

tears or help one in need shall be held a transgression of law and a breach of manners. My mode of life shall be solitary, just like that of wolves, and Timon my only friend. 43. Let all others be regarded as enemies and plotters. It shall be defilement even to hold intercourse with any of them; and if I merely catch sight of a man, it shall be a day of ill omen. In a word, let men be to me just the same as statues of marble or of bronze. I shall receive no messenger from them and make no treaty. Let the wilderness be my boundary, so far as they are concerned. The terms—fellow-tribesmen, fellow-clansmen, fellow-citizens—and the very name fatherland shall be frigid, useless appellations, and objects of rivalry among men of no understanding. Timon shall have the exclusive enjoyment of his wealth and look down upon all; he shall fare sumptuously apart by himself, free from flattery and wearisome compliments, and sacrifice to the gods and feast, with nobody but himself as neighbor and boon companion, a great way off from everybody else. Be it decreed once for all that he alone bid himself farewell, and when he must needs die, place a garland<sup>57</sup> upon his brow. 44. "The Misanthrope" shall be my most agreeable name; and peevishness, roughness of manner, and awkwardness, anger and dislike of men, shall be tokens of my character. If I should see a man burning up and imploring me to put the fire out, be it decreed to quench it with pitch and oil. And if a winter torrent should carry a man past and he should stretch out his arms and beg me to give him a helping hand, be it ordained to push even such a one away, and plunge him in head-foremost, that he may not be able to pop up again. For thus they would receive an impartial fate. Timon, son of Echecratides, of the township of Collytus, proposed this law;<sup>58</sup> the same Timon put the question to the assembly. Amen! Let this stand as our decree, and let us in manly fashion abide by it. 45. Albeit I should lay great stress

<sup>57</sup> Garland: On the death of a friend the nearest relative closed the eyes and mouth of the deceased, and, calling him by name, bade him farewell. The body was decked with chaplets and flowers.

<sup>58</sup> Proposed this law: Timon represents himself as performing all the offices necessary to the passage of a decree. He is at once the decreeing assembly, the mover of the proposition, and the chairman who puts it.



upon having the fact that I am again rolling in wealth pretty well known to all men. For that would answer as well as a hanging for them.—But what does this mean? Heavens! what hurrying! From all quarters people are rushing hither in such haste as to be covered with dust and gasping for breath. I don't understand, whence they got scent of the gold. Shall I then mount this rocky hill and drive them off by pelting them at a distance with these stones from overhead, or shall I transgress my law to this extent at least and consort with them for this once, in order that they may be more annoyed at being treated with contempt? This plan, I think, is even better than the other. So then let me show a bold front and receive them on the spot. Come, let me see! Who is that foremost one among them? Gnathonides,<sup>66</sup> the parasite, who, on my asking him lately for a friendly loan, handed me that halter, though he had often made himself sick when dining at my house by swilling down entire jars of wine. Well! it was very kind of him to be the first to arrive. For he shall howl before the others. (*Enter Gnathonides.*)

46. GNATH. Didn't I tell you the gods wouldn't be neglectful of so excellent a man as Timon? Good-day, Timon! What's the good word with you, my *beau idéal* of grace and charm, jolliest of boon companions?

TIM. Humph! Good day to you, too, Gnathonides, the most gluttonous of the whole brood of vultures, and the biggest rogue among men!

GNATH. Really, you always did have a penchant for cracking jokes. But where do you keep wassail? For I've got here a brand-new lyric ode, made up of dithyrambs, only just brought out.

TIM. Yes, and, besides, I'll make you chant an elegy right pathetically to the accompaniment of this mattock here. (*Striking Gnathonides.*)

GNATH. What means this, Timon? How dare you strike? I protest. Heracles! Oh! Oh! I cite you

<sup>66</sup> Gnathonides: Gnathon was a common name for a parasite in the New Comedy. For the English of it and of the names that follow, see "Characters of the Dialogue." Literally it means "full-mouth," very appropriate to a parasite, whose characteristics Lucian satirizes in *The Parasite*; or, *Parasitism considered as an Art*.

before the court of Areopagus<sup>60</sup> for assault and battery.

TIM. Well, if you linger here a moment longer, I shall have to be indicted pretty soon for murder. (*Still beating him.*)

GNATH. Don't! Don't! But really, you'd effect a complete cure of the wound by scattering a little of your gold upon it. For that's a potent remedy for stanching blood.

TIM. What! Are you still hanging around?

GNATH. Well, I'll go. But you shall repent having become such a boor, from being the kindly fellow you once were. (*Exit Gnathonides.*)<sup>61</sup>

47. TIM. (*Seeing some one else approaching.*) Who's this man coming toward me—he with the bald head? It's Philiadès, of all flatterers the most disgusting. He received from me a whole estate and two talents as dowry<sup>62</sup> for his daughter, as a reward for his compliments, when he alone amid the general silence indulged in fulsome praise of my singing, declaring with an oath that I was more musical than the swans.<sup>63</sup> But when he recently saw me ailing and I went up to him with the request for help, he laid all the more blows upon me—the generous fellow! (*Enter Philiadès.*)

48. PHIL. (*Seeing Gnathonides departing.*) Oh, what impudence! Do you now presume to be acquainted with Timon? Is Gnathonides now his friend and boon companion? So then the fellow has got his deserts—such an ingrate is he. But we, though old acquaintances of Timon's, companions of his in youth and of the same township, are nevertheless moderate in our demands, that we may not appear to be rushing upon him full tilt. (*Addressing Timon.*) Good-day, my lord! Take care and be on your guard against these foul parasites, mere trencher friends, who, for the rest,

<sup>60</sup> Court of Areopagus: A body of very remote antiquity, which held its sessions upon the hill of that name west of the Acropolis of Athens, and had jurisdiction in cases of murder and other capital crimes.

<sup>61</sup> Exit Gnathonides: With section 46, Cf. *Tim. of Ath.*, Act v., Scene 1, where the poet visits Timon and is driven off with blows.

<sup>62</sup> Two talents as dowry: Cf. *Tim. of Ath.*, Act i., Scene 1, where Timon bestows upon his servant, Lucilius, three talents, that he may win Old Athenian's consent to wed his daughter.

<sup>63</sup> More musical than the swans: Referring to the proverbial sweetness of the notes of the dying swan, a mistaken notion of antiquity.

differ not at all from carrion-crow. 'Twon't do to trust any of the men of the present day any more. They are all base ingrates. But *I* was en route with a talent for you, that you might have it to use for your pressing wants, and when almost here, I heard that you had become immensely wealthy. I've come, accordingly, to give you this piece of advice. And yet you are so wise, that perhaps you don't need any words from me, for you could recommend even to Nestor<sup>64</sup> what should be done.

TIM. Thank you, Philiadès! Only come forward, and I'll give you an affectionate greeting with my mattock. (*Strikes him.*)

PHIL. O sirs, I've got my skull cracked by this ingrate, all because I was for giving him some good advice. (*Exit Philiadès.*)

49. TIM. (*Aside.*) See, there's the third one coming, the orator, Demeas, with a decree in his right hand and affirming that he is a kinsman of mine. This man in one day paid the city in full of all demands sixteen talents out of my purse—for he had had judgment given against him, and in default of payment, had been bound with fetters, and I took pity on him and set him free.<sup>65</sup> But when recently it fell to his lot to apportion the theoric fund<sup>66</sup> to the tribe of Erechtheïs, and I went and asked him for my proper share, he declared he didn't recognize me as a citizen. (*Enter Demeas.*)

50. DEM. Hail, Timon! Thou very flower of the race,<sup>67</sup> support of the Athenians! bulwark of Greece! In sooth, the people in assembly and both councils<sup>68</sup> have been long awaiting your presence. But first hear the decree which I have proposed in your behalf:

"Since Timon—the son of Echekratides, of the township of Collytus—not only the *beau idéal* of a man,<sup>69</sup> but

<sup>64</sup> Nestor: An aged chieftain of the Greeks at the siege of Troy, and so distinguished for his justice, wisdom, bravery, eloquence and knowledge, that his advice was appealed to in every emergency.

<sup>65</sup> And set him free: Cf. *Tim. of Ath.*, Act 1., Scenes 1, 2, where Timon gives Ventidius five talents to rescue him from the clutches of his creditors.

<sup>66</sup> Theoric fund: Money contributed from the public treasury of Athens, to enable the poorer citizens to pay the admission fee to the theater and other entertainments.

<sup>67</sup> Thou very flower of the race, etc.: Mark the absurd extravagance of the flattery which Demeas pours out upon Timon.

<sup>68</sup> Both councils: The Court of Areopagus, and the Senate of Five Hundred.

<sup>69</sup> Beau idéal of a man: *καλὸς κάγαθός*, a phrase expressing the Greek conception of perfect manhood.

also wiser than anybody else in Greece, is all the time doing continually what is best for the city, and in one day has been victor at Olympia in boxing, wrestling, and in racing both with a four-in-hand of full-grown coursers and with a pair of fillies——”

TIM. Nay, but I've never been at Olympia, even as a looker-on.

DEM. What's the odds? You will be by and by, and it's better that many such specifications be added. (*Proceeding with the decree.*) “And since he also distinguished himself last year at Acharnæ<sup>70</sup> in defense of the city and cut to pieces two battalions of Peloponnesians——”

51. TIM. How can that be? Why! because I had no arms, I wasn't even enrolled in the list of those liable to serve.

DEM. You speak modestly of matters pertaining to yourself. But *we* should be ungrateful did we not mention them. (*Going on with the reading.*) “Moreover also by proposing measures, by giving advice and acting as general, he has rendered the city services of no small moment. In return for all this, be it decreed by the Senate, the assembled Commons and the Supreme Court,<sup>71</sup> voting by tribes, and by all the townships individually and in concert, to set up a golden statue of Timon alongside the Athené<sup>72</sup> upon the Acropolis, with a thunderbolt in his right hand and seven lightning rays upon his head, and to crown him with chaplets of gold, and that the chaplets be proclaimed by the herald to-day at the feast of Dionysus,<sup>73</sup> when the

<sup>70</sup> Acharnæ; About seven miles north of Athens. Possibly the reference here is to the invasion of Attica in the Peloponnesian War by Archidamus II., king of Sparta, who tried to draw the Athenians into an engagement. But Pericles refused to hazard a battle, and sent out only a small body of cavalry to defend the suburbs of the city. Hemsterhuis suggests another reading, *Ἀκαρνανίας*, as the Acarnanians were allies of Sparta in this war. But may not Lucian have intended to make the decree all the more absurd by representing Demeas as proposing to honor Timon for bravery in a battle which really never took place?

<sup>71</sup> The Supreme Court; Or court of Heliasts, a body of 6,000 citizens, annually chosen by lot, whose functions were not legislative, but strictly judicial.

<sup>72</sup> The Athené: The great bronze statue of Athena Promachus on the Acropolis of Athens, representing the goddess with shield and spear upraised in the attitude of combat. Demeas endows the proposed statue of Timon with attributes of Zeus and Apollo.

<sup>73</sup> Feast of Dionysus: The Greater Dionysia, celebrated with much splendor and attended by a vast concourse of strangers. Most of the new dramas were reserved for this occasion.

new tragedies are brought out—for in his honor the Dionysia is to be celebrated to-day. Demeas, the orator, being his next of kin and his pupil, made the motion, for Timon is also a most excellent orator and everything else he would like to be.”—52. So here’s your decree! I also wanted to introduce to you my son, whom I have christened “Timon” after your name.

TIM. How can that be? Seeing you’ve not even got married—at least so far as I know.

DEM. But I’m going to take a wife next year—God willing—and shall have offspring, and I’ll at once name my prospective child “Timon,” for it will be a son.

TIM. Well! I don’t know as you will any longer have a chance to get married—you fellow there—after receiving a good sound castigation from me. (*Strikes.*)

DEM. Mercy on us! What does this mean? Timon, are you aiming at absolute power and striking free-men, when not even you yourself are a genuine free-man? But you shall speedily pay the proper penalty for your other crimes, and in particular for setting the Acropolis<sup>74</sup> on fire.

53. TIM. But, you blackguard, the Acropolis has not been set on fire. Plainly, then, you are accusing me falsely.

DEM. At least, you’ve got rich by digging your way into the treasury.<sup>75</sup>

TIM. No, not even that has been entered with the spade. And so this charge also of yours is unlikely.

DEM. It will be dug into hereafter. But you’ve already got everything there was in it.

TIM. There! take another whack! (*Dealing him a second blow.*)

DEM. Oh! Oh! My back! (*Putting his hands behind him.*)

TIM. Have done with your bawling, or I’ll let you have a third. For I should become a perfect laughing-stock, if unarmed I cut to pieces two battalions of Lacedæmonians, but failed to crush one beastly pygmy

<sup>74</sup> Acropolis: The upper city, or citadel of Athens, standing upon a rocky eminence 200 feet high, with precipitous sides, and nearly oval in shape, with a level area on the top, about 1,000 by 400 feet.

<sup>75</sup> The treasury: The chamber behind the cella, or main room, of the Parthenon. Here were kept the treasures of the temple and other articles of value.

of a fellow. Why, all in vain would have been my victories in the Olympic contests at fisticuffs and wrestling. (*Exit Demeas.*)—54. (*Timon to himself.*) But what have we here? Isn't this Thrasycles, the philosopher? Indeed, 'tis none other. Anyway, he's coming with parted beard and eyebrows elevated, and cocking his nose a bit all to himself, looking the very image of a Titan, the hair over his forehead standing on end, as if he were frightened out of his wits—a veritable Boreas,<sup>76</sup> or Triton, as Zeuxis<sup>77</sup> painted them. This fellow—trim in dress, regular in gait, seemly in the way he wears his mantle—early in the morning indulges in an utterly exhaustless flow of talk about "virtue," berates the devotees of pleasure and extols contentment with little. But when, after a bath, he goes to his dinner and the waiter hands him a wine cup of massive size—for he delights especially in drinking wine less-tempered<sup>78</sup> than people usually take it—just as though he had quaffed a goblet of the water of Lethe,<sup>79</sup> he conducts himself in a fashion directly opposite to his morning discourse. He snatches at the dainties before him just like a kite, and elbows his neighbor aside. He gets his beard saturated with rich sauce, and gorges himself like a dog. He habitually stoops over, just as if he expected to find in the dishes "the virtue" upon which he expatiates so eloquently. He carefully wipes the bowls clean with his forefinger, so as not to leave behind even a morsel of the hodgepodge of cheese, honey and garlic. 55. He's all the time grumbling, although he alone among the whole company appropriates the cake entire, or the roast of boar, or whatever, in fact, suits his greediness and insatiate desire. He gets drunk and carries his drunken behavior not only to the point of singing and dancing, but also of abuse and anger. Besides, too, he talks volubly over his cups,

<sup>76</sup> Boreas, etc.: Personification of the rude north wind. Triton was a sea god, human in the upper part of the body, a fish in the lower part.

<sup>77</sup> Zeuxis: A famous Greek painter of the fifth century, distinguished for the sensuous beauty and ideality of his creations.

<sup>78</sup> Wine less-tempered: To drink wine unmixed with water was considered a characteristic of barbarians. The more usual proportion was two or three parts water to one of wine.

<sup>79</sup> Lethe: A river in the lower world, from which the Shades of the dead drank and obtained forgetfulness.

—at that very time, no doubtbest of all—concerning moderation and propriety, and gives utterance to these sentiments, when already the worse for his draughts of undiluted wine, and with a comical bit of a lisp. Then, on top of this, he vomits, and finally men take him up and carry him out of the drinking room, after he has thrown both arms around the flute girl.<sup>80</sup> Albeit, even when sober, he would yield the palm to none for lying, effrontery, or covetousness. On the contrary, he is the first among parasites and forswears himself with the utmost nonchalance. Quackery goes before him and by his side walks shamelessness. In a word he's a sort of omniscient creature and in every way accomplished and with all manner of perfections. So then he shall howl by and by—nice fellow that he is! (*Enter Thrasycles.*) Why this? Alas! My Thrasycles is late in getting here!

56. THRASYCLES. I haven't come hither, Timon, with the same object as this crowd, who, amazed at your wealth and moved by the hope of getting some silver and gold and costly dinners, have assembled for the purpose of showing off their flunkysim on a large scale toward a man such as you are, frank and ready to share your property with others. For you are aware that barley bread furnishes me with an ample meal, and my most delicious relish is thyme, or cresses, or—supposing I should indulge in a luxury—a pinch of salt. And as for drink, the well with the nine springs<sup>81</sup> supplies me. My coarse cloak here is superior to any purple garment whatsoever. Why, gold in my opinion is not a whit more valuable than the little pebbles on the beach. For your very own sake, I have come on this errand, that that most baneful and treacherous possession—wealth—might not corrupt you, which in the case of many persons has often been the cause of fatal mishaps. For if you follow my advice, you will most certainly throw it all into the sea, as being not at all needful for a good man, or for one who is able to appreciate the riches that belong to philosophy. Not, however, into deep

<sup>80</sup> The flute girl: Female players on the flute and the cithara were generally present at the symposia.

<sup>81</sup> The well with the nine springs: The famous fountain of Callirrhoe, southeast of the Athenian Acropolis. It had nine pipes, or openings.

water, my good friend, but wading in about up to your waist, drop it in a little in front of the beach, with me as your sole witness. 57. But if you are not willing to do this, then better still, with all haste carry it out of your house, reserving not even an obol for yourself, and distribute it to all who are in need—to one five drachmas,<sup>55</sup> to another a mina, and to a third half a talent. If, however, a man be a philosopher, it will be only fair that he should receive for himself a double, or triple portion. But as for myself—and yet I do not ask it for my own sake, but that I may share it with those of my associates who are in want—it will answer if you should fill and place at my disposal this wallet<sup>56</sup> here, which contains not quite two Æginetan bushels.<sup>57</sup> For a professional philosopher ought to be content with little and moderate in his desires, and to think of naught beyond his wallet.<sup>58</sup>

TIM. I approve these suggestions of yours, Thrasycles. However, before I fill your wallet, come, if you please, let me fill your head full of hard swellings, measuring them out with my mattock. (*Strikes him.*)

THRAS. O democracy and laws! We are being beaten by this accursed wretch in a city that is free!

TIM. What are you distressed about, my dear sir? Surely, I haven't given you scant measure, have I? Well, I'll throw in an extra gallon over and above your due. (*Continues beating him.—Exit Thrasycles.*) 58. But what means this? A crowd is gathering. Yonder is Blepsias<sup>59</sup> and Laches and Gniphon, and the whole array of those who shall set up a howling. Why not, then, ascend this rock and give my mattock a little rest—for it has long been a hard worker—and myself gather as many stones as possible, and from a distance shower them down like hail upon these people? (*Timon mounts the hillock and pelts Blepsias and the rest as they come up.*)

<sup>55</sup> Five drachmas = about \$1; a mina = \$20; half a talent = about \$500.

<sup>56</sup> Wallet: A leathern pouch, hung over the shoulders, and used for carrying victuals. This and the coarse cloak and a staff were the external insignia of the philosophers of Lucian's day.

<sup>57</sup> The Æginetan bushel: A little more than two of our bushels.

<sup>58</sup> Beyond his wallet: i. e., beyond his absolute needs.

<sup>59</sup> Blepsias: Name of a fish; here equivalent to Mr. Shark; Laches, literally "sharer;" Gniphon = Mr. Skinfint.



BLEPSIAS. Oh, don't throw, Timon! We'll beat a retreat.

TIM. Yes, but you shall not get off without loss of blood or without bruises. (*Continues throwing. Exeunt Blepsias and the rest, leaving Timon to himself.*)

"Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beachéd verge of the salt flood;  
Which once a day with his embosséd froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,  
And let my gravestone be your oracle:—  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!  
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon has done his reign."

#### EPITAPH.<sup>87</sup>

"Here lies a wretched corse of wretched soul bereft;  
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!  
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate.  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."  
—*Tim. of Ath.*, Act v., Scenes 2, 5.

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<sup>87</sup> Epitaph: Timon's grave is said to have been planted with thorns. *The Greek Anthology* (Jacobs, Vol. i, p. 86), contains his epitaph as follows. It is interesting to compare it with Shakspeare's version:

Ἐνθάδ' ἀπορρήξας ψυχὴν βαρυδαίμονα κείμαι,  
Τοῦτομα δ' οὐ πένθεσθε, κακοὶ δὲ κακῶς ἀπόλοισθε.

Here I lie, my thread of life asunder rent, by heavy  
Fate oppressed. Ask not my name; but base, so basely perish all.

## 6.

## THE PARASITE; OR, PARASITISM CONSIDERED AS AN ART.

## INTERLOCUTORS.

SIMON, *a Parasite*, and his friend, TYCHIADES.

*Introduction* : The following dialogue is a good-humored satire upon a character which had a certain recognized standing in the later social life of Athens and at Rome under the emperors, and to which modern society is not altogether a stranger. In the luxurious society of those days, it was a very general custom for families of wealth and position to practice a lavish hospitality, which included within the range of its favors not only the private friends of the house, but also a class of persons with no visible means of support, but who made a business of dining out, getting an invitation in return for contributing by their buffoonery to the entertainment of the guests, or by playing the part of Sir Pertinax MacSycophant to the self-esteem of the host. These people, good-natured and easy-going, skilled in all the ways of society, and often, withal, of considerable culture, were appropriately called parasites, from the faculty they had of fastening themselves upon the rich, and getting themselves dined and wined at their expense. Athenæus, a Greek gentleman of the third century A.D., who wrote one of the earliest collections of what are called "Ana," speaks of three sorts of parasites. There was the parasite who was in demand to entertain the table with his bright remarks, stories and *bons mots*, for which, no doubt he made special preparation. Then there was the parasite whose stock in trade was his knowledge of human nature and his ability to play upon the self-conceit of his host by toadying and flattery. A still lower class curried favor with the rich by their obsequious servility, running of errands and rendering almost any service, no matter how menial. The writers of Comedy were not slow to level their shafts at such choice game, notably in the *Phormio* of Terence. The present dialogue is in the catechetical style of Plato, upon which, perhaps, it is intended to be a sort of burlesque.

1. TYCHIADES. Pray, how comes it, Simon, that everybody else, free and slave alike, is versed in some

craft, by means of which he makes himself useful both to himself and to others; whereas you, to all appearance, have no occupation, whereby you can get any good yourself or contribute to another's well being?

PARASITE. I do not yet understand, Tychiades, what you mean by your inquiry. Pray, try and put your question more clearly.

TYCH. Well, my point is this—is there any art of which you are master—for example, music?

PAR. Why, yes, my dear fellow! But, 'pon my word, it isn't that one.

TYCH. What then? Is it the healing art?

PAR. No, not even that.

TYCH. Well, it's geometry, is it?

PAR. Oh, no, no!

TYCH. What then? Is it rhetoric? For you are as far removed from philosophy as even wickedness is.

PAR. Yes, if such a thing is possible, even farther off. So don't pretend to cast that fact in my teeth, just as though I wasn't aware of it. For I confess I'm bad—yes, even worse than you think.

TYCH. Undoubtedly! But perhaps you didn't master these arts, because of their magnitude and difficulty, but some one of the common trades, such, for example, as carpentry, or shoemaking? For in other respects you are not so situated as to have no need even of such a trade.

PAR. You are right about that, Tychiades. But as a matter of fact, I'm not versed in any of these.

TYCH. Well, in what other, then?

PAR. What trade? A noble one, in my opinion; and if you should learn it, I'm thinking you, too, would commend it. I've already made, I think, a success of it practically; but whether I shall succeed in vindicating it in your estimation, I can't say.

TYCH. Well, what sort of a thing is it?

PAR. As for the arguments relating to it, I feel that I haven't mastered them yet. The fact, however, that I'm versed in some art, it is possible for you to know already, and you shouldn't be out of humor with me on that score. But what it is, you shall hear by and by.

TYCH. But I can't wait.

PAR. Perhaps, though, when you've heard what it is, my art will strike you as of a very paradoxical nature.

TYCH. And yet, for that very reason, I'm on the *qui vive* to know what it is.

PAR. Well, I'll tell you one of these days, Tychiades.

TYCH. Nay, not so! But tell me at once, unless, forsooth, you are ashamed to.

PAR. Well, it's—it's—the trade of a parasite.

2. TYCH. Why, Simon! Would anybody call that a trade, if he weren't beside himself?

PAR. Well, I for my part call it so. But if I seem to you to be beside myself, please regard my mental aberration as the cause of my not knowing any other art, and at once acquit me of your imputations. For they say this goddess,<sup>1</sup> though harsh in other respects to those who are possessed of her, exonerates them from their faults, taking the blame upon herself, as their teacher, or tutor.

TYCH. Well, then, Simon, is parasitism an art?

PAR. Yes, an art, and I'm her handicraftsman.

TYCH. And *you*, then, are a parasite?

PAR. You cast it in my teeth as altogether a reproach, Tychiades.

TYCH. But don't you blush to call yourself a parasite?

PAR. Not at all! I should be ashamed of myself not to acknowledge it.

TYCH. Good heavens! Whenever we wish to present you to somebody who does not know you, must we, as a matter of course, introduce you as "the parasite," when he craves your acquaintance?

PAR. Yes, and in doing so, you will gratify me much more than you would Phidias by calling him a sculptor. For I delight in my art no less than Phidias did in his statue of Zeus.

TYCH. And besides, as I think the matter over, I find occasion for no end of laughter.

PAR. What is it all about?

TYCH. Why, if, according to custom, we should

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<sup>1</sup> This goddess: *María*, madness, personified.

place your name at the head of the letters we address you, it would read "To Simon, the Parasite."

PAR. And indeed, by doing so you would please me, more than you would Dion<sup>3</sup> by giving him the title, philosopher, in the superscription.

3. TYCH. Well, I care little or nothing how you like to be called. But pray consider also the further absurdity of the thing.

PAR. And pray, what is that?

TYCH. Why, if we reckon this also among the arts, then when any one inquires what is the nature of art, so-called, we shall have to mention by way of illustration the grammatic art, the art of medicine, that of the parasite, etc.

PAR. Well, Tychiades, I should say that this is much more of an art than any of the others. And if you have a mind to listen, I'll give you my views upon the subject, although, as I said before, I'm utterly unprepared to do so.

TYCH. Oh, that will make no difference, provided you are brief and say what's true.

PAR. Well, then, if you like, let us in the first place consider what is the essential nature of an art. For in this way we shall also be able to distinguish the arts according to their kind, and determine whether they really partake of the nature of an art.

TYCH. Tell us, then, what an art is. No doubt you know all about it.

PAR. Certainly!

TYCH. Don't hesitate, then, to tell what it is, if you really know.

4. PAR. Well, then "an art," as I remember to have heard a certain wise man say, "an art" is a system of perceptions, or ideas, harmoniously directed to some useful end in the economy of human life."

TYCH. Yes, you have correctly stated what the man said.

PAR. Now, if parasitism partakes of all these ideas, would it not also be itself an art?

<sup>3</sup> Dion: See *Dream*, or *Cock*, note 57. He became an ardent disciple of Plato.

<sup>4</sup> An art, etc.: Cf. Quintilian, *Institutes*, 2, 17, 41: *Artem constare ex perceptionibus consentientibus et coexercitatis ad finem vitæ utilem.*

TYCH. Why, yes, if the facts are as you represent.

PAR. Come, then! Let us test parasitism, by applying to it one by one the general principles which characterize an art, and see whether it is in accord therewith; lest otherwise, just as poor pottery does when struck, it give out a false note. Well, then, to proceed—this, too, just like every art, must be a system of ideas. In the first place, one has to apply tests and exercise judgment in determining who would be a suitable person to give him a support, and with whom he can begin to play the parasite, without having occasion to repent of it by and by. Or shall we affirm that the assayer of silver possesses an art, if indeed he knows how to distinguish spurious coins from the genuine, but that the parasite, without the aid of art, discriminates the base among men from the good, especially since men do not, like coins, show right off for what they are? Why, also the wise Euripides complains of this very thing in these words:

Upon their frame no stamp hath nature set,  
Whereby the base 'mong men can be discerned.

—*Medea*, 518-519.\*

Plainly the art of the parasite is all the greater, since indeed it both recognizes and knows, better than that of the seer, things that are so obscure and out of sight. 5. Then, too, there's the knowledge one must have of just the right words to say, and the right things to do, by which he will secure the favor of his patron, and show himself most kindly disposed toward him.—Don't you think that this requires mother-wit and a keen perception?

TYCH. Certainly!

PAR. Yes, and on festive occasions themselves, that one may go forth from the banquet hall having the best of everybody, and more highly esteemed than those who do not possess the same art with himself—can this be accomplished, think you, without acting upon some definite principle, or without a sound judgment?

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\* *Medea*, 518-519; Cf. Duncan in *Macbeth*, 1, 4:

“There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face.”

TYCH. By no means.

PAR. And how about this? Does the ability to recognize the good and the bad qualities of victuals and sauces seem to you a piece of meddlesomeness characteristic of a person ignorant of the principles of art?—especially when our most noble Plato speaks on this wise: "If the guest at a banquet<sup>\*</sup> is not a connoisseur in cookery, his judgment upon the dinner as it is brought on carries less weight."

6. Indeed, that parasitism grows out of not only perception, but also the practical exercise of the same, you can easily learn from the following considerations. The perceptions that belong to the other arts remain unexercised for days, and nights, months and years oft-times, and yet these arts do not perish in the case of those who have once acquired them. Whereas, unless the perceptions of the parasite are daily put in practice, in my opinion not only is the art utterly lost, but even the artist himself is done for. 7. However, as to whether parasitism has in view some useful end in life, I fear it may be a symptom even of mental unsoundness to ask such a question. For I find that nothing is more useful in the world than eating and drinking. Indeed it's impossible even to live without this.

TYCH. Of course!

8. PAR. And further, parasitism is not any such thing even as beauty or strength, so as to be, on the face of it, not itself an art, but merely some endowment like them.

TYCH. Quite true!

PAR. No, nor yet is it a condition in which skill is lacking. For unskillfulness would never enable a person who is possessed of it to make a success of anything. Why, suppose somebody should have a ship intrusted to his care in a storm at sea, when he doesn't know how to steer—would he weather the storm?

TYCH. Of course not.

PAR. And what possible reason can be given for this except that he doesn't possess skill whereby he can save himself.

TYCH. Certainly! that accounts for it.

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\* If a person about to attend a banquet, etc.: See Plato's *Theætetus*, 178.

PAR. Would not, then, a parasite also fail to keep himself alive by means of parasitism, if indeed it were a condition in which skill is wanting?

TYCH. Yes!

PAR. Well, then, it's skill, is it not, that keeps him alive—not the absence of it?

TYCH. To be sure!

PAR. It follows, then, that parasitism is an art.

TYCH. Yes, an art, so it seems.

PAR. And further, I've often known capable helmsmen and expert charioteers to fall off their seats, some getting their bones broken and others being killed outright; whereas nobody can mention any such wreck in the case of a parasite. Well, then, if parasitism is not a condition in which skill is wanting, nor a mere endowment, but a system of trained perceptions, evidently we've to-day come to an understanding that it is an art.

9. TYCH. Yes, I infer as much from your premises. But let us also have a good definition of parasitism!

PAR. Yes, you are right in your demand. Indeed, to my thinking, it has been best defined as follows: Parasitism is an art that has to do with what we eat and drink, including also what is to be said in behalf of these things; and its end is pleasure.

TYCH. I think you've defined your own art exceedingly well. But look out, or you'll have on your hands a quarrel with some of the philosophers, as respects the end it has in view.

PAR. Well, it's, at any rate, enough, if, as the fact is, parasitism and happiness have the same end in view. 10. And this will appear from what follows. For the wise Homer admired the life of the parasite, affirming, indeed, that it is the only happy and enviable life.

As for me, I say, there's no event, that joy more perfect brings,  
Than when, 'mong all the people far and wide, good cheer  
prevails;

and when with bread and meats  
The tables groan, and wine of vintage pure from mixer drawing,

The cupbearer serves around and fills each tempting beaker  
up.

—*Od. ix, 5-10.*\*

\* *Od. ix, 5-10*: The opening words of Odysseus' narrative of his adventures, given at the banquet tendered him by Alcinoüs, king of the Phæacians.



And then, as if this tribute of admiration were not enough, he expresses his mind yet more clearly, well saying:

To me this seems, as on it I muse, the fairest scene in all the world.  
—Od. ix, 11.

No other inference can be drawn from what he says than that he regards the life of a parasite as a happy one. Moreover, he has not put these words into the mouth of some chance acquaintance, but of the wisest of the Greeks. And certainly, had Odysseus wished to commend the highest good as it is understood by the Stoics,<sup>7</sup> he could have said so, when he brought back Philoctetes<sup>8</sup> from Lemnos, or when he pillaged Ilium;<sup>9</sup> when he checked the flight of the Greeks<sup>10</sup> or when he made his way into Troy,<sup>11</sup> after scourging himself and putting on miserable rags, such as the Stoics wear. But at that time he didn't speak of this as a more agreeable consummation. Nay, more, even when in the course of events he was leading the life of an Epicurean with Calypso,<sup>12</sup> when it was possible for him to live in idleness, fare sumptuously, be on intimate terms with the daughter of Atlas, and enjoy the whole round of sensual delights—not even at that time did he speak

<sup>7</sup> The highest good as understood by the Stoics: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 13.

<sup>8</sup> Philoctetes: The most celebrated archer in the Trojan war; said to have been armor-bearer of Heracles, who not only taught him archery, but bequeathed to him his bow and arrows. On the way to Troy he was bitten in the foot by a serpent, and abandoned to his fate by his comrades, upon the island of Lemnos, in the Ægean Sea. Here he remained until the last year of the war, when, in accordance with an oracle that Troy could not be taken without the arrows of Heracles, Odysseus and Diomedes brought him back; his wound was cured, and Paris soon after fell by his hand, and the fate of the city was sealed.

<sup>9</sup> Pillaged Ilium: Referring to the sacking of the city, which followed its capture. Odysseus was one of the hundred chosen warriors who secured an entrance by concealing themselves in the famous wooden horse, a stratagem which Odysseus himself is said to have devised.

<sup>10</sup> Checked the flight of the Greeks: *Il. ii.* Beguiled by a dream from Zeus, Agamemnon calls an assembly of the Achæans, that now he may capture the city. But first he puts them to the test by proposing that they take to their ships and return home. They took him at his word, and were preparing to launch their ships, when the energetic protest and appeal of Odysseus turned them from their purpose.

<sup>11</sup> Made his way into Troy: Odysseus, with Diomedes, is said to have entered Troy in the humble disguise here described, and to have stolen the Palladium, a small wooden image of Pallas Athené, on which the safety of the city depended.

<sup>12</sup> Calypso: A nymph, the daughter of Atlas. She dwelt in the island of Ogygia, whither Odysseus was borne after his shipwreck, when on his homeward voyage to Ithaca. The goddess detained him there seven years, much against his will, until constrained to let him go on his way by command from Zeus. *Od. vii*, 344 ff.

of this, but rather of the parasite's life, as the more perfect fruition. The parasites of those days were called invited guests. What, by the bye, does he say about it? For it is worth while to recall his words again; it isn't possible to hear them repeated too frequently:

Throughout the halls the invited guests in order sit and to the Minstrel list, while by their side with bread and meat the tables groan.  
—*Od.* ix, 7 ff.

11. Yet Epicurus has had the amazing effrontery to appropriate the object which parasitism has in view, and make it the aim of what he calls happiness. That this is a piece of plagiarism on his part and that Epicurus does not really concern himself about pleasure, whereas the parasite does, you can learn from the following considerations. For myself I regard pleasure as, in the first place, a condition of calm repose of the fleshly nature; and, secondly, as that state in which the soul is free from turmoil and disquiet. Now the parasite attains both of these states, Epicurus<sup>13</sup> neither. For he is always racking his brain over the form of the earth, and the infinite extent of the universe, the size of the sun, the distances of celestial bodies, and the original elements of matter, and over the question whether the gods exist or no; and he is all the time wrangling and quarreling with somebody about the highest good itself, and so finds himself involved not only in human anxieties, but also in those which concern the universe at large. Whereas the parasite thinks that all is well, and believes implicitly that a change would be no improvement upon the existing order of things; and so with great freedom from fear and with calmness of mind—allowing none of the things I have mentioned to interfere with his comfort—he eats and sleeps, lying upon his back with his hands and feet outstretched, just as was the case with Odysseus, when he sailed homeward from Scheria.<sup>14</sup> 12.

<sup>13</sup> Epicurus: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 13. His philosophy concerned itself very largely with problems of matter and the universe. He wrote much upon these subjects.

<sup>14</sup> Scheria: An island west of Greece and near Ithaca. Here the king of the Phæacians, Alcinous, entertained Odysseus and gave him a ship to bear him home. During the voyage he lay asleep in the stern, stretched out upon a rug. On arriving at their destination the crew laid him, yet heavy with slumber, on the sand, and departed. *Od.* 13, 73 ff.

But it is not only in these respects that pleasure has nothing to do with Epicurus, but also in the following particulars, to wit:—This Epicurus, whoever he is—the sage, they call him—surely can eat, or he cannot; now, if he cannot, not only will he fail to enjoy life, but he will not make out to live at all. But if he can eat, he must get his living either out of his own resources, or off somebody else. If, then, he gets his living off somebody else, he is a parasite, and not what he says he is; but if from his own resources, then he will not get any enjoyment out of life.

TYCH. Why not?

PAR. Why, if he gets his victuals by his own means, many inconveniences, let me tell you, my dear Tychiades, must inevitably attend such a life. Just consider how many they are! Whoever will pass life pleasantly must satisfy all his innate appetites. What do you say to that?

TYCH. Yes, that's my opinion.

PAR. Well, such a thing is easy, perhaps, for a person who has an abundance, but for one who has little or nothing, it is no longer possible. A poor man, therefore, cannot become a sage, or attain the highest good—I mean pleasure, you know. Nay, not even the rich man, for that matter, who spends his substance in the unstinted gratification of his desires, can attain this. Why, pray? Because, whoever spends his own means must inevitably meet with many disagreeable experiences. Now he gets into an altercation with his cook for making a botch of the cooking, or if he doesn't have a set-to with him, he has to eat the viands—poor stuff at that—and fails to obtain any enjoyment. And now he is involved in a quarrel with the man who has charge of his household affairs, in case the latter does not manage well. Isn't that so?

TYCH. Certainly! I agree with you.

PAR. Now, in the case of Epicurus, all these things are likely to happen, and therefore he will never attain the highest good. Whereas the parasite has no cook with whom to get angry, no estate, or house-steward, or money, the loss of which would occasion him grief, and has all he wants to eat and drink, while he alone has

none of the annoyances which must needs trouble those people. 13. Well, that parasitism is an art has been made sufficiently clear from these and the other considerations. It remains to be shown, that it is also the best art, and that not in the abstract merely; but, in the first place, that, it surpasses all the arts taken together, and then that it surpasses each one also in particular. Looking, then, at the arts as a whole, it is superior to them in the following respects. Every other art of necessity involves study and toil, anxiety and blows, the very things that everybody without exception would deprecate. Whereas, this is the only art, it would seem, which one can learn without labor. For, who ever went away from a dinner in tears, just as we see some do from the schools? And who, when on his way to a dinner, ever appeared in low spirits, as they do who resort to the schools? Yes, the parasite goes to a dinner of his own accord, nothing loth, out of sheer passion for his art; whereas they who acquire the other arts, hate them, so that some run away on account of them. And how about this? Ought you not also to consider the fact that fathers and mothers, when their children make progress in those arts, reward them chiefly with the very gifts with which they every day honor the parasite too? "Why, how beautifully the boy has written!" say his parents, "give him something to eat," or "What a wretched piece of writing; don't give him anything!" So important does the matter seem, both for reward and for punishment. 14. Furthermore, all other arts have this reward later, and it is only after one has learned them that the enjoyment of their fruits comes. For long and "steep is the path that leads to them." Whereas the trade of a parasite is the only one among them all that has the benefit of the art at once in the very process of learning it, both at the moment it is begun and when it is completed. Moreover, all of the other arts, without exception, have in view as their sole object the gaining of a livelihood; while the parasite has his subsistence assured from the very moment he enters upon his trade. Do you not observe that the farmer tills the soil, not for the sake of tilling it, and the carpenter does carpen-

tering, not for the sake of doing it, whereas the parasite has no other object in view, but both his occupation and the purpose which leads him to follow it, are identical? 15. And again, as to the following facts at least, there is no one who isn't cognizant of them. They who practice the other arts work hard at them all the time, with the exception of only one or two holy days, which they observe each month, and the holidays—some yearly, others monthly—which the cities celebrate, and they are said to have a merry time then. Whereas, the parasite keeps thirty holy days every month, for in his opinion they are all sacred to the gods. 16. Besides, they who wish to succeed in the other arts are moderate eaters and drinkers, just like sick folks; for one cannot learn them and at the same time give himself up to the pleasures of the table and of the glass. 17. And the other arts, without tools, can be of no service whatever to him who has acquired them. For it isn't possible to play the flute without you have a flute, or the lyre without a lyre, or to ride horseback unless you have a horse; whereas the art in question is so excellent and easy for the craftsman that it is possible for him to practice it, even without any tool. 18. And while learning other arts we pay a fee, it would appear, but take pay while learning this. 19. Moreover, all other arts have their teachers, whereas that of the parasite has none, but just as Socrates said of the poet's art, this, too, comes by a sort of divine allotment.<sup>15</sup> 20. And note this fact also, that we are unable to carry on the other arts while traveling by land or by sea, but this one it is possible to practice, both upon a land journey and on a voyage.

21. TYCH. Yes, all that is true, no doubt.

PAR. And besides, my dear Tychiades, the other arts seem to me to have a hankering after this one, whereas this art has no desire for any other.

TYCH. But how about this? Don't you think that they do wrong who take things that belong to somebody else?

PAR. Why, of course!

<sup>15</sup> By a sort of divine allotment: A sentiment from Plato's *Ion*, 534, where Socrates is made to argue that not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine; he speaks not of himself, but God speaks through him.

**TYCH.** How comes it, then, that the parasite is the only one who does no wrong in taking what belongs to somebody else?

**22. PAR.** Well, as to that, I can't say. But to proceed—the other arts are sort of mean and paltry in their origin, whereas the parasite's art has an exceedingly noble one. For you will find that it has its source in nothing else than friendship, a word that is in everybody's mouth.

**TYCH.** What do you mean?

**PAR.** Why, that nobody invites to a dinner an enemy, or a stranger—nay, not even one whom he knows only passably well; but the invited guest, I hold, must be previously a friend, in order that he may take part in the drink offerings and the privileges of the table, and in the mysteries of this art. I at least have often heard people remark, "What sort of a friend can that person be, who has never eaten and drunk with us?"—evidently regarding him alone as a faithful friend who has partaken of food and drink with them. **23.** That this is verily the most royal of all arts, you can learn from the following by no means least important consideration. In the case of all other arts, they who work at them not only are in sorry plight and reeking with sweat, but, by my troth, they have to sit down, or stand up to them, just as though they were in fact slaves of their trades; whereas the parasite practices his own art like a king, in a recumbent posture. **24.** But why need I describe in detail his good fortune? how he is the only one in fact, who, according to the wise Homer:

Neither with his hands a tree doth plant, nor plows the field;  
But all things to him are freely given, unsown, untilled.

—*Od.* ix, 108-9.<sup>16</sup>

**25.** Furthermore, in the case of a rhetorician, or a geometer, or a coppersmith, it is no hindrance to him, in working at his own trade, if he is a bad man, or even a dullard; but nobody can play the parasite who is either stupid or base.

**TYCH.** Great heavens! What a grand thing you make out the trade of a parasite to be! Why, me-

<sup>16</sup> *Od.* ix, 108-9: Where Odysseus is describing the life of the Cyclopes.

thinks, I too am already desirous of being one myself, in place of what I actually am.

26. PAR. Well, I think I've demonstrated that it is superior to all arts taken together. But come! Let us now consider how it also surpasses each one individually. It is absurd to compare it with the purely mechanical arts. By doing so one somehow detracts rather from the dignity of the art. Be that as it may, I have only to prove that it is superior to the most beautiful and greatest arts. It is, you know, conceded by all that both rhetoric and philosophy which, on account of their nobility, some declare to be sciences even, rank first among these arts. Now if I prove that the trade of a parasite far surpasses even such arts, it will be clear beyond doubt, that it is ever so much superior to the others, just as Nausicaa<sup>17</sup> was to her waiting maids. 27. Well then it transcends both of them jointly—both rhetoric and philosophy—in the first place as respects its very essence. For it is consistent with itself, whereas they are not. For we do not regard rhetoric as always one and the same, but some look upon it as an art, others on the contrary, as no art at all, others still as base art, and others as something else. In like manner, philosophy also we do not consider as self-consistent. For Epicurus<sup>18</sup> takes one view of her problems, another the Stoics, the Academics quite another, and yet another the Peripatetics. In a word, one claims that philosophy is one thing, another another. Even unto this very day the same men have not reached any agreement among themselves, nor is there any semblance of unity in their art. The conclusion which remains to be drawn from these facts is plain. To begin with, I maintain that that which has no consistency is not an art. For how on earth can it

<sup>17</sup> Nausicaa: Daughter of Alcinoüs, king of the Phæacians. She befriended Odysseus when he was cast upon the coast of Scheria. She is described (*Od.* vi, 16,) as like to Immortals in form and comeliness, while her waiting-maids are dowered with beauty from the Graces (18), and even as the goddess, Artemis, among the wood-nymphs fair, so the girl outshines her maiden company (103 ff.).

<sup>18</sup> Epicurus and the Stoics: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 13. The Academics: the Platonic school of philosophers, so called from the Academy, a gymnasium in the western suburb of Athens, where Plato taught. The Peripatetics: the school of Aristotle (384–322 B. C.), who taught in the Lyceum, a gymnasium in the eastern suburb of Athens. Here were covered walks, or cloisters (*περιπατοί*), up and down which the philosophers walked, as they talked and disputed together, and which gave name to the school.

be? Arithmetic is everywhere one and the same; both with us and the Persians twice two are four, and there is agreement upon these points alike among Greeks and barbarians. Whereas, we see many differing systems of philosophy and that there is no harmony between them, either in the first principles or in the aims of any of them.

TYCH. Yes, you are right. For they say that philosophy is one, and yet, they themselves make many philosophies of it.

28. PAR. Moreover, also, in the case of the other arts, although there might be some lack of harmony in them, yet one would pass it by, deeming it worthy of pardon, because they seem undetermined, and the conceptions of them are not unchangeable. But who could possibly abide a want of unity in philosophy, and that she should be even more out of harmony with herself than is the case among musical instruments? Philosophy, then, as we actually find it, is not one; for I see that in fact it assumes countless forms. But in the nature of things there cannot be many philosophies, for the very reason that philosophy is one. 29. In like manner also one might say the same concerning the nature of the art of rhetoric. For the fact that all do not express the same views as to the one end proposed by the art, but there is a struggle of conflicting opinions, is the strongest proof that the thing does not exist at all, the conception of which is so wanting in unity. Yes, and the fact that men inquire what its nature is rather and never admit its oneness destroys the very existence of the matter in question. 30. Such is not the case, however, with the art of the parasite; but both among Greeks and barbarians it is one and the same and unchanging, and nobody can affirm that some practice the art in one way and others in another; nor are there, I believe, any parasites, who, like Stoics or Epicureans, differ in their opinions, but there prevails among them all a mutual agreement and a harmony as respects what they do and the end they have in view. To my thinking, then, parasitism, in this regard at least, is presumptively the very embodiment of wisdom.



31. TYCH. Well, I think you've said quite enough on that point. But how do you show that philosophy is inferior to your art in the remaining particulars also?

PAR. Well, then, it must be said, in the first place, that there never was a parasite who fell in love with philosophy; whereas, we are told of ever so many philosophers who had a hankering after the parasite's trade; and they have a passionate love for it even to this day.

TYCH. And pray, what philosophers can you mention who essayed to play the parasite?

PAR. Do you really ask who, my dear Tychiades? Why, you know just as well as I do; you are only pretending ignorance to me, as though some disgrace, and not honor, accrued to them therefrom.

TYCH. Nay, 'pon my oath, I'm not. On the contrary, Simon, I'm in great doubt as to whom you may actually find to mention.

PAR. My good sir! You seem to me to be ignorant even of those who wrote their lives; else you would surely be able to recognize what ones I mean.

TYCH. Really, 'pon my word, I'm very desirous of hearing who they are.

PAR. Well, I'll point them out to you in detail—not the commonest sort, mind you, but those who rank first, to my notion, and whom you least imagine. 32. There's *Æschines*,<sup>19</sup> of course, of the Socratic school of philosophy, the man who wrote those long and clever dialogues—he once visited Sicily, with these in his pocket, to see if somehow through them he might be able to make the acquaintance of Dionysius, the tyrant. He read before that gentleman his "*Miltiades*," and thinking that he had won the tyrant's esteem he settled thenceforth in Sicily, where he bade farewell to the discourses of Socrates and became parasite to Dionysius. 33. And what of this? Don't you regard *Aristippus*,<sup>20</sup> of Cyrené, as one of the distinguished philosophers?

<sup>19</sup> *Æschines*: Not the rival of Demosthenes, but the son of a sausage seller and a disciple of Socrates. He was so very poor that Socrates advised him "to borrow money of himself, by diminishing his daily wants." After the death of his master, in the hope of bettering his condition, he retired to the court of Syracuse, where he remained until the expulsion of Dionysius, the younger. For *Dionysius*, see *Dream*, or *Cock*, note 53.

<sup>20</sup> *Aristippus*: See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 25.

TYCH. Why, certainly!

PAR. This one, too, let me tell you, lived at the same time in Syracuse and played the parasite to Dionysius. Anyhow, of all the parasites at his court Aristippus was beyond question the most highly esteemed. And with reason, for he was a man of considerably more natural aptitude for his art than the rest, so that Dionysius used to send his cooks to him every day to learn something from him. Surely this man also seems to have worthily adorned his art. 34. And there's your most excellent Plato<sup>21</sup>—he himself also visited Sicily for this purpose, and after playing the parasite to the tyrant for a few days, was obliged to abandon the calling because he hadn't a natural gift for it. He accordingly returned to Athens, and after laborious preparation again set sail on a second voyage for Sicily; but after dining again with the tyrant for a few days, he had to give it up from sheer stupidity. And this mischance of Plato's in the neighborhood of Sicily bears some resemblance to that which befell Nicias<sup>22</sup> there.

TYCH. (*Incredulous.*) Who, pray, is your authority for this story, Simon?

35. PAR. (*Ignoring the question.*) Yes, and there are many others beside. There's the musician, Aristoxenus,<sup>23</sup> a man worthy of high esteem—he himself was a parasite to Neleus. Yes, and you surely are aware that Euripides played the parasite with Archelaüs<sup>24</sup> until his death, and Anaxarchus<sup>25</sup> with

<sup>21</sup> Plato: Of course Simon misrepresents here Plato's relations with Dionysius. See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 26.

<sup>22</sup> Nicias: A leading Athenian general in the Peloponnesian war, and commander of the famous Sicilian expedition, which ended in the complete defeat of his forces before Syracuse (413 B. C.).

<sup>23</sup> Aristoxenus: A philosopher (fourth century B. C.) of the Peripatetic school, but especially distinguished as a musician. He was founder of a school of musicians, which was named after him. Neleus, of Scepsis in Mysia, whose parasite he was, according to Simon's contention, was probably Aristotle and Theophrastus' disciple of that name, who received their libraries as a bequest, and was one of the latter's executors.

<sup>24</sup> Archelaüs: King of Macedonia, 413-399 B. C. He was distinguished for his love of literature and the fine arts, and invited men of eminence, among them Euripides, to be his guests at court. The great tragic poet spent there the last three years of his life, dying in 406 B. C.

<sup>25</sup> Anaxarchus: A philosopher (fourth century B. C.) of Abdera, in Thrace, and a disciple of Democritus. He was with Alexander the Great, in Asia, whose favor he won by his wit and flattery.

Alexander. 36. And there's Aristotle,\* who made a beginning only of parasitism, as also of the other arts. 37. Well, then, I have shown that philosophers, just as I said, have applied themselves zealously to the parasite's art; whereas nobody can point out a single parasite who wanted to be a philosopher. 38. And furthermore, if it's a fortunate thing not to be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, such is the case with no one else besides the parasite. Philosophers, therefore, one may find famished and shivering with cold, but a parasite never; otherwise he wouldn't be a parasite, but a sort of unlucky fellow, or beggar, or like a philosopher.

39. TYCH. Well, enough on that point, at least. But how do you prove that the trade of a parasite is in many respects superior to philosophy and rhetoric?

PAR. Human life, my dear sir, is divided into two periods—that of peace, I believe, and that of war. Now, at such times, it must needs be, that the true nature of the arts should become manifest, and also of those who practice them. First, then, if you please, let us consider war time, and what sort of people would then be of the greatest possible use, each to himself individually and to the community at large.

TYCH. Well, that's no ordinary struggle you announce as coming off between the men. Yes, I, for my part, have been laughing in my sleeve this long while at the thought of what a figure a philosopher would cut, coming to blows with a parasite.

40. PAR. Well, then, that you may not be utterly lost in wonder, nor regard the affair as worthy only of a jest, come now, let us imagine to ourselves that news has been received, that, all of a sudden, a hostile force has invaded the land. It is necessary to go out against them, and one may not stand by unconcerned and see

\* Aristotle: Named the Stagirite, from Stagira, a Greek colony on the coast of Macedonia, where he was born, 384 B. C. He was a pupil of Plato's, who called him the "mind" of his school. The "beginning of parasitism" perhaps refers to the three years (347-344 B. C.) which he passed with his former fellow-student, Hermefas, ruler of Atarneus in Mysia, his relations with whom gave rise to certain injurious, but groundless, suspicions; or, possibly, to his seven years' stay (342-335) in Macedonia, as friend of Philip and tutor and adviser to his son, Alexander. In 335 he settled in Athens, and until his death, in 322, gave himself to the preparation of his great works and to teaching in the Lyceum as head of the Peripatetics. Simon's claim that all, or any of the philosophers here mentioned were parasites, in any true sense of the term, is of course a sheer assumption.

the country laid waste; and the general commands all of serviceable age to be enrolled, and also that the rest, including in particular any philosophers, rhetoricians and parasites, present themselves for duty. Now, in the first place, let us strip them, for those who are going to put on armor must first disrobe. Just look at the men one by one, my good sir, and scrutinize their bodies. Well, some of them you will see emaciated from want, and pale, all in a tremor and exhausted as though already wounded. Now would it not be ridiculous to assert that men like these, in need as they are of some refreshment, can endure the strain of battle, a hand-to-hand combat, the jostling, dust and wounds? 41. But pass in turn to the parasite, and note carefully what sort of a person he appears to be. Is he not, in the first place, stout in body and of agreeable complexion?—neither black nor white, for the latter is like unto a woman's, the former, a slave's. And in the second place, is he not a gallant, fierce-looking fellow, just such as I am, big and hot-blooded? For it isn't well to bear into war a timorous, effeminate look. Would not, then, such a one, while alive, be a noble-looking man-at-arms, and noble, too, should he die nobly? 42. But why need we conjecture these things, when we have examples of them? For to speak frankly, of the rhetoricians or philosophers who have lived hitherto, some have not even plucked up any courage at all to venture outside the wall in war; and even if one of them was compelled to take his place in the line of battle, I affirm that he abandoned his post and took to his heels.

TYCH. How wonderful it all is! There's nothing modest about your claims. All the same, say on.

PAR. Moreover, among rhetoricians, Isocrates<sup>27</sup> not only never went to war, but not even so much as entered a court of justice—from timidity, I presume, because he hadn't a voice of sufficient strength. And what shall I say more? Didn't Demades<sup>28</sup> and Æschines

<sup>27</sup> Isocrates: The Attic orator and rhetorician (436–338 B. C.), who established a famous school of rhetoric at Athens, and also wrote discourses to be read, not spoken, the most brilliant of which was the *Panegyricus*, on which he is said to have spent ten years. He was by nature timid and of weakly constitution, which compelled him to refrain from political life and public speaking.

<sup>28</sup> Demades: A man of brilliant oratorical powers, but an unprincipled demagogue and a leader of the Macedonian party in opposition to Demosthenes. He

and Philocrates, out of sheer terror, surrender the city and their own persons to Philip the very moment Philip declared war, and didn't they continue to carry out his policy all the time at Athens? Accordingly, if any other Athenian whatsoever made war after the same fashion, he, too, was hail-fellow-well-met among them. And there are Hyperides, Demosthenes and Lycurgus, who, at any rate, had the reputation of being more courageous than the rest, and in the popular assemblies were forever raising a clamor against Philip and railing at him—why, what on earth did they do in the way of noble deeds during the war against him? Yes, and Hyperides<sup>29</sup> and Lycurgus didn't even go forth into the field; nay, they didn't muster up courage enough to take even a wee bit of a peep outside the gates, but remained quietly within the walls at their houses, framing petty motions and decrees, though already in a state of siege. And the very chiefest one among them, who was everlastingly repeating this expression in the popular assemblies—"Philip, the Macedonian pest, from whom one would never purchase even a slave"—he had courage enough to advance into Boeotia, but before the armies joined battle and were engaged in hand-to-hand combat, he actually threw away his shield and fled. Or, perhaps, you have never before heard anybody tell this story, quite notorious though it is, among not only

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seems to have sold himself to Philip and his successors, and Plutarch calls him the ruin (*καταγλιον*) of his country. For Æschines see *Introduction*, Note 11. From the first he was a persistent advocate of peace with Philip almost at any cost, not necessarily because he had been bribed so to do, though Demosthenes charges him with this, but because of his weakness of character, which made him an easy prey to the wiles of the crafty king, and led him to take the opposite side to Demosthenes. Philocrates was another prominent member of the Philip-fizing party, at times proceeding to even greater lengths than Æschines in playing into the hands of Philip, and ostentatiously displaying the wealth which he had no doubt received as the price of his treason.

<sup>29</sup> Hyperides: An Athenian orator of distinction, who, with Demosthenes and Lycurgus, formed the center of the opposition to the intrigues of Macedonia. They became so obnoxious to her that their surrender was demanded. While it is probably true that none of the three, except Demosthenes, ever took the field against the enemy, yet Simon's charge that their courage was only that of the forum is wholly gratuitous. Equally unwarranted is the imputation upon the conduct of Demosthenes at the battle of Chæronea. He was a member of the heavy-armed troops, and fell back with the rest of his defeated countrymen before the superior discipline and equipment of the Macedonians. His political enemies afterward charged him with cowardice, but did not succeed in shaking the confidence in him of his fellow-citizens, a good proof that the charge was false.

Athenians, but Thracians and Scythians as well, from whom that outcast had his origin?<sup>30</sup>

43. TYCH. Yes, I'm acquainted with it. But these men were rhetoricians, trained in speech making, and not in courage.—But what have you to say of the philosophers? Surely you cannot bring against them the same accusations as against the former.

PAR. Why, my dear Tychiades, it will appear that these in their turn, the topic of whose daily conversation is manliness, and who fairly wear out the name of virtue, are far more cowardly and effeminate than the rhetoricians. Note the following considerations. In the first place, there is no one who can name a philosopher who died in war. For, in sooth, they never did go to the field at all, or even if they did, they all took to their heels. There's Antisthenes,<sup>31</sup> for example, and Diogenes and Crates and Zeno and Plato and Æschines and Aristotle, and all that crowd—they never even saw a line of battle. The only one of them who had the pluck to go out to the battle at Delium was the wise Socrates,<sup>32</sup> and he fled thence from Mt. Parnes and took refuge in the wrestling school of Taureas. For it seemed to him far more delightful to sit down and chat with the youngsters and propound sophisms to any chance listeners, than to fight a Spartan.

TYCH. My good sir! I've heard these things before from others also, who surely had no wish to scoff at and cast reproach upon the philosophers. Accordingly, I do not believe that partiality for your own art has led

<sup>30</sup> From whom that outcast had his origin: One of the many charges by which the adversaries of Demosthenes sought to discredit him was the claim that he was not a genuine Hellene, but a foreigner and semibarbarian. The only basis for this was the fact that his grandmother on his mother's side was a Scythian woman, who married an Athenian exile, who had settled near the Cimmerian Bosphorus, north of the Euxine Sea. They had two daughters, who came to Athens and wedded Attic citizens, one of them the father of the orator. Such unions were not uncommon in the Greek colonies on the Black Sea, and not a few distinguished Athenians had a strain of Thracian or Scythian blood in their pedigree, e. g., Cimon, Thucydides, the historian, and possibly Themistocles. Aristotle was only half a Greek.

<sup>31</sup> Antisthenes and Crates: See *Dial. of Dead*, 27, notes 2 and 3. For Diogenes, see *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 1. Zeno (344-260 B. C.) was founder of the Stoic school of philosophy, for which see *Zeus in Heroics*, note 13, latter part. For Plato, see *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 26.

<sup>32</sup> Socrates: At Delium, the Athenians met a disastrous defeat (424 B. C.) at the hands of the Boeotians. Socrates was on this occasion a member of the heavy-armed troops, and, contrary to Simon's assertion, distinguished himself for his courage on the retreat, and was one of those who kept their ranks and arms and repulsed the pursuing cavalry.

you to tell any lies about these men. 44. But if it is now your pleasure, come! tell us what sort of a figure the parasite makes in war, and whether, in short, there is said to have been any parasite among the men of old.

PAR. Really, my dear friend, there's nobody so ignorant of Homer, or so utterly uncultivated, as not to know, that, in his judgment, the most distinguished of his heroes were parasites. For instance, there's the famous Nestor,<sup>33</sup> from whose tongue speech flowed just like honey—he was parasite to the king himself, and neither Achilles, who was reputed to be and actually was most noble in person and most righteous, nor Diomedes, nor Ajax, did Agamemnon<sup>34</sup> praise and admire so much as he did Nestor. For, mind you, he doesn't wish that he had ten men like Ajax, or ten like Achilles; but he declares that Troy would have been taken long before if he had had ten such soldiers<sup>35</sup> as this parasite, though he was an old man. And in like manner Idomeneus, who traced his descent to Zeus, Homer speaks of as a parasite of Agamemnon's.

45. TYCH. Yes, I am myself also aware of these facts. But, nevertheless, methinks, I don't understand yet how on earth Agamemnon had the two men as parasites.

PAR. Why, my dear sir, recall to mind those words, which Agamemnon himself says to Idomeneus.

TYCH. Pray, what are they?

PAR.

. . . ever full, as mine for me, thy cup  
Doth stand, to drink, whene'er thy soul doth bid.

—*Il.* iv, 262-3.

Here he meant by the ever-full cup, not that the cup stood full all the time for Idomeneus, both when he was in battle and when asleep, but that it was his privilege alone throughout his life to dine with the king, and not as the rest of the soldiers, who were invited for special

<sup>33</sup> Nestor: See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 24. Simon makes him parasite to King Agamemnon.

<sup>34</sup> Agamemnon, etc.: See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 10.

<sup>35</sup> Ten such soldiers: Cf. *Il.* ii, 372 ff., where Agamemnon says of Nestor: "Would that I had ten such counselors among the Achaians; then soon would the city of King Priam totter beneath our hands, captive and despoiled."

days only. And of Ajax, when he fought so nobly with Hector in single combat, Homer says:

Unto godlike Agamemnon they led him,  
—*Il.*, vii, 312.

because, at length, he was thought worthy, as a mark of honor, to banquet at the king's table. Idomeneus and Nestor used to dine every day with the king, as I myself maintain. But Nestor, to my thinking, was of all the kings *par excellence* a clever and accomplished parasite. For he, we are told, began the art not in the time of Agamemnon, but away back in the days of Cæneus and Exadius;<sup>36</sup> and, I presume, he would never have given up being a parasite had it not been for the death of Agamemnon.

TYCH. Yes, this man was indeed a noble specimen of the parasite. And if you know also of any others, please try and tell me about them.

46. PAR. Very well, Tychiades! Wasn't also Patroclus<sup>37</sup> a parasite of Achilles, and that, too, no whit the inferior of any one of the other Greeks, either in soul or in body, albeit he was a young man? For I, methinks, can judge by his exploits that he was not inferior even to Achilles himself. For, when Hector broke through the gates of the Grecian camp and fought within, near the ships, Patroclus thrust him out and quenched the flames with which the ship of Protesilaus<sup>38</sup> was already in a blaze, and yet those on board of her were not by any means the commonest sort of soldiers, but Ajax and Teucer, sons of Telamon, the one excellent as a man-at-arms, the other as an archer. And he killed many of the barbarians—this parasite of Achilles; and among them Sarpedon in particular, the son of Zeus. He himself, though, wasn't slain, like the rest; but Hector himself Achilles slew single-handed, and

<sup>36</sup> Cæneus and Exadius: Warriors of the Thessalian tribe of the Lapithæ. They figured prominently in the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ at the wedding of Pirithoüs: See *Banquet, or Lapithæ*, introduction. Nestor was present on that occasion and took part in the fray. *Il.*, i, 260 ff.

<sup>37</sup> Patroclus: The cherished friend of Achilles, and his companion during the Trojan war. The exploit here referred to is described in *Il.*, xvi, 384 ff., and ended in his death at the hands of Hector, after he had been disabled by Apollo and wounded by Euphorbus, so that, as Simon says, it took a god and two men to dispose of him.

<sup>38</sup> Protesilaus: See *Charon, or Seeing the Sights*, note 4.



Achilles himself Paris slew, whereas it took a god and two men to kill the parasite. And at his death he didn't utter any such cries as your most noble Hector did, who fell at the feet of Achilles and besought that his dead body<sup>29</sup> might be returned to his relatives, but such words as it became a parasite to utter. And pray, what did he say?

But, had twenty such as thou encountered me in arms,  
They all had perished here, beneath my spear subdued.

—*Il.*, xvi, 847-8.

47. TYCH. Well, enough of this! But I challenge you to show that Patroclus was not merely a friend of Achilles, but a parasite of his.

PAR. Well, my dear Tychiades, I shall let Patroclus speak for himself as to his being a parasite.

TYCH. Why, what you say fairly takes away one's breath.

PAR. Listen, then, to his very words:

Lay not my bones apart from thine, Achilles; nay, together  
Let them rest, as in thy halls together we were reared.

—*Il.*, xxiii, 83-4

And again, a little farther on, he also says:

Then Peleus, the knight, received me in his house,  
And reared me with care, and named me thy squire.

—*Il.*, xxiii, 89-90.

That is to say, Achilles kept a parasite. If, indeed, Homer had wished to speak of Patroclus as merely a friend, he would not have called him a squire; for Patroclus was a free man. If, then, he does not call slaves or friends squires, whom does he call by that name? Parasites, evidently. In like manner also, even Meriones himself he styles squire of Idomeneus. And here, I beg you to notice, he does not think fit to

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<sup>29</sup> Besought the return of his dead body: See *Il.*, xxii, 337 *ff.*

Him, Hector, of the glancing helm, his strength nigh gone, addressed:  
I thee entreat by thy life and knees and thy parents dear;  
Oh, leave me not by the ships for the dogs of the Achaeans to rend!  
Nay, not so! but bronze and gold to thy heart's content accept;  
Good gifts, that to thee, my sire shall give, and mother revered;  
And give them home my body again, that the men of Troy  
And their wives my due of fire may grant, when I am dead.

speak of Idomeneus, who traced his pedigree to Zeus, but of Meriones,<sup>40</sup> his parasite, as "the peer of Ares." 48. And how about this? Was not also Aristogiton<sup>41</sup> because a plebeian and poor, a parasite of Harmodius, according to the testimony of Thucydides? Yes; and wasn't he also a lover of his? For it stands to reason that parasites are also lovers of those who maintain them. Moreover, this parasite freed the city of Athens from the tyranny under which she groaned, and now there stands in the market place a bronze statue of him, with his favorite nearby. Now these men, illustrious as you see they are, were parasites. 49. But what sort of a man do you guess the parasite is in war? In the first place, will not such a man as I have described take his place in line of battle, after he has had his breakfast—exactly as also Odysseus claims?<sup>42</sup> He will not otherwise, for whomsoever Odysseus bids fight in battle, though it should be necessary to fight at the very break of day, he will fortify beforehand with a hearty meal. And while in the case of other soldiers, under the stress of fear one is putting his helmet in order, and another is donning his coat of mail, and a third is shaking in his shoes, as he gets an inkling of the danger itself that belongs to war, at that very moment the parasite is banqueting with right joyous countenance; but immediately upon marching to the field of conflict, he fights desperately among the foremost. Whereas, the one who gives him his support posts himself behind the parasite, who covers him with his shield, just as Ajax did Teucer,<sup>43</sup> and protects him from the flying missiles

<sup>40</sup> Meriones: Friend and brother-in-arms of Idomeneus, and often called by Homer, peer of Ares. *Il.*, xiii, 295, 328.

<sup>41</sup> Aristogiton and Harmodius: Athenian citizens who lived near the end of the sixth century B. C., and between whom there existed the closest, but, according to Thucydides, a corrupt intimacy. Offended at some action of the reigning tyrant, Hippias, one of the Pisistratides, they conspired to kill him and his brother, Hipparchus, at the Panathenaic festival. They succeeded in killing the latter, which led ultimately to the overthrow of Hippias, but lost their own lives and were ever afterward regarded as liberators of their country and martyrs in the cause of liberty, an honor to which their own character and their deed hardly entitled them. Their statues in bronze were set up in the Agora. Thucydides (vi, 54,) does not bear out Simon's statement; but, as usual in his argument, the parasite does not mind about such discrepancies.

<sup>42</sup> As Odysseus claims: See *Il.*, xix, 160 ff., where Odysseus urges Achilles to bid the Achaeans take their fill of food and wine, that they may be better able to fight the foe all day, till the going down of the sun.

<sup>43</sup> As Ajax [did Teucer: See *Il.*, viii, 330 f., in the fight between Teucer and Hector.

by exposing his own person to danger; for he had rather save him than himself. 50. But suppose now, that a parasite should actually fall in battle, of course, neither captain, nor fellow-soldier would have occasion to be ashamed of him, he would make such a fine large corpse, and look so strikingly handsome, lying outstretched, as though at a banquet. For it is well worth while, by way of contrast, to notice the dead body of a philosopher lying near him—a lean, slovenly, weakly fellow, with a long beard, who died before the battle was fairly begun. Who, then, would not despise the state whose defenders, he sees, are such a wretched lot? And who would fail to conclude, at sight of the tallow-faced, long-haired little men lying there, that the state, because it was in want of allies, had set free for use in war the criminals in its penitentiary? Well, that's the sort of men parasites are in war, as compared with rhetoricians and philosophers. 51. In peace, on the other hand, parasitism seems to me as much superior to philosophy as peace itself is to war. And first, if you please, let us consider the places where peace has her abode.

TYCH. But I don't yet make out what in the world you mean by this. All the same, let us proceed to consider them.

PAR. Well, then, there's the market place, the courts of justice, the wrestling and gymnastic schools, hunting establishments and banquet halls—may I not speak of them as places belonging to a city?

TYCH. Certainly!

PAR. Well, now, the parasite will not so much as enter a market place, or the courts of justice, because, I presume, all such places belong rather to false accusers, and a total lack of moderation is characteristic of all that goes on there. But he seeks the wrestling and gymnastic schools and the banquet halls, and is their sole adornment. For what philosopher or rhetorician, when stripped naked at a wrestling school, is worthy of comparison physically with a parasite? Or who among them, when he appears at a gymnasium, doesn't rather reflect disgrace upon the place? Moreover in a wilderness, not one of them would stand his

ground against a wild beast when it came to close quarters with him. Whereas, the parasite stands fast and awaits their attack with equanimity, because he has habituated himself to make light of them at the dinners he attends, and neither stag nor bristly wild boar frightens him; but even if the boar does whet his tooth against him, the parasite also whets his tooth in turn against the boar. Why, he is more given to hunting hares than hounds are. And, then, at a banquet, who, forsooth, can quite compete with a parasite in cracking jokes, or as a *bon vivant*? And who can furnish more delight to his boon companions?—the man who is always ready with song and jest, or a fellow who never laughs, but reclines at table in a coarse cloak of scant pattern and keeps his eyes fixed upon the ground, just as though he had come to a funeral, and not to a banquet? To my thinking, at least, a philosopher in a banquet hall cuts just such a figure as a dog in a bathing establishment. 52. Well, leaving these matters, let us proceed at once to consider the parasite's life itself, and at the same time compare it with the one already referred to. In the first place, then, one will observe, that the parasite always holds reputation in contempt and cares nothing at all for what men think of him; whereas, in the case of rhetoricians and philosophers, one will find all of them, without exception, consumed with vanity and a thirst for reputation, and not for reputation only, but—what is more disgraceful than this—for money also. The parasite looks upon silver with just as much indifference as a person would even upon the pebbles on the beach, and as for gold, it seems to him no different from fire. Rhetoricians, however, and—what is more dreadful—even those who profess to be philosophers, are possessed with such a wretched thirst for these things, that of the most distinguished philosophers of the present day—for why need I speak of the rhetoricians?—whoever has a case to decide, makes no bones of taking a bribe for his decision; while another demands remuneration from a king for the privilege of his society and is not ashamed of going, even in his old age, to foreign parts for this

purpose and of serving for hire," just like any Indian or Scythian captive in war—yes, and is not even ashamed at the very name itself, which he receives. 53. And not only will you find these things appertaining to them, but that they are given to other passions also, such as grief, anger, jealousy, and all manner of lusts. The parasite, however, is free from all these, for he never gets angry, owing to his patient forbearance and because he has no one with whom he can fly into a passion; and if he should ever be angry, his anger leads to no painful or melancholy result, but rather occasions laughter and puts his companions in good humor. From grief, moreover, he suffers even least of all, for his art secures to him and freely bestows exemption from anything which would occasion him distress. For he has no money, nor house, nor house-slave, nor wife, nor children, the loss of which must inevitably give pain to their possessor. And his heart is not set upon glory or wealth; nay, not even upon beauty.

54. TYCH. But, Simon, it is at least fair to presume that lack of the means of living causes him many a worry.

PAR. You forget, my dear Tychiades, that the man who is at a loss for his daily bread is from the start not a parasite. A brave man, you know, ceases to be brave the moment his courage fails him, and a prudent man is no longer prudent when he loses his wits. On the same principle, a man would not be a parasite if the means of living should fail him. But the question before us concerns what a parasite actually is, not what he is not. If now it is only the actual presence of courage that constitutes the brave man and only the actual presence of sagacity that constitutes the prudent man, so also the parasite will be truly such only when he is actually engaged in playing the parasite. Since, if this characteristic does not really belong to him, the subject of our inquiry will prove to be not a parasite, but somebody else.

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<sup>44</sup> Serving for hire: The earlier philosophers regarded it as inconsistent with their professions to take fees for instruction. Aristippus is said to have been the first of the disciples of Socrates to take pay. In Lucian's day they had become more mercenary, and no doubt many of them by their grasping avarice justified his trenchant criticisms upon the wide discrepancies between their practice and their preaching.

**TYCH.** Well, then, does a parasite never lack for the means of living?

**PAR.** It appears not. Accordingly, he has no occasion to worry, either on this score or on any other. 55. Moreover, also, philosophers and rhetoricians live one and all in the greatest fear. The most of them, at the very least calculation, will be found carrying a club as they walk abroad—and of course, they wouldn't go armed in this way were they not afraid. Yes, and they bar their doors very stoutly, because they are apprehensive that somebody is going to spring a plot upon them by night. But the parasite shuts the door of his chamber just as it happens, and that merely to prevent the wind from opening it; and if a noise is made at night, he is no more disturbed about it than if there had been no noise at all; and when he goes through a desert country, he travels without any sword, for he isn't at all afraid anywhere. But philosophers, I've oftentimes before now seen armed with bows, when there was no danger whatever. Why, they have their clubs with them, even when they go to the bath, or to breakfast. 56. Furthermore, nobody can accuse a parasite of adultery, or of any act of violence or robbery, or of anything else whatsoever in the way of wrongdoing, for indeed such a reprobate wouldn't be a parasite—nay, he does himself a wrong. Therefore, if by any chance he has committed adultery, at the very moment of its commission he exchanges his name for the one derived from the crime itself. Just as the base man does not have given him the name "good," but "bad" rather, so, in my opinion, the parasite, if he does any wrong, loses his own special name and receives that which is appropriate to the wrong that he does. Such offenses not only we ourselves know have been committed in abundance by rhetoricians and philosophers in our own day, but also in books we have records left us of their evil deeds. There's the plea that Socrates made<sup>45</sup> in

<sup>45</sup> The plea that Socrates made: Referring to his "Apology," or defense, before the court which condemned him to death. The plea of Æschines may refer to his published memorial on the second embassy to Philip, of which he was a member. In this he defends himself against the charges Demosthenes had brought against him, of having been bribed and of having betrayed the interests of his country. In the case of Demosthenes, Simon probably had in mind his oration on the Crown, in which he defends himself against Æschines.

his own defense, and the pleas of Æschines and Hyperides and Demosthenes, and of well-nigh the majority of rhetoricians and philosophers; but there is no defense extant, that a parasite has had to make, nor can any one say that anybody has ever brought an action against a parasite. 57. Well, depend upon it, the life of the parasite is superior to that of rhetoricians and philosophers; but how about his death? Is that more miserable than theirs? Quite the contrary; his death is far happier. For we know that all philosophers—or the most of them—base that they are, have met a base death; some by poison, to which they were sentenced, because convicted of the greatest crimes; others had their whole body burned up; others still died in exile. But no one can mention a parasite who departed this life in any such way. On the contrary, his is a most happy death, in the midst of eating and drinking. But if some parasite even apparently met a violent end, it was an attack of indigestion that really proved the death of him.

58. TYCH. Well, we've had enough of your hot contention in behalf of parasites as compared with philosophers. But, further, I challenge you to show whether this piece of property is a source of honor and a profitable investment to him who supports him. To my thinking, men of wealth are, as it were, benefactors to support such folks, and do it out of pure benevolence, and it is a disgrace to him who gets his living in that way.

PAR. How very stupid it is of you, my dear Tychiades, if you can't understand that a rich man, though he has the gold of Gyges,<sup>46</sup> is poor, if he has to eat all by himself, and that if he walks abroad without a parasite by his side, he has the air of a beggar; and just as a soldier without arms, or a robe devoid of purple, or a horse without metal bosses upon his headgear, is held in less honor, so also a wealthy man without a parasite, is to all appearance, a sort of mean, paltry, fellow. Besides, the parasite is an ornament to the rich man, whereas, the latter is never an ornament to the

<sup>46</sup> Gyges: A Lydian king, of the same dynasty with Croesus, whom he preceded by about one hundred and thirty years. "The riches of Gyges" became a proverb.

former. 59. Moreover, it is not, as you claim, even a reproach to him, an inferior, to play the parasite to one who is evidently his superior, since it is nevertheless to the advantage of the rich man to support the parasite; for, indeed, along with the honor which the latter confers upon him, he also finds in this man's protection ample security for himself. For no one, when he sees the parasite standing at his side, would lightly set upon a rich man in battle, and, on the other hand, a person who has a parasite would run no risk of dying by poison. For who would undertake to plot against the former, when the latter tastes beforehand of all the food and drink? The rich man, therefore, is not only honored by the presence of the parasite, but he is saved from the greatest dangers. The parasite loves his patron with such affection that he submits to every hazard and would not leave the rich man to take his dinner alone, but chooses to eat with him, even at the risk of death itself.

60. TYCH. Well, Simon, I think you've treated the subject exhaustively, and in no respect have you failed to make good the claims of your profession. Indeed, you have spoken not without preparation, as you yourself declared, but like one trained by the greatest masters. I desire, further, to learn whether the very name of the trade of a parasite isn't rather disreputable.

PAR. Pray observe my reply, and see if you think enough is said. Now, on your part, please try and answer, as you think best, the questions that I put to you. Well—to proceed—by what name do the ancients call that which is eaten?

TYCH. Food.

PAR. And the partaking of food—what do they call that? Is it not eating?

TYCH. Yes!

PAR. Well, then, has it not been admitted that to play the parasite is nothing else than this?

TYCH. Yes, my dear Simon; but that's just where the shame of it comes in.

61. PAR. Now, once more, please answer me this! Which seems to you to be better, and if both were set before you, which would you yourself choose—a voyage by yourself, or with others?



TYCH. As for myself, I should choose a voyage in company with others.

PAR. And how about this?—would you prefer to run alone, or with others?

TYCH. With others, of course.

PAR. And again, would you prefer a solitary ride on horseback, or to ride with others?

TYCH. Why, to ride with others.

PAR. And what do you say to this? Had you rather practice the javelin exercise all by yourself, or in company with others?

TYCH. In company with others, of course.

PAR. Well, then, wouldn't you in like manner prefer to banquet with others, than to eat in solitude?

TYCH. Well, I can't help saying yes. And further, I'm going to come to you, both in the morning and after luncheon, in the fashion of school children, for the purpose of learning the art. It's only fair that you shouldn't grudge me instruction in it, as I'm your very first pupil; and they say, too, mothers have more affection for their first-born.

## 7.

## CONCERNING SALARIED COMPANIONS.

[A letter addressed to his friend, Timocles, in which Lucian endeavors to dissuade him from entering the family of a wealthy Roman in the capacity of a salaried companion.]

1. Well, my dear friend, with what shall I begin<sup>1</sup>—to use a common phrase—or with what shall I close, the account I am about to give you of those things which salaried companions<sup>2</sup> are obliged to suffer or do, notwithstanding they are reckoned among the friendships of their wealthy patrons—if we must apply the term friendship to such a slavery as theirs? For I am acquainted with many—yes, with pretty much all—of the experiences which befall them; though, to tell the truth, I never myself made trial of such a lot—for I had not been under the necessity of trying it, and God forbid that I should ever be. But many of those who have fallen into this mode of life used to tell me all about it. Some of them were still in this wretched thralldom and bitterly lamented the number and nature of their trials; while others, now that they had fled therefrom, as it were from a sort of prison, were not unwilling to recount what they had suffered. Yes, they actually took delight in recalling the troubles from which they had escaped. All the more worthy of belief were they, because they had passed through all the initiatory rites, so to speak, and had seen everything from beginning to end, like those admitted to the high-

<sup>1</sup> With what shall I begin, etc.: Odysseus begins in similar fashion the account of his adventures, which he gave at the request of Alcinoüs, king of the Phæaciæns. *Od. ix.* 14.

<sup>2</sup> Salaried companions: A class of men, mostly philosophers, mediocre poets and rhetoricians, who were received into the families of wealthy Romans, either as tutors to their sons, or as literary companions at their tables. Very many of them were Greeks, who found in Rome under the emperors a large field in this direction for the exercise of their gifts. The less clever among them were subjected to many humiliations and indignities, which are fully set forth in the present essay, and are not without parallel in modern society.

est grade of the mysteries.<sup>3</sup> Accordingly, I didn't listen to them cursorily, or with indifference, just as though they were telling the story of some shipwreck and their unlooked-for deliverance, after the manner of those who stand hard by the temples, with their heads shaven. You've heard such persons describe in graphic style, many of them talking all at once, the huge waves and surges, the projecting headlands, and how they had to cast the cargo overboard, the repeated breaking of the mast and snapping of the rudders. And, to crown all, they tell how the Dioscuri<sup>4</sup> suddenly put in an appearance—for they, you know, are appropriately associated with such a tragedy—or how some other *deus ex machina* came and sat upon the masthead or took his stand at the rudders and steered the vessel toward some soft beach, and how, after being borne thither, she was destined to go to pieces gradually and by slow degrees, while they themselves would land in safety by the favor and grace of the god. Those people, however, are in the habit of exaggerating the most of their adventures for their own immediate advantage, in order that they may get more persons to give them alms, because they are reputed to be not only unfortunate, but also sort of dear to the gods.

2. In like manner, they who have served in the houses of the rich and great describe the storms they experienced there, the third waves<sup>5</sup>—yes, upon my word, the fifth and tenth, if one may so speak. They tell how at first they sailed on with the sea apparently calm beneath them, and the things they suffered during the voyage, as a whole, from thirst or seasickness, or from being water-logged, and finally how they wrecked their unlucky little craft upon some sunken rock or precipitous headland and, miserably wretched, swam off naked and in want of all the necessaries of life. In their narrative, however, these people seemed to me to

<sup>3</sup> The mysteries: The Eleusinian. See *Ferry over the Styx*, note 29.

<sup>4</sup> Dioscuri: Castor and Polydeuces; see *Dial. of Gods*, 24, note 3. As tutelary divinities of sailors, their figures were often painted, or sculptured, upon the bow of a ship. The electric flames, which in storms play around the masts and sails, and called by Italian sailors "St. Elmo's fires," were looked upon as manifestations of their presence, as they darted about on their golden wings, a sign of the abatement of the storm.

<sup>5</sup> Third waves, etc.: The third was regarded as the largest among ordinary waves; the fifth as unusually large; the tenth as overwhelming.

conceal the most of their experiences out of shame, and to be willing to forget them. But putting together both their own statements and whatever else since the conversation I find appertaining to such companionships, I, for my part, shall not scruple, my good Timocles, to give you all the particulars about them. For methinks I've observed you for a long time now harboring designs upon this mode of life.

3. Well, to begin with, when the conversation chanced to turn in that direction, some one of those present expressed his approval of hiring oneself out in this way. He affirmed that they are thrice happy who have the most distinguished Romans as their friends and enjoy costly dinners, all without expense to themselves, and live in a splendid house, and, should occasion require, travel in a carriage with white horses,<sup>6</sup> with all possible ease and pleasure, and with the head haughtily thrown back, and at the same time get a handsome salary besides, as friend of the family and in return for the benefits which the latter receive. For all things, he declared, grow for such people absolutely without any sowing or tilling of the soil.<sup>7</sup> When, therefore, you heard these and such-like statements, I noticed how you were all agape at them and had your mouth stretched wide open, ready for the bait. That we, then, on our part may henceforth be guiltless, and that you may not have it to say that we saw you swallowing such a big fishhook, shrimp and all, and yet didn't seize and draw it away before it got into your gullet, nor pointed it out to you clearly, but waited, the hook meanwhile being drawn backward and having already become firmly lodged, and beheld you trailing along after it and carried away perforce, when, now that there was no help for it, we stood and wept,—that you, I say, may never have any reasonable ground whatever, or one from which we cannot escape, for such an allegation—in case you do make it—listen! for we do no wrong in showing up the matter beforehand. Listen, I entreat you, to a full account from the begin-

<sup>6</sup> With white horses: A mark of great wealth.

<sup>7</sup> Without any sowing or tilling of the soil: Just as for the Cyclopes. *Od.*, ix, 106 f.

ning; and from a safe place upon the outside—not from the inmost corner within—take a leisurely survey beforehand of the net itself. Note the absence of any outlet to the weels, yes, and also the curve of the fish-hook and how its point bends backward. And then take in your hands the points of the three-pronged fish spear and try them against your jaw, distended as in the case of one going to be shaved. Then, if you do not find them very sharp, or admitting of no escape, or painful in the wounds that they make, as they draw you along by force and irresistibly lay hold of you—why, set me down as a coward and a starveling, bid yourself be of good cheer and then fall upon the prey, if you want to, just as the sea-mew, with wide-open mouth, swallows the bait whole.

4. The whole story will be told entirely perhaps for your benefit. It will, however, have to do not only with you, professional philosophers, who have deliberately adopted a course of life of a more serious tone, but also with schoolmasters, rhetoricians and men of letters; with those, in short, who for hire consent to serve as tutors in the families of the rich. As all, upon the whole, have a common lot and the things that befall them are similar, evidently philosophers have no exceptional experience, but a more disgraceful one, although the same as that of the rest, in case they should be deemed worthy of the same treatment with the others, and their employers should regard them with no greater respect. Whatever, therefore, the narrative itself may bring to light as it proceeds, first and above all, they who do these things are themselves justly to blame for this, and, next, they who submit to such treatment. Whereas, I am blameless, unless there is some penalty for frankly telling the truth. As for those, however, who make up the rest of the crowd, for example, trainers of athletes, flatterers, men without professional knowledge, of small minds and mean in themselves, it isn't worth while to try and turn them away from such companionships—for they wouldn't obey. Nor, in sooth, is it well to censure them, if they do not abandon their employers, notwithstanding the very many insults they may receive from them—for they are

adapted to just such a mode of life and not unworthy of it. And, besides, they wouldn't have anything else whatever to which they could turn and in which they could make themselves effective. On the contrary, if one deprive them of this, they at once lose their occupation and are idle and useless. So far, then, as they are concerned, they would suffer nothing dreadful in being treated thus, nor would their masters seem to be committing any outrage in putting, as the saying has it, the spittoon to its intended use. For surely from the very beginning of their service they enter the houses of the rich with the intention of submitting to this outrageous treatment; and it is their trade to endure and put up with whatever happens. But in the case of the men of education already referred to, it is meet for one to be vexed and to try, so far as one can, to get them out of this bondage and set them free.

5. I shall do well, I think, to examine first the reasons which lead some to enter upon such a life, and show that they are not at all forcible or conclusive. Thus their defense will be disproved by anticipation and also the primary reason they give for their voluntary slavery. Confessedly the most of them plead their poverty and want of the necessities of life, and imagine that they have thereby offered a sufficient excuse for going over to that way of living; and they hold that it is enough for their justification to say that they regard it as a pardonable offense, if they seek to escape poverty, that hardest-to-bear of all the experiences of life. There's a verse handy, of Theognis<sup>3</sup> to the same effect, one that is often quoted:

Man in poverty's thrall can nothing say,  
Can nothing do; yea, fettered is his tongue;

and all the other direful things the basest of the poets have uttered concerning poverty. Now, if I saw that these people were actually finding in such companionships any refuge from poverty, why! I should not, in replying to them, dwell with such particularity upon their lack of freedom. And since, as our fine orator

<sup>3</sup> Theognis: Lines 177 f., Bergk's edition. See *Timon*, note 45. He was chief among the earlier Greek elegiac poets, sixth century B. C.

has somewhere said,\* "they fare in the matter of food just the same as sick folks," is it not, moreover, beyond question, that in this respect also they have apparently made a foolish resolve, since their circumstances in life always remain at bottom the same? For they are in a chronic state of poverty and under the necessity of accepting from others, and they have nothing laid by against a rainy day, nor any surplus to be securely guarded; but whatever is given them, even if given and received in a lump, is all spent frugally, and yet proves insufficient for their need. It were well for them not to be devising any such ways and means as will prolong their poverty by giving it only temporary aid, but such as will remove it altogether. Yes, instead of taking such a course, such a one, perhaps, ought, as you say, Theognis, to cast himself into the deep-yawning sea<sup>10</sup> or down steep rocks. But if any one, who is always poor and in want and serving for hire, imagines that he is thereby out of all danger of poverty, I do not see why such a person should not be regarded as self-deceived.

6. Others declare that they would not be frightened or terrified at poverty itself, if they were able to provide barley-meal by toiling like other folks. But, as it is—for their bodies, they say, are worn out either from old age, or from the attacks of disease—they have, they tell us, hired themselves out in this way as being the easiest thing to do. Well, then, let us see, whether they speak the truth and whether what is given accrues to them in the easiest way without much labor on their part, or at least with no more than what others expend. Indeed, that would be like building castles in the air, to expect to receive ready cash without having labored or toiled. But their condition cannot be adequately described. They have so much to do and to suffer in their companionships, that, under such circumstances and for such a purpose especially, they have all the more need of health, for there are every day numberless things that wear out the body and reduce them to utter despair. But we will mention these at the proper time,

\* As our fine orator has somewhere said: Demosthenes, *Third Olynthiac*.

<sup>10</sup> Deep-yawning sea, etc.: See *Timon*, note 45.

when we will also give a circumstantial account of their other annoyances. For the present it is sufficient to have called attention to the fact, that even they who allege this as the reason for selling themselves, do not speak the truth.

7. There remains another motive, and confessedly the truest one, though they least often mention it, which leads them to push their way into the houses of the rich—namely, the pursuit of pleasure and the prospect of realizing the many, ay, the crowd of hopes which they cherish. They are amazed at the quantity of gold and silver they see there; they enjoy the dinners and the rest of the luxurious surroundings, and expect almost immediately to drink of the gold with mouth wide open and no one to restrain them. These things draw them on by degrees and at last make them slaves instead of free men—not the want of the necessities of life, as they allege, but the longing for the things that are not necessary and the emulous desire for the many very costly objects already referred to. Accordingly, their patrons, who are sort of skilled and experienced in being loved, after receiving them into their service, treat them with contempt, just like infatuated, ill-starred lovers passionately in love, in order to show them that they will always be loved merely as their attendants; but they give them no share in the peculiar privileges of favorites—no, not even to the extent of the fag end of a kiss. For they know that the dissolution of the attachment is liable to occur at any moment. Therefore they shut it up and jealously guard it. As for the rest, they keep the lover all the time in a state of expectancy. For they fear lest despair draw him away from his inordinate passion and he cease to have any love for them. Accordingly, they smile upon him and promise that they will forever and ever treat him well and gratify his desires, and take care of him with lavish generosity. Meanwhile, all unawares, both parties have become old and infirm—too old, the latter for bestowing love and the former for sharing it. In all their life, therefore, the unhappy lovers have got no further than the hope with which they set out.

8. Indeed, for one to submit to everything because



he has his heart set upon pleasure, is perhaps not at all culpable, but excusable rather, if he takes delight in pleasure and pays court to her in every possible way, in order to partake of her. And yet, perhaps, it is disgraceful and slavish for one to sell himself on her account. For much more delightful is the pleasure derived from freedom. Nevertheless, however, let such a course be pardoned in their case, if it should turn out well. But to submit to many annoyances, merely because one hopes for pleasure is, I think, ridiculous and silly, especially when men see that the sufferings to be endured are in plain sight and manifest beforehand and inevitable, while that which is hoped for, whatever in the world the pleasure is, has not yet been realized, though such a long time has passed, and besides, is not likely to be realized, if one can judge from the facts of the case. The comrades of Odysseus, you know, eating the lotus,<sup>11</sup> which was sort of sweet, were careless about everything else and, in comparison with present pleasure, held in contempt their true interests. Therefore, not altogether irrational was their forgetfulness of what was good, their soul being absorbed in that pleasure. But that a person hungering for it should stand by the side of another who is taking his fill of the lotus, but does not share it with his neighbor, and that he should attach himself to him from the mere hope of some time getting a taste of it himself, having become oblivious to what is good and right—how ridiculous, by Heracles, such a course would be! Verily it would deserve blows administered in sort of Homeric fashion.

9. These, then, are the motives—or as near as we can get at them—which lead these people into such companionships, and because of which they precipitately intrust themselves to the rich to do with them whatever they please; unless some one should think fit to mention those persons, also, who are elated even at the honor merely of being with men of noble family and grantees. For there are those also who think, that this at-

<sup>11</sup> Eating the lotus: A shrub, whose fruit was the food of a certain tribe on the Cyrenean coast of North Africa, who were therefore called Lotophagi. Odysseus landed upon their shores; and in order to get his comrades away, he had to drag them back to the ships and bind them beneath the benches, the honey-sweet fruit having the effect to make those who ate it utterly careless about returning home. *Od.*, ix, 88 ff.

tracts universal admiration and is beyond the reach of the multitude, when I, for my part, so far as my own personal opinion is concerned, should not consider it as in any respect a blessing even to be the sole companion of the great king,<sup>12</sup> and, if a companion, to be seen taking advantage of my companionship with him.

10. So much, then, for the purposes they have in view in entering upon this mode of life. Let us now proceed to consider between ourselves what they endure, before they gain their end and are received into the house of some nobleman, and how they are treated, now that they have secured admission, and, above all, what is the *dénouement* of the tragedy in which they are actors. For certainly this at least cannot be said, that though these things are bad, they are, at any rate, easy to obtain and will not require much toil, but you need only to wish for them and then you have accomplished the whole without trouble. On the contrary, there has to be a great deal of running about from one to another, and protracted waiting at the door of some great man. You must rise early in the morning and wait and wait, and then be thrust out and have the door shut in your face. You get the reputation of being sometimes impudent and importunate and are ordered about by a doorkeeper, who talks broken Syrian, or by an African usher, whom you have to fee in order to get your name announced. Moreover also, you have to be more particular in the matter of dress than your present means warrant—to suit the rank of the person upon whom you are waiting—and to select such adornments for your own person as he will be pleased with, in order that you may not be out of harmony with your surroundings or give offense, when he looks at you. And then you must be indefatigable in dancing attendance upon him, or rather in going before him, pushed forward by the servants, and supplying, as it were, a sort of escort for him. But for many days in succession he doesn't so much as glance in your direction.

11. But suppose you have, at length, the very best of luck, and he sees you and, calling you to him, asks you some question that happens to strike him; then, I tell

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<sup>12</sup> The great king: The king of Persia.

you, the perspiration pours off you; you all at once lose your head and tremble all over just at the wrong moment, and the bystanders have a good laugh over your embarrassment. And it being necessary, oftentimes, to answer some such question as, for instance—"Who was the king of the Achaians?"<sup>13</sup>—you reply: "They had a thousand ships," as if that were the point of the inquiry. The charitably disposed call your behavior modesty, the bold pronounce it timidity, and the malicious, lack of education. You, therefore, withdraw, condemning yourself to utter despair, your first experience of your patron's friendliness having proved most hazardous. But when

. . . many sleepless nights thou hast passed,  
And days ensanguined

—*Il.*, ix, 325-6.

lived, not for Helen's sake,<sup>14</sup> by Zeus! nor for the sake of Priam's Pergamus,<sup>15</sup> but in the hope of getting a daily stipend of five obols,<sup>16</sup> and when also you have succeeded in finding some god of tragedy who interests himself in your behalf, then the next thing on the programme is a rigid examination as to your proficiency in the various branches of knowledge. The delay occasions no annoyance to your rich patron, accustomed as he is to be complimented and accounted happy, but to you it seems as if at that moment a life-and-death struggle were before you—one involving your entire means of living. In all likelihood the thought comes into your mind, that no one else will receive you into his home, if you prove unable to stand the test and are rejected by the first one whose patronage you seek. Moreover, you inevitably suffer at such a time countless distractions; you are jealous of your competitors—

<sup>13</sup> King of the Achaians: Agamemnon. The Achaian fleet, in round numbers, was composed of a thousand ships. According to the Homeric catalogue the number that assembled at Aulis was 1186.

<sup>14</sup> Helen's sake: See *Dial. of Dead*, 18, note 9. Cf., *Il.* iii, 156 ff., where the elders of Troy, as they sit at the Scaean gate, thus talk of Helen, as she comes near:

There's no cause for blame, that Trojans and well-greaved Achaians,  
For such a lady's sake should suffer ills so long;  
Her face to deathless goddesses a wondrous likeness bears.

<sup>15</sup> Pergamus: The citadel of Troy.

<sup>16</sup> Five obols = about 18 cents, a paltry consideration in comparison with the possession of the beautiful Helen, or of Priam's citadel.

for, set it down, that there are others also striving for the same ends. You imagine, that you yourself have made a mess of everything; you vibrate between hope and fear and keep your eyes fixed upon the face of the great lord, and in case he deprecates something you have said, you fancy you are done for; but if he listens with a smile, you are jubilant and become buoyant with hope.

12. In all probability there are many dead-set against you and trying to get others into the place for which you are seeking, each of whom, unbeknown to you, is firing at you, as it were, from ambush. Then, again, consider what sort of a figure a man with a heavy beard and gray hair makes, undergoing examination as to whether he knows anything useful, some of those present thinking that he does know, while others think he doesn't. Meanwhile also your entire past life is closely scrutinized. Even some fellow-citizen, out of jealousy, or a neighbor, offended in consequence of some trifling fault, on being examined, charges you with scandalous practices, and his testimony has just as much weight as though it were drawn from the records of Zeus.<sup>17</sup> Whereas, suppose they all one after another unanimously commend you, they are viewed with suspicion, or are thought to equivocate or to have been bribed. Accordingly, you must be peculiarly fortunate and have no opposition from any quarter; otherwise you are not likely to succeed.—Very well! Now suppose you have been successful in all respects, even beyond your desires. The nobleman himself has praised what you said, and the most honored among his friends and those whom he trusts most implicitly in such matters have not dissuaded him. Moreover, also, his wife is willing, and neither his general manager nor house steward opposes. Nor did anybody find fault with your manner of life, but all things are propitious and the omens on all sides augur well.

13. You have, then, my dear sir, carried the day—yes,

<sup>17</sup> Drawn from the records of Zeus: A proverbial saying to denote testimony that is absolutely conclusive. Zeus had a record book made from the hide of the goat, Amalthea, who served as his nurse after his birth, on Mt. Dicté, in Crete. In this he noted down the good and bad deeds of men.

you have been crowned at the Olympic Games,<sup>18</sup> or rather, have captured Babylon or seized the citadel of Sardis, and you will now possess the horn of Amalthea<sup>19</sup> and milk the milk of birds.<sup>20</sup> Verily, at the price of such sufferings as you have been through, the very greatest blessings ought to be yours, lest your crown prove to be only of leaves. Your salary should be fixed upon a generous scale—yes, and it ought to be paid just when you need it, without your being put to any trouble; and you ought to have precedence of the domestic servants generally as regards all other honor, while you ought to be relieved from their special tasks, from looking after the dust and dirt, running of errands, and from staying up late nights; and you ought to have the opportunity to sleep stretched out at full length<sup>21</sup>—that, you know, was the particular thing you wished for—and be required to attend to those duties only for which your patron took you in the beginning and which you are hired to do. Yes, it ought to be so, Timocles, and it would then be no great evil to stoop beneath and wear a yoke that is so light, easily borne and, above all, overlaid with gold. But this ideal state is far from being realized; nay, rather, it utterly fails of it. For numberless things, intolerable to a free man, occur in such companionships from the very start. Listen, while I rehearse them in order, and consider for yourself, whether one can endure them who has the slightest claim to be called a teacher.

14. With your permission, I will begin with your first dinner, which, in all likelihood, will be given you by way of introduction to the relation you are to sustain to your patron. Immediately upon your acceptance of the position, you are waited upon by one of the house

<sup>18</sup> Olympic Games, etc.: The candidate has secured the position, but after such an arduous struggle that his triumph may be compared to a victory in the Olympic Games, or to the capture of Babylon, or of Sardis, and he is elated accordingly.

<sup>19</sup> Horn of Amalthea: i. e., the horn of plenty. Zeus broke off one of the horns of the goat and endowed it with such powers that it would become instantly filled with whatever its possessor might desire.

<sup>20</sup> Milk the milk of birds: A proverb used of those with whom everything goes prosperously; *ὀρνίθων γάλα*, our "pigeon's milk"; any rare and dainty thing, or piece of good fortune.

<sup>21</sup> Stretched out at full length: Like Odysseus. Cf. *Parasite*, note 14.

servants—a very affable sort of fellow—with an invitation to be present at the dinner. Of course you must win his favor at the outset, and so, not to appear discourteous, you thrust into his hand five drachmas<sup>22</sup> at the least. He affects indifference. “Get along with you!” says he. “I accept it from you? God forbid!” But after making a show of refusing, he is persuaded at last and departs, grinning upon you from ear to ear. You now provide yourself with a spotless suit of clothes, and having taken a bath and decked yourself out as becomingly as possible, you are on hand, anxious lest you arrive before the other guests, for this would argue ignorance of the proprieties, even as coming last smacks of vulgarity. Well, you look out about this, and manage to get there when the affair is about half over. They receive you with great respect and one of the attendants, taking you in charge, seats you a little way above your wealthy patron and just next to two of his old friends.

15. You are lost in astonishment at all you see, as though you had just entered the palace of Zeus, and are on the tiptoe of expectation over everything that is done, all is so strange and unfamiliar to you. And the entire household stare at you, and each one present is watching to see how you will act. Even the old nabob himself is not indifferent upon this point, but even tells some of the servants beforehand to observe whether from your place of vantage you often gaze in the direction of his wife and children. Why, even the attendants of your fellow-guests notice your bewilderment as you watch the infinite variety of things that are being done, and rally you upon it, regarding it as a sure sign that you have never dined with anybody else before, and that the napkin laid by your plate is something quite novel to you. Naturally, and as a matter of course, you are all in a cold sweat from embarrassment, and cannot even pluck up courage enough to ask for wine when you are thirsty, for fear you should be thought a hard drinker; and of the dainties set before you in such profusion and arranged in some sort of order, you are at a loss which to take first and which

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<sup>22</sup> Five drachmas: = About one dollar.

next. Accordingly, you will find it necessary to watch your neighbor on the sly and take pattern by him, and so acquaint yourself with the order in which the dishes follow one another.

16. As for the rest, your thoughts fly from one thing to another, and your mind is all in a ferment, being lost in astonishment at everything that is done. At one moment you think how happy the rich man is on account of his gold and ivory, and because he lives in such luxury; at another you commiserate yourself, as you realize that you are a good-for-naught and yet are in the land of the living. But sometimes this thought also comes into your mind, that you are now going to lead a pretty enviable life in the estimation of all these people, as you are to live in luxury and share in every thing on equal terms with them. For you imagine that you are to be celebrating all the time a feast of Dionysus;<sup>23</sup> and perhaps also handsome lads, as they wait upon the table and smile gently upon you, picture to you your future mode of life as nicer yet, so that you continually repeat to yourself that line of Homer's:

'Tis no cause for blame that Trojans and well-greaved Achaians  
—*Il.*, iii, 156.

submit to many toils in order to secure such good fortune. Next, they drink to each other's health, and the master of the house, calling for a pretty large cup,<sup>24</sup> drinks to your health—"Here's to the professor!" or whatever may be the title with which he addresses you. You take the cup, but, owing to inexperience, are not aware that you, too, ought to add something yourself, and so you get a reputation for ill breeding.

17. Anyhow, you are now the object of jealousy on the part of many of the old friends of the house, because of that toast; and some of them you had offended before on taking your seat at table, because, though present to-day for the first time, you were preferred to gentlemen who had reached the end of a bondage of many

<sup>23</sup> Feast of Dionysus: See *Timon*, 51, note 73.

<sup>24</sup> Calling for a pretty large cup: The larger the cup, the greater the compliment paid. It was the Greek fashion for the one who drank to another's health to then pass the cup to him; and the person thus honored was expected to respond with some appropriate sentiment.

years in the service of the family. You at once become among them the subject of some such remarks as the following: "All our other sufferings were at least wanting in this, that we must play second fiddle even to those who have but just come into the family. One would think that these Greeks were the only ones to whom the city of Rome stands open. And yet, upon what ground are they given the precedence of us? They don't imagine, do they, that they are rendering an immense service by uttering their miserable pet phrases?" "Why, didn't you notice," says another, "what a quantity of liquor he drank, and how he seized the viands set before him and gulped them down? He's a vulgar fellow and a starveling, and has never even in a dream had his fill of white bread,"<sup>22</sup> to say nothing of the guinea hen or the pheasant, whose bones scarcely he has left for us." "Ye fools!" says a third. "Hardly five whole days will pass before you'll see him among us hereabouts, loudly lamenting similar grievances to those we complain of. At present he is treated with some honor and attention, like a pair of new shoes. But when once they have become well worn by frequent use in walking and all plastered over with mud, they will be thrown aside in a heap under the bed, chock-full of vermin. That's been just our experience, you know." Well, those people exchange many remarks of this sort about you, and perhaps some of them are preparing to circulate slanders to your prejudice.

18. However that may be, you have the banquet all to yourself, and most of the conversation is about you. As for yourself, owing to inexperience in such matters, you greedily drink too much wine, light and fiery at that, and your stomach being long since overloaded, you are in a sorry plight, and it is neither well for you to get up and go out before the rest, nor safe to remain. Accordingly, between the long continuance of the drinking and the discourses that follow each other, and the spectacles that pass before your eyes one after another—for your patron wants to show you all that he's got—

<sup>22</sup> White bread: Made of wheat and used by the wealthier class, in contrast with the common barley bread of the poor and of slaves.



you submit to no little punishment; you do not notice what is going on, or listen, when some lad, highly esteemed for his skill, sings, or plays on the guitar. All the same, you applaud his effort, because you must, but wish to God there might be an earthquake and the whole concern collapse, or that somebody would cry "Fire!" in order that the banquet might at last come to an end.

19. Such, then, my friend, is your first dinner—yes, that most delightful one, to which you looked forward with such high anticipations. I, for my part, should get more pleasure out of an onion and some white salt, of which I could eat in freedom, whenever and as much as I please. Well, to pass over the indigestion and heartburn, which usually follow such dinners, and the vomiting in the night, early in the morning it will be necessary for you and your patron to agree upon the salary you are to have, how much it shall be and at what time of the year you are to receive it. Accordingly, in the presence of two or three friends, he calls you to him, and bidding you be seated, begins in this strain:

"No doubt," says he, "you've already observed our manner of life and that we don't put on any airs whatever here; there's nothing ostentatious about us—plain, matter-of-fact, that's our style—democratic, you know. Of course it's only your due that all things should be in common between us. For it would be ridiculous, if I should intrust to you the greatest interest I have, my own soul, or even the souls of my children"—in case he has children who require education—"and at the same time should not consider you master of everything else, upon equal terms with myself. Well, I suppose, we must come to some definite understanding. I observe, though, how frugal you are in your habits and content with what you have, and I quite understand that you have come to our house from no mercenary motives, but for other reasons, because of the friendship we have for you and the honor everybody will pay you. All the same, some definite amount must be decided upon, I suppose. Well, my dear sir, please state what your own wishes are in the matter, bearing in mind,

however, the presents you are likely to receive at the holidays, which occur from time to time during the year; for we shall not neglect even such matters, you may be sure, although we do not now formally put it down in the contract. There are many such occasions, you know, in the course of the year. In view of these considerations, then, you will no doubt place at a rather moderate figure the salary you expect us to pay. It would especially become you men of education to be above mere pecuniary motives."

20. By means of this sort of talk he has succeeded in giving your hopes a violent shake and in making you submissive to his own wishes; whereas you, who just now had been dreaming of ultimately possessing talents<sup>20</sup> and tens of thousands of drachmas and whole estates and tenement houses, perceive these things growing small by degrees and beautifully less. For all that, you receive his promise with demonstrations of delight, and you think that his assurance, "We will possess all things in common," will prove steadfast and true, not knowing that such things

Indeed the lips do moisten," but moisten not the palate.

—*Il.*, xxii, 495.

At last, out of respect, you leave the matter to him. But he himself refuses to say, and requests one of the friends present to act as referee, telling him to name an amount which would not be burdensome to him—as he has other expenditures more necessary than this—and which at the same time would not be mean for the recipient. The referee, a gentleman of about the same age with your patron and from childhood accustomed to indulge in flattery, of course responds to this appeal, and turning to you—"You fellow there!" says he, "you cannot deny that you are the most lucky of all the people in this city; for this opportunity, indeed, was

<sup>20</sup> Talents: The talent equals about \$1,200; the drachma, 20 cents.

<sup>21</sup> Indeed the lips do moisten, etc.: *Il.*, xxii, 495, quoted from Andromaché's lament on hearing of the death of her husband, Hector, in which she describes the sorrows of orphanage, as she thinks of the lot of his son, Astyanax, a passage regarded as doubtful or spurious by some editors. The poor orphan is described as, in his need, seeking his father's friends and plucking this one by the cloak and that by his tunic; but no attention is paid him, save merely to moisten his lips with the cup, but moisten not his palate.

in store for you from the first, one which Dame Fortune would scarcely bestow upon many, even if they were intent upon obtaining it—I mean, of course, the privilege of being deemed worthy of his companionship and of becoming a member of his family, yes, of being admitted to the first house in all the Roman empire. Why, this opportunity will be worth more to you than the talents of Croesus or the wealth of Midas,<sup>20</sup> if you know how to conduct yourself discreetly. Knowing as I do many persons of distinction, who, even if they had to pay a bonus, would like to be companion to this man for the mere name of the thing, and to be seen about him and pass for his chums and friends, I know not how I can congratulate you enough upon your good fortune, when you also get a salary besides for such happiness. Therefore, unless you are improvident, I think that about so much is sufficient”—and then he names a very small sum, especially when compared with those extravagant expectations of yours.

21. You have to be content, all the same. For it would be no longer possible for you to run away, now that you are already within the toils. Accordingly, you shut your eyes and accept the bit, and at first are easily led in conformity with it, not pulling it violently around, but taking care not to get severely pricked by it, until at last, without your knowing it, you become accustomed to it. To be sure, people outside thenceforward envy you, as they see you living in court, going in with no one to hinder, and that you have become one of those who belong on the inside. But you yourself do not yet see why you seem to them so happy. However, you try to look on the bright side and deceive yourself, and think all the time that things are going to be better. But the contrary of what you expected comes to pass, and, as the proverb has it, like the offering of Mandrobulus,<sup>21</sup> the thing continues to grow beautifully less day by day, so to speak, and goes backward with every step.

<sup>20</sup> Croesus and Midas: See *Dial. of Dead*, 2, notes 1 and 2.

<sup>21</sup> Mandrobulus: A citizen of Samos, who unexpectedly found a great treasure. In the first joy over it he promised a rich yearly offering to Heré, the patron goddess of the island. The first year he fulfilled his vow with the gift of a golden sheep; the second, with a silver one; the third year, the goddess had to content herself with a copper one, and at last she got nothing at all.

22. Then, as for the first time you see clearly, slowly and little by little in the dim light, as it were, you begin to perceive that those golden hopes were nothing but air-bubbles overlaid with gold, while your sufferings are grievous, real, inexorable and uninterrupted. And what are they?—perhaps you will ask me. “For,” you say, “I do not see what there is that is so painful in such companionships, nor do I perceive what those experiences are which you spoke of as being wearisome and intolerable.” Well, then, listen, my good sir, and not only scrutinize this relation, as to whether it involves labor, but also do not treat as a side issue in the discussion the disgrace, humiliation, and absolute slavery of such a companionship.

23. And at the very outset, remember that from the time you enter your patron’s service, you regard yourself as no longer a free man or of noble birth. For, mind you, all these things—family, freedom, ancestry—you are to leave behind you on the outside whenever you sell yourself and engage in such service. For freedom will not care to go in with you as you enter upon such an ignoble and abject career. As a matter of fact, then, you will be a slave, although greatly annoyed at the name, and necessarily a slave not of one, but of many, and you will be a serf, stooping over from early morn until evening, “all for scanty wages”; and for the very reason, that you have not been bred to this slavery from childhood, but have learned it only lately, perhaps getting your education when pretty well along in years, you will in nowise secure thereby the good opinion of your master or be worth much to him. For the memory of your former freedom, which comes over you every now and then, demoralizes you and makes you refractory at times, with the result that you fare badly in your thralldom, unless you fancy that, so far as freedom is concerned, it is all sufficient for you that you are not son of a Pyrrhias or Zopyrion<sup>30</sup> and have not been sold off, like some Bithynian, by a loud-voiced auctioneer. But when, my dear sir, as the first of each month approaches, you, along with Pyrrhias and Zopy-

<sup>30</sup> Pyrrhias or Zopyrion: Common slave names. Bithynian: Bithynia was a northern province of Asia Minor, on the Euxine Sea. It furnished many slaves for the Greek and Roman markets.

tion, stretch out your hand, just like the other menials, and receive whatever stipend falls to you—that is what I mean by the sale. For there were no need of an auctioneer in the case of one who has put himself up at auction and spent a long time in paying court to his own master.

24. And then, you worthless fellow—for so I might speak, especially to one who professes to be a philosopher—suppose, when you are on a voyage, some pirate or robber should capture and sell you off, would'nt you commiserate yourself as not deserving this ill luck? Or suppose some one should take hold of you, and march you off with the words—"You are my slave"—would'nt you call for the protection of the laws, resent such treatment and boil with indignation? Heavens and earth! How you would bawl! And yet for the sake of a few obols, at that time of life, when even if you were born a slave, it would be high time for you to be looking toward freedom, you have sold yourself, wisdom, virtue and all, paying no heed to the many elaborate disquisitions of the noble Plato,<sup>21</sup> Chrysippus, or Aristotle in praise of freedom and in condemnation of slavery. And are you not ashamed at being compared with flatterers, loungers in the market-place and half-starved beggars, and of being the only one in such a crowd of Romans to wear so unfashionable a garment as the coarse cloak<sup>22</sup> and badly murder the language of the Romans, and then of participating in a noisy banquet crowded with a sort of promiscuous company, the most of them knaves? Yes, and you have to indulge in vulgar compliments among them and drink immoderately, and then early in the morning at the ringing of the bell you have to spring up, shake off your sweetest slumber and run to and fro at your master's beck, with yesterday's mud still upon your legs. Was there with you such scarcity of lupines, or wild greens,<sup>23</sup> and

<sup>21</sup> Plato: See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 26. Chrysippus: A Stoic philosopher (282-206 B. C.), for the most of his life a resident of Athens. As an exponent of the Stoic system of thought, he was regarded by the later philosophers of that school as a higher authority even than Zeno, its founder, or than Cleanthes, his successor. Aristotle: See *Parasite*, note 26.

<sup>22</sup> The coarse cloak: The distinctive garb of philosophers.

<sup>23</sup> Lupines, or wild greens: The common fare of the Cynics. For lupine, see *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 6.

have the flowing fountains of cool water become so dry that you are driven by sheer want of means to resort to such shifts? Well, evidently it is not the lack of water or lupines, but the longing for sweetmeats and rich fare and wine with a fine bouquet, that has led to your being caught; like the bass, you have your deserts in getting your throat itself pierced through and through, because it reached after these things. As might be expected, right upon the heels of it comes the penalty for this greediness. With a collar fastened about your neck, as is the case with monkeys, you become a laughing-stock to others, while you think yourself faring sumptuously, because you have an abundance of dried figs<sup>24</sup> with which to stuff yourself. But as for freedom and nobility of descent, why, all these things have vanished from your thoughts—fellow tribesmen, clansmen and all—and there is now not even any remembrance of them.

25. Yes, one might be content to be thought a slave instead of a free man, if the disgrace of the thing were all there is to it. But the labors that fall to one's lot are nowhere near as light as those of the house-servants. Pray, see whether the duties laid upon you are in reality more moderate than those assigned to Dromon and Tibius.<sup>25</sup> For it matters little to your patron what special object he had in view in taking you into his service—he declared, you know, it was because he had a passion for the sciences. For, as the old saying has it, what is there in common between a lyre and an ass? Yea, verily—don't you see the point? There have been people who actually pined away from longing for the wisdom of a Homer, or the cleverness of a Demosthenes, or for a Plato's greatness of mind; and yet, if one take out of their souls the love of gold and silver, and their thoughts about these things, the residuum is nothing but conceit, effeminacy and luxury, licentiousness, wantonness and ignorance. Verily he has no need whatever of you for such purposes. But, as you have a heavy beard and are sort of dignified in mien, and have a genteel way of wearing your Grecian cloak, and

<sup>24</sup> Dried figs: Abundant and cheap, and hence freely supplied by masters to their servants.

<sup>25</sup> Dromon and Tibius: Common slave names.

all know that you are a grammarian, rhetorician, or philosopher, why, he thinks it a fine thing, when he walks out, to have some such person among those who go before him and lead the procession. For thereby he will get the reputation of being fond of Greek learning and, in a word, of loving whatever is beautiful and good in education. And so, my good sir, it will quite likely prove to be your beard and cloak that you have hired out, instead of your wonderful learning. Accordingly, it behooves you to be seen with him all the time and never to stay behind; but you must get up early in the morning and present yourself, in order to be observed among his suite, and it won't do to leave your post. He sometimes places his hand familiarly upon your shoulder and indulges in foolish talk upon whatever topic happens to occur to him, thus showing to those who chance to meet him that even when walking on the street he is not indifferent to the Muses,<sup>36</sup> but devotes the leisure of the promenade to the pursuit of the beautiful.

26. But you, poor fellow! now trotting along by his side and now going in a round-about way, step by step, up many a hill and down—for, as you are aware, such is the description of the city<sup>37</sup>—you are all in a perspiration and out of breath; and while your patron is conversing within with some friend whom he is visiting, you have not even a place where you can sit down, and, being at a loss what to do with yourself, you pull out your book and try to read, standing bolt upright. And when night overtakes you, without your having had a bite or a drink of anything all day, after taking a bath—an unsatisfactory one at that—at an untimely hour somewhere about midnight itself, you make your appearance at the dinner table, where you are no longer held in equal honor by those present, nor are you the cynosure of all eyes. But if some one else, even a younger person, comes in after you, you have to give place to him, and so being thrust back into the meanest corner, you sit there a beholder only of the dishes as they are carried past you, nibbling at the bones, if they

<sup>36</sup> The Muses: See *Dial. of Gods*, 19, note 7.

<sup>37</sup> The city: Rome, with its seven hills.

chance to get as far as you, just as dogs do, or from sheer hunger glad to eat, as though it were a rare dainty, the unpalatable leaf of the mallow,<sup>38</sup> with which they garnish the other viands, in case it should be overlooked by those who sit above you at the table. Yes, and the other ways in which it is possible to subject a person to indignity, are by no means wanting. You are the only one who is not allowed an egg, for you must not expect to have always the same fare with guests and strangers—that, you know, would be a piece of presumption on your part. The fowl set before you isn't as good as the others; your neighbor's is plump and fat, whereas yours is a young chicken—and half a one at that—or a somewhat tough pigeon, a downright insult and disgrace. Nay, oftentimes, if an additional guest is unexpectedly present and there is nothing else to be had, the waiter incontinently takes the dishes lying near you and sets them before him, whispering to you in an undertone—"You are one of us, you know." Yes, and when dinner is half through and they carve the paunch of a boar or deer, the servant who distributes the meat must be particularly gracious, or you will get only the portion of Prometheus<sup>39</sup>—bones covered with the fat. That the platter should be left standing near him who sits above you, until he has got his fill and allows it to pass on to the next, while it hurries by you with such speed—why, what free man would submit to it, even though he is no more susceptible of anger than are deer? And here's another thing I have not yet mentioned. While the rest are drinking very sweet wine that has been kept many years, you are put off with some villainous, muddy stuff, which you always take care to drink out of a silver or gold goblet, that its color may not betray the fact that, though a guest, you are treated with such disrespect.

<sup>38</sup> The mallow: A plant used as a common article of food, especially among the poor.

<sup>39</sup> The portion of Prometheus: An allusion to the attempt of the son of Iapetus to deceive Zeus. Having cut up a bull, he arranged the pieces in two heaps. In one were the best parts, with the intestines, the whole wrapped in the hide, and with the stomach on the top. In the other heap he placed the bones and covered them with fat. Upon Zeus criticising the manner in which he had made the division, Prometheus desired him to take his choice of the two heaps. Zeus saw through the deception; but, in his anger, chose the one consisting of bones and fat. For the fate of Prometheus, see *Zeus in Heroics*, note 5.



"O that I had enough even of such stuff to drink, to make me just a trifle insolent!"—you say to yourself. But as it is, notwithstanding your repeated requests for more, the waiter pretends not to hear you.

27. There are many things, you see, which, taken together, vex you, and pretty much everything in particular, especially whenever some lewd fellow, or dancing master, or some duodecimo-of-a-man from Alexandria, stringing together a lot of doggerel in Ionic meter, receives more honor than you. Indeed, how can you, at least, sit at table upon equal terms with people who serve up these love songs and carry about in their pockets *billets-doux*? Accordingly, from a sense of shame you slink away and lie hid in a retired corner of the banquet hall; and there, naturally enough, you lament and commiserate yourself and blame fortune, because she has not dropped upon you even a few of her favors. To my thinking, you would gladly become even a composer of love ditties, or at least be able to sing worthily what another has composed. For you see how such persons are preferred in honor and how popular they are. Yes, you would submit to it, even if it should be necessary to play the part of a wizard or seer, who, you know, are always ready to promise estates, worth many talents, and offices and heaps of riches. And, naturally enough, you would do so, for you see these also getting on swimmingly in their friendships with the great, and deemed worthy of many favors. Yes, you would gladly assume the rôle of some one of these even, that you might not be thrown aside as useless. But alas! poor, ill-starred wretch! you have no faculty for any of these things. Therefore, you will inevitably become of less and less account and must endure it in silence, whimpering and getting no notice from anybody.

28. Yes, and if some slanderous menial accuses you of being the only one who does not applaud the young son of the lady of the house when he dances, or plays the cithara, you run not a little risk from the thing. You ought, therefore, at least to croak like a dry-land batrachian—so parched are you with thirst—and take care to be conspicuous, and indeed, a leader among

those who applaud. And you should take frequent occasion, when the rest are silent, to put in a word yourself, having prepared a sort of panegyric, with the view of showing that you possess in a high degree the ability to flatter. To be sure, it is rather ludicrous for you, who keep company with hunger and are parched with thirst, by Zeus, to anoint yourself with perfume<sup>40</sup> and put a garland upon your head. For then you look like the gravestone of a day-old corpse, with its array of offerings to the manes, at a burial feast, where, after pouring perfume over the dead body and crowning it with a garland, the guests indulge in drinking and regale themselves with the viands spread before them.

29. And, too, suppose your patron is of a jealous disposition, and has beautiful children or a young wife, while you yourself are not altogether devoid of beauty and grace; peace will not long continue between you, and the danger of the situation is not to be despised. For a king, you know, has many ears and eyes,<sup>41</sup> which not only observe what is actually going on, but also are in the habit of attaching more importance to it than the facts warrant, so as not to seem to be caught napping. You must, therefore, do as is the custom at Persian dinners, and sit at table with your head inclined downward, from fear lest some eunuch see you casting sly glances at one of the concubines, since, indeed, another eunuch stands ready the while, with his bow drawn, to pierce with his arrow the jaw of him who takes an unlawful look while in the act of drinking.

30. Well, dinner is at last over, and you retire from the table to get a little sleep. But the first cock crow wakes you up, and you exclaim to yourself—"Poor, miserable wretch that I am! How delightful were my old pursuits, that I have abandoned, and my companions! My life was without a care; I could sleep as long as I wanted to and go just where I pleased, and now into what an abyss I have plunged myself headlong! And all for what, ye gods? Where does the munificent

<sup>40</sup> Anoint yourself with perfume, etc.: In delivering a panegyric the performer was anointed with perfume and wore a garland.

<sup>41</sup> Many ears and eyes: An allusion to the custom of the king of Persia, to keep two ministers, called respectively the king's eye and ear.

reward come in, that they tell about? What! Couldn't I have procured for myself in some other way more than these things, and have had my liberty besides and everything in abundance? But as it is, I'm dragged to and fro like a lion tethered with a thread, as the old saying has it; and, most pitiable of all, I know not how to secure popularity, and am unable to make myself acceptable. For I at least am inexperienced in such matters and without skill, especially when compared with men who have made the thing a trade. Yes, I'm so lacking in graces and least of all of a convivial turn, and am not even able so much as to set the table in a roar. And I am well aware that the frequent sight of me is actually annoying to my patron, especially whenever he himself wishes to make a more pleasing impression than ever before. For he thinks me morose, and I am wholly unable to accommodate myself to him. For if I preserve a dignified mien, I am thought disagreeable, and well-nigh worthy of being avoided; but if I smile and compose my countenance with the sweetest possible look, why, he straightway holds me in contempt and spits upon me; and the thing appears just as much out of character as if a person should act a comedy in a tragic mask. In short, fool that I am! what other life shall I be able to live for myself, after having lived this present life for somebody else?"

31. While you are still musing upon these things, the bell rings for you to get up, and it behooves you to be busying yourself about your usual duties and go your rounds, or stand, having first made sure to anoint your body with oil,<sup>43</sup> if you wish to have strength for the struggle. Then follows dinner, just like what it was yesterday and put off to the same hour; and your diet, the direct opposite of what you were accustomed to in your former life, and also the want of sleep and the daily sweat and toil are already slowly undermining your health, producing consumption, inflammation of the lungs, pain in the limbs, or that delightful disease, gout in the feet.<sup>44</sup> You, nevertheless, endure

<sup>43</sup> Anoint your body with oil: Referring to the practice of the contestants at the Olympic games, to oil their bodies before engaging in the struggle.

<sup>44</sup> That delightful disease, gout in the feet: Perhaps Lucian spoke here from personal experience. He wrote two mock tragedies—*Tragopodagra* and *Oxy-*

it all, and though oftentimes you ought to go to bed, not even this privilege is granted you. For he thinks your sickness only a pretense, by which you seek to escape your duties. Accordingly, as a result of all this, you look ghastly pale all the time, and like a person almost at the point of death.

32. So much for your life in the city. Now, suppose you have to accompany the family away from home. I pass over your other annoyances; but often when it rains you must come last, for that is your appointed place, and await your turn to get into the carriage, until, there being no more room, they cram you in along with the cook, or with my lady's *femme de chambre*, not even giving you plenty of brushwood to sit on.

33. By the way, I've no scruples about relating to you that incident which Thesmopolis, our Stoic friend here, told me happened to him. Right laughable it was, too, and I'll take my oath not at all unlikely to occur again to some one else—the very same thing. Well, he once lived in the house of a wealthy woman of luxury, in fact, one of the distinguished ladies of the city. She had occasion once to take a journey from home for the first time, when, he told me, he had the following most laughable experience. Although he was himself a philosopher, a sort of lewd fellow was given a seat near him, a smooth-shaven man, one of those chaps who pride themselves upon their effeminacy. She, as you might expect, held him in honor; and Thesmopolis told me the name of the gay Lothario—he said it was Chelidonium. Now, you can well imagine, to begin with, what a grotesque effect it had, that beside an old gentleman with an air of melancholy and a venerable beard—for you know what a heavy and imposing beard Thesmopolis had—there should be seated a fellow bedizened with rouge and painted underneath the eyelids, unsteady in look and with neck bent double—not a swallow,<sup>44</sup> in sooth, but a sort of vulture, with

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pus—in which gout is personified as the principal character. It is thought he composed them as a diversion while afflicted with this malady.

<sup>44</sup> Not a swallow: *χελιδόνα*, a play upon his name, Chelidontion, which means "little swallow." The effeminate fellow had received a name common among the hetærae. See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 11.

the feathers of his beard all plucked off; and indeed Thesmopolis assured me, that if he himself hadn't earnestly begged of him not to do it, he would have sat there with a woman's coiffure upon his head. As for the rest, Thesmopolis told me that during the entire journey he had to put up with countless annoyances. The fellow sang and whistled, and had not my friend himself checked him, he would perhaps have even danced right there in the wagon.

34. However, this wasn't all; but, according to Thesmopolis' account, the following extraordinary duty was assigned him. Her ladyship calling him to her—"My dear Thesmopolis," says she, "I have a great favor to ask—please grant it! Now, don't refuse me anything, I entreat, nor wait until I'm in still greater need of your services—so may God bless you!" Upon his promising to do anything and everything for her—which indeed was quite natural under the circumstances—she continued:—"Well, this is what I want of you. I have noticed how trusty you are and attentive and affectionate. You know my dog, Myrrhina. Now I want you to take her up with you into the wagon, and look out for her and see to it that she lacks for nothing. She's in great pain, poor thing! and in fact very near her accouchement. But those accursed disobedient servants of mine don't trouble themselves much about her, or about myself, for that matter, while we are traveling. Do not, then, imagine that it is only a trifling favor you will confer upon me by carefully watching over my pet dog—the little creature is awful sweet, you know, and much sought after." She pleaded so earnestly, all but with tears even, that Thesmopolis promised her. It was too funny for anything. There was the diminutive dog just peeping out of the philosopher's cloak from beneath his beard, yelping every now and then, and—though Thesmopolis didn't add this—barking with her weak little voice, for that's the way with Maltese lap-dogs, and licking the philosopher's beard, especially if any of his yesterday's soup had got mixed in with it. And indeed his companion, the gay fellow, who was in the habit—and not without genuine wit—of poking fun at the other guests present at the

dinner table, said, when on a subsequent occasion he made merry at the expense of poor Thesmopolis—"I have," said he, "this only to say concerning our friend, Thesmopolis here; instead of a Stoic he has lately become a Cynic."<sup>46</sup> At all events, I learned that the lap dog had actually brought forth a litter of puppies in the cloak of Thesmopolis.

35. Thus they mock at, or rather insult, the scholars who live with the great, and by their wanton insolence gradually make them submissive. I know also a rhetorician, one of the satirical sort, who at the dinner referred to was called upon to speak, and who had gotten up a speech, which, upon my oath, showed no lack of education, but was exceedingly clear and pithy. At all events, he was applauded right in the midst of the drinking, and the length of time he was speaking was determined not in the ordinary way, by the use of the water-clock,<sup>46</sup> but by the time it took to dispose of a jar of wine—an ordeal which, it was said, he patiently submitted to for two hundred drachmas.<sup>47</sup> Such things, however, might perhaps be got along with. But if your wealthy patron be himself poetical or given to writing prose, and in the course of the dinner recite some of his own productions, then in particular it behooves you to fairly burst with your applause and flattery, and to devise new-fangled modes of expressing your approbation. Then, again, there are those who wish to be admired for beauty, and these ought to hear themselves called Adonises<sup>48</sup> and Hyacinthuses, though they sometimes have noses an ell long. However that may be, if you don't compliment such a person, you will

<sup>46</sup> Cynic: A play upon words. Cynic literally means "dog-like," from *Kύων*, dog. It was originally applied to the philosophical school of Antisthenes, perhaps, from the gymnasium (Cynosarges), where he taught. Later it was used to designate them, because of their coarse, filthy, "dog-like" mode of life.

<sup>46</sup> Water-clock: *Orelepsydra*, something like our sand-glass, with a small hole in the bottom, through which the water slowly trickled. It was originally employed to time speeches in the law courts, but later came into general use in determining time.

<sup>47</sup> Two hundred drachmas: About \$40.

<sup>48</sup> Adonises: Adonis was a youth, whose remarkable beauty became proverbial. He was tenderly loved by Aphrodité, and when he was killed, while hunting, by a wild boar, she, in her inconsolable grief, besought Zeus to restore him to life. Zeus agreed to permit him to pass a part of the year with Aphrodité in the upper world, but the rest of the time he was to be in the world of shadows. For Hyacinthus, see *Dial. of Dead*, 18, note 4.

forthwith find yourself in the quarries of Dionysius,<sup>40</sup> on the ground that you bear ill-will and are plotting against him. These people must needs be philosophers and rhetoricians, and suppose they do happen to use bad grammar, one should regard their words as for this very reason full of Attic salt and honey of Hymettus<sup>41</sup> and consider that henceforth it is the law to speak as they do.

36. And yet, what the men do might perhaps be put up with. However that may be, women—for women, too, zealously practice the custom of having some men of education with them, who receive pay for it and accompany them as they go about in a sedan chair; for they regard this also as one among their other adornments, if it be said that they are educated ladies and philosophers and compose lyric odes hardly inferior to those of Sappho,<sup>42</sup>—yes, for this reason, these women, too, have always with them rhetoricians, grammarians and philosophers in their pay. And at what hour do they listen to the lectures of these gentlemen?—for right here is where the ridiculousness of the thing comes in. Why, it is while these ladies are attending to their toilette and braiding their hair, or during the dinner hour, for they have no leisure at any other time. And often also, while the philosopher is in the midst of an elaborate disquisition, her pretty maid comes up and hands her a *billet-doux* from some gay Lothario, whereupon the dissertation concerning chastity is at once suspended, until she has written a reply to the said gay Lothario, and then she comes back again to the lecture.

37. At last, after a long time, the Saturnalia,<sup>43</sup> or the

<sup>40</sup> The quarries of Dionysius: The Elder, tyrant of Syracuse in Sicily, 430-367 B. C., who came to be regarded as a type of the most unscrupulous of tyrants. He was, however, a devoted lover of letters, and indeed, some productions of his own won prizes in the contests at Athens. Among the philosophers and literary men who gathered at his court was Philoxenus, a poet of some eminence, whom he is said to have condemned to the stone quarries for ridiculing his poetry.

<sup>41</sup> Full of Attic salt and honey of Hymettus: Literally, "full of Attica and Hymettus," i.e., of the delicate wit, elegance and sweetness of Athenian diction. Hymettus was a mountain near Athens and noted for its honey.

<sup>42</sup> Sappho: The celebrated Æolic poetess of Mytilene in Lesbos, sixth century B. C.; distinguished for the exquisite grace and beauty of her diction and the fervid passion of her nature, which found free expression in lyric poetry.

<sup>43</sup> Saturnalia: A Roman festival held yearly in December in honor of Saturn; it received in Greek the name Cronia. With changed meaning, it has the

Panathenæa, is at hand, and a miserable little cloak is sent you as a gift, or a frock, somewhat the worse for wear—at such a time, especially, the procession, you know, has to be on a large and elaborate scale. And, whoever, immediately upon overhearing your patron, while he is considering with his *valet de chambre* what he shall give you, is the first to run up and announce it to you, goes away liberally rewarded for the news. And in the morning early there are thirteen of them on hand, bringing with them the precious gift, each one going into all the particulars as to how much he himself said, how, in fact, he suggested the matter to your patron, how he was intrusted with the selection, and chose what was more beautiful. Anyhow, they all accept what you give, and depart, cocking their noses, however, because you didn't give more.

38. As for your salary itself, it is paid you in dribblets of two or four obols<sup>33</sup> at a time, and if you ask for it, you are thought troublesome and importunate. Anyhow, in order to get it, your patron must himself be flattered and entreated, and you must curry favor with the house steward—with him, you know, there must be adopted quite a different mode of paying court. Then, too, even your patron's adviser and friend<sup>34</sup> must not be neglected. Moreover, what you receive is already owed to some clothier, doctor or shoemaker; and accordingly the gifts bestowed upon you prove, in reality, to be just no gifts at all, and of no advantage to you.

39. Many view you with a jealous eye, and possibly even a slander by degrees springs up and finds a willing ear with a man who is already inclined to believe what is said in disparagement of you. For he sees that you are already worn out by your unremitting toils, and that you limp as you attend to your duties, and even avoid them, and that the gout is creeping upon you. For, in a word, after culling the best of what was most fresh and flourishing in you, and blasting the most

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modern Italian Carnival for a lineal descendant. The Panathenæa was an Athenian festival—the lesser held every year, the greater every fourth year—in honor of their patron goddess, Athené Polias.

<sup>33</sup> Two or four obols: The obol was worth about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents.

<sup>34</sup> Your patron's adviser and friend: The one to whom he had referred the question of salary.



fruitful period of your manhood and the very prime of your physical vigor, and when he has converted you, as it were, into a garment all rags and tatters, he straightway looks about to see upon what part of the dung-hill he shall pitch you heels over head, in order that he may take to himself some one else, who is able to endure the labors he requires. And, forsooth, because you once attempted to do violence to a serving boy of his, or you, a graybeard, insult his wife's pretty maid, or because of some other charge of the sort, which is trumped up against you, you have to go forth from the house by night, thrust out headlong, your face covered for very shame, destitute of everything and without means of any kind, taking along your gout, the best friend you have, old age and all, and having in the lapse of so many years unlearned whatever you formerly knew; whereas, meanwhile, you have made your belly bigger than a sack, a sort of insatiate and relentless evil, for your gullet demands its wonted portion and manifests displeasure at unlearning its former habits.

40. And no one else will receive you, now that you are become superannuated and resemble horses that are old and decrepit, whose skin even is alike unserviceable. Above all, the slanderous stories that get abroad in consequence of your having been expelled from the house, mere guesswork for the most part, cause you to be regarded as an adulterer, or poisoner, or something else of the sort. For your accuser, even if he holds his tongue, has the probabilities in his favor; whereas you are a Greek,<sup>55</sup> affable in manner and prone to all kinds of wrongdoing. For people imagine that we are all of that stamp—and quite naturally. For I think I understand the true ground for the opinion of this sort,

<sup>55</sup> You are a Greek: Only a hireling foreigner, covering up under an affable outside all manner of evil-doing. No doubt many of the Greeks who flocked to Italy in the imperial times to get a living as "hired companions," were mere adventurers, and thus brought into ill-repute both their craft and their countrymen. Such persons found ample opportunity in the extraordinary credulity of the time and in the universal fondness for magic arts, which had been brought in from the East. Cf. *Juvenal*, 3, 73-78:

'A quick wit, desperate impudence, speech  
Ready and more rapid than Iseus—say, what do you  
Think him to be? He has brought with himself what man you please:  
Grammarian, Rhetorician, Geometrician, Painter, Anointer,  
Angur, Rope-dancer, Physician, Wizard: he knows all things.  
A hungry Greek will go into heaven, if you command.'—*Madan*.

which they entertain concerning us. For many who find their way into the houses of the great, because they know nothing else that is useful, profess to be skilled in magic arts and in mixing poisons, and promise to procure for those in love the favor of their inamoratas, and to bring misfortune upon one's personal enemies; and they do these things, although they claim to be learned men and wear coarse cloaks, such as philosophers wear, and have long beards by no means to be sneezed at. Naturally, therefore, they entertain the like notion concerning all, when they see that those whom they supposed to be most excellent men are of such a stamp, and especially when they observe how they play the flatterer at dinners and upon every other occasion, and their servility, all from the desire of gain.

41. Having once shaken them off, they hate them, and quite naturally, and they seek in every way how they may utterly destroy them, if they can. For they consider that these men, who, as it were, know everything about them to a nicety, and have watched them *en dishabillé*, will divulge the many abominable practices of theirs which betray their true character. Accordingly, the thought of this fairly chokes them. For all of them are precisely like those very beautiful books, with knobs<sup>66</sup> of gold and bound in dark-red leather, while within there is Thyestes,<sup>67</sup> feasting upon his children, or Œdipus,<sup>68</sup> committing incest with his

<sup>66</sup> Books with knobs: The sheet of papyrus, or parchment, which formed the ancient book, was rolled upon a stick or staff, at the ends of which there were usually balls or bosses ornamented, or painted, and sometimes made of gold. To protect it from injury the roll was often placed in a parchment, or leathern case, stained with purple or a deep yellow.

<sup>67</sup> Thyestes: A son of Pelops, who gave his name to the Peloponnesus. His history was one long record of revolting crimes and a favorite subject with the tragic poets. His brother, Atreus, king of Mycenæ, banished him. Thyestes, in turn, sought revenge, but Atreus, pretending to be reconciled, invited him to return, and served up his two sons at the banquet given in his honor. Horrified at the sight, he fled, uttering fearful curses upon his brother, who was at last slain by Ægisthus, the only surviving son.

<sup>68</sup> Œdipus: Son of Laius and Jocasta, the royal house of Thebes, and the leading character of Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus*. His father, being told by the oracle at Delphi that he would be killed by his own son, gave the child to some shepherds, to be left to perish upon Mt. Cithæron. They, however, brought him to the king of Corinth, who reared him as his own son. As the boy came to manhood, he was seized with misgivings as to his origin. Consulting the oracle at Delphi, he was told not to return home, else he would kill his father and marry his mother. Lest this should come to pass, he resolved never to go back to Corinth, and, as fate would have it, took the road to Thebes. In a narrow pass he met an old man travelling in a chariot with one attendant. The latter roughly pushed Œdipus from the path, who resented it, and in the mêlée which

mother, or Tereus,<sup>60</sup> marrying two sisters at the same time. Such also are these people themselves—brilliant upon the outside and admired of all observers, but within, beneath the purple, covering up ever so much tragedy. At any rate, if you unroll each of them, you will find no little material out of which some Euripides or Sophocles could make a drama, while their exterior is gay with purple and the knob is of gold. Therefore, conscious to themselves of these things, they hate and lay snares for any one who, leaving their service after he has attained a thorough knowledge of them, shall deck them out in tragic phrase and noise abroad their doings.

42. In conclusion, my dear friend, after the manner of the famous Cebes,<sup>61</sup> I would fain sketch for you a sort of picture of such a life that, as you look at it, you may know whether you ought to embark therein. I could wish, therefore, that I had at hand to execute the painting an Apelles,<sup>62</sup> or a Parrhasius,<sup>63</sup> an Aëtion,<sup>64</sup> or even a Euphranor.<sup>65</sup> But as it is impracticable at the present day to find any artist of such genius and consummate skill in the art, you will have to content yourself with

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followed, killed the old man, who afterward proved to be his father, Lafus. Proceeding on his way, he encountered the Sphinx, a monster which threatened every passerby with destruction unless he solved an enigma which she proposed. The youth solved the riddle, and the Sphinx threw herself down the precipice, over which she had cast her victims. (Edipus was rewarded with the crown of Thebes and the hand of Jocasta; but after a few years, the dreadful truth came out. Jocasta hanged herself, and the king, in despair, put out his own eyes and was banished.

<sup>60</sup> Tereus: Pandion, an Attic king, gave him one of his two daughters in marriage. But he afterward concealed his wife, and, pretending that she was dead, married her sister. The truth, however, coming out, the sisters sought vengeance, but were pursued by Tereus, and on being overtaken, all three were changed into birds.

<sup>61</sup> Cebes: A disciple and friend of Socrates. He appears as one of the interlocutors in Plato's *Phædo*. The allusion here is to his work entitled "The Tablet," so named from a tablet, containing a symbolical representation of the vicissitudes of human life, its perils and temptations, placed in one of the temples. Some youth are represented as looking at the tablet, while an old man explains its meaning. The purpose of the work is to show that true happiness depends upon mental growth and virtuous living.

<sup>62</sup> Apelles: The most famous of Greek painters, fourth century B. C. According to Pliny, he was the only person Alexander the Great would allow to paint his portrait. One of his masterpieces was the Aphrodité Anadyomené, or "rising out of the sea."

<sup>63</sup> Parrhasius: Another celebrated painter of Athens, fifth century B. C. He laid down the laws of proportion; hence Quintilian calls him the legislator of his art.

<sup>64</sup> Aëtion: A painter, perhaps of the second century A. D., and near Lucian's time, who describes a remarkable work of his, representing the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, *Herodotus, or Aëtion*, 4 ff.

<sup>65</sup> Euphranor: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 18.

the sketch merely, which I will give you to the best of my ability. Well, here it is.

Picture to yourself a lofty gateway, overlaid with gold, and situated, not down upon the level ground, but up above the earth, on the crest of a hill, the approach to which is long, steep and slippery, so that many a one who hoped to be soon at the summit, misses his footing and plunges headlong into destruction. Within let Plutus<sup>66</sup> himself be seated, to all appearance made entirely of gold, exceeding fair of form and lovely. And his devoted lover, who has toiled his way up and at last has reached the gate, shall stand in blank astonishment as he gazes at the gold. Hope, herself, also fair of face and dressed in brodered garments, shall take him by the hand and conduct him within, while his astonishment increases with every step of his progress. Thenceforth Hope shall ever go first and lead the way, while other women, Guile and Servitude, receiving him in their turn, shall deliver him over to Toil, who after giving the poor wretch plenty of hard work, shall intrust him at last to Old Age, by this time rather sickly, and his complexion, alas! how altered! Then, last of all, let Contumely seize and hail him before Despair; and Hope shall take wing, unseen from this time on. The poor lover shall now be thrust out, not through the golden portal by which he came in, but out of some hidden back door, a naked, pot-bellied, pale old man, with his left hand covering his shame, and with the right tightly compressing his throat. As he goes forth, let Repentance meet him, weeping unavailingly and fairly killing the miserable man besides. Such shall be the closing scene in my painting.

I adjure you, then, my dear Timocles, to carefully examine for yourself these considerations in detail and reflect here and now whether it is well for you to enter the palace of Plutus by this portal, as in the painting, only to be thus ignominiously driven out by that rear door. But whatever you do, remember what the wise man says:

“God is blameless; the blame lies with him who makes the choice.”—Plato, *Rep.*, x, 617 E.

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<sup>66</sup> Plutus: See *Timon*, note 19.

## IV.

## SATIRES UPON THE PHILOSOPHERS.

## 1.

MENIPPUS IN THE RÔLE OF ICARUS; OR,  
ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

## INTERLOCUTORS.

## MENIPPUS and FRIEND.

1. MENIPPUS.<sup>1</sup> (*Soliloquizing.*) Yes, from earth to the moon, it was three thousand stades<sup>2</sup>—my first day's journey; and from there up to the sun, about five hundred parasangs.<sup>3</sup> Then there's the distance thence in a direct line to heaven itself and the citadel of Zeus—even this an eagle could traverse in one day, if in light marching order.

FRIEND. In the name of the Graces,<sup>4</sup> Menippus, what are you up to there, all by yourself, with your astronomizing and road measuring, so to speak? For just now as I followed along, I overheard you talking in rather strange fashion about suns and moons and also about these common terms—some sort of days' journeys and leagues.

MEN. Don't be surprised, my friend, if I do seem to you to be talking of astronomical phenomena and

<sup>1</sup> Menippus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> Three thousand stades: The stade = 606¾ English feet.

<sup>3</sup> Five hundred parasangs: The parasang, a Persian measure = about 3¼ miles.

<sup>4</sup> The Graces: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 19.

things in mid-air. The fact is, I'm enumerating to myself the leading incidents of my recent visit to foreign parts.

FRIEND. And so, my good sir, you were trying to mark out your course by the stars, just as the Phœnicians<sup>1</sup> do?

MEN. Nay, I assure you. But I was journeying among the stars themselves.

FRIEND. Good heavens! 'Twas a pretty long dream you are telling me if really, without knowing it yourself, you slept whole leagues!

2. MEN. What, my good friend! Do I seem to you to be relating a dream—I who have just come from Zeus?

FRIEND. What were you saying? Has Menippus come to us from heaven, having fallen from Zeus?

MEN. Yes, even so! I've arrived to-day, let me tell you, from his High-mightiness, Zeus himself, after hearing and seeing wonderful things. If you don't believe it, I'm exceedingly delighted at even the very fact that my good fortune is beyond belief.

FRIEND. Child of the earth as I am myself, how could I—O divine, Olympian Menippus!—refuse to believe a man from above the clouds and—to use Homer's phrase—one of the inhabitants of heaven?<sup>2</sup> But tell me this, if you please, how you were borne aloft and whence you procured for yourself a ladder of such great size? For, so far as your looks are concerned, you bear no such striking resemblance to the famous Phrygian,<sup>3</sup> as to lead us to conjecture that perhaps you also have been carried off by the eagle to act as cupbearer.

MEN. It has been evident for some time that you are making fun of me, and it isn't at all strange, if my story does appear to you like a romance—so contrary is it to received opinion. However, I had no need, for my tour aloft, either of a ladder or of becoming the eagle's darling—for I had wings of my own.

<sup>1</sup> The Phœnicians: The earliest known and most famous seafaring people of antiquity. They established their colonies and trading posts on both sides of the Mediterranean and made excursions along the Atlantic shores of Europe and Africa.

<sup>2</sup> Inhabitants of Heaven: *Οὐρανίωτες*. See *Il.*, i, 570.

<sup>3</sup> Phrygian: Ganymedes. See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 2. Compare *Dial. of Gods*, 4.

**FRIEND.** What you were just now saying throws even Dædalus<sup>8</sup> himself quite into the shade, if really, besides your other adventures, you were changed, unbeknown to us, from a man into a sort of hawk or jackdaw.

**MEN.** Right, my friend! Your conjecture wasn't wide of the mark. For that Dædalian device of the wings I, too, carried out in my own case.

3. **FRIEND.** Weren't you, then, afraid—O most venturesome of mortals—lest you, too, should fall into the salt water somewhere and create for us a sort of Menippean sea, called after your own name, like the one named for Icarus?<sup>9</sup>

**MEN.** Oh, not at all! For Icarus, inasmuch as he had fastened his plumage on with beeswax, just so soon as the wax melted in the sun, shed his feathers, and, of course, came down. But the long quill feathers in my wings were without any wax.

**FRIEND.** How do you say you did it? For already, somehow or other, you are gradually bringing me to give credence to your narrative.

**MEN.** It was substantially as follows: I caught a very large eagle and a powerful vulture besides, and cut off their wings, elbows and all—but if you are at leisure, I would rather describe my whole invention from the very beginning.

**FRIEND.** Do so, by all means! From the very moment that I am borne aloft by your words, even to the end, I shall listen with open mouth. But, by the god of friendship,<sup>10</sup> don't leave me suspended on high by the ears, somewhere in the midst of your narrative.

4. **MEN.** Well, then, listen! For indeed it doesn't seem courteous to leave in the lurch a friend all agape with eager expectation, and that, too, as you say, suspended by the ears.—Now, as soon as I came to find out by close observation of life, the grotesqueness, in-

<sup>8</sup> Dædalus: See *Dream*; or, *Cock*, note 50.

<sup>9</sup> Named for Icarus: The sea which got its name from his misadventure was off the coast of Caria in Asia Minor. In choosing the title of this dialogue—Icaro-Menippus; or, Menippus in the rôle of Icarus—Lucian perhaps intended to suggest humorously that his hero, while taking an aerial voyage, like the son of Dædalus, was sharp enough to avoid his fate—in fact made a brilliant success of the venture.

<sup>10</sup> God of friendship: Zeus. Compare Timon's address to Zeus, *Timon, the Misanthrope*, 1.

significance and instability of all things human—I mean riches, official station, and power—I despised them, and recognizing that the effort spent upon these objects left no leisure for those which are really worth one's serious attention, I essayed to lift up my head and command a view of the universe. And right here at the outset this cosmos itself, as it is called by the philosophers, occasioned me not a little bewilderment. For I was unable to discover either how it came into being, or its maker, its origin, or what the consummation of it is. And then, on looking at it piecemeal, I was forced into much greater perplexity. For I saw the stars scattered at haphazard in the heavens, and I longed to know what in the world the sun itself really was. But especially the phenomena pertaining to the moon appeared to me extraordinary and altogether paradoxical, and I reached the conclusion that the cause of the variety in her phases was quite inscrutable. Nay, more, lightning, darting athwart the sky, and thunder, bursting forth, rain, snow or hail descending—these too, were all hard to make out and inexplicable. 5. Accordingly, since I was in such a state of ignorance, I assumed that the best thing to do was to get a complete explanation of each one of these phenomena from the philosophers here. For I thought, that they at least would be able to tell me all the facts in the case. Having picked out the best of them, so far indeed as it was possible to judge by sadness of countenance,<sup>11</sup> sallowness of skin and length of beard—for these men at the moment seemed to me sort of grandiloquent and able to interpret the heavens—I put myself into their hands, with considerable cash, paying part of it down on the spot and agreeing to pay the rest afterward in return for the sum and substance of their wisdom. I then demanded to be trained as a star-gazer and to understand the orderly arrangement of the universe. But, after all, so far were they from ridding me of my former ignorance, that they quickly plunged me into even greater perplexities, showering daily upon me first

<sup>11</sup> Sadness of countenance, etc.: Lucian often dwells with a good deal of gusto upon the affected looks and peculiarities of the philosophers of his day. Cf. *Timon*, 54, and *Dial. of Dead*, 10, 8.



principles, final causes, atoms, vacuums, matters and archetypes. But what to me at least seemed most embarrassing of all was this—although there was no consistency in what they said—the one to the other, but all their teachings were at loggerheads and contradictory, nevertheless they expected me to obey them and endeavored to bring me over each to his own view.

FRIEND. That's an extraordinary statement of yours that, notwithstanding their wisdom, they were at odds among themselves respecting these teachings, and did not entertain the same opinions concerning the same things.

6. MEN. Nay, more, my friend, you will laugh when you hear of their quackery and the love of the marvelous that characterizes their teachings. For, in the first place, although they walk upon the earth and in no respect overtop us who go upon the ground—no, not even possessing a keener sight than their neighbor, while some of them are purblind through old age or laziness, nevertheless they would affirm that they clearly discerned the limits of heaven, and they would measure the circumference of the sun, and take their stand upon the regions above the moon; and as though they had come down from the stars, they would describe in detail their dimensions and phases; and often, should there be occasion for it, although they didn't know even the exact distance from Megara<sup>12</sup> to Athens, they would have the presumption to tell how many cubits long was the space between the moon and the sun, measuring off the heights of the air, the depths of the sea, and the circuits of the earth. Moreover, by drawing circles and forming triangles upon squares and a sort of complex arrangement of revolving spheres,<sup>13</sup> they would, forsooth, measure heaven itself! 7. In the second place, this also is assuredly nonsensical and absolutely crazy on their part—the fact that when speaking of things so obscure, they state no opinion as a mere conjecture,

<sup>12</sup> Megara: The capital of Megaris, and by land about 25 miles west of Athens.

<sup>13</sup> Revolving spheres: An allusion, perhaps, to the sphere of Archimedes, the famous mathematician of Syracuse (287-212 B. C.), a sort of planetarium, or orrery, representing the motions of the heavenly bodies. Archimedes regarded it as his most important discovery, and in accordance with his wish, the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder was placed upon his tomb. Posidonius, a contemporary of Cicero, also constructed a planetary machine.

but both go to all lengths in their assertions, and leave to the others no opportunity to get ahead of them. They all but declare on oath, that the sun is a red-hot mass of metal,<sup>14</sup> that the moon is inhabited, that the stars imbibe water, and the sun draws up the moisture from the sea, as it were, with a kind of well rope, and distributes the drink to them all equally one after another. 8. Now, it is an easy matter to discern how great contrariety there is in their teachings. And pray, consider whether their dogmas are of like kind and not very much at variance. For, in the first place, they entertain different opinions concerning the universe, since indeed some think it is without beginning and indestructible;<sup>15</sup> while others have presumed to tell both the creator of it and the manner in which it was created.<sup>16</sup> And I used, above all, to marvel at them, because they set up some deity as the artificer of the universe, but did not state in addition either whence he came or where he stood, when he framed everything. And yet, before the creation of the universe, it was impossible to conceive of either time or place.

FRIEND. Why, the men you describe are exceedingly presumptuous, and regular wonder-workers, Menippus!

MEN. But, my good sir, what would you say should you hear their long yarns concerning archetypes and incorporeal existences,<sup>17</sup> or their talk about the finite and the infinite? Why, you would express your disgust in no set terms, for here, too, again they are at swords' points, some setting limits to the universe, while others suppose that it is without limit.<sup>18</sup> Nay, more, they even

<sup>14</sup> The sun a red-hot mass of metal: The doctrine of Anaxagoras; see *Timon*, note 30. He also thought that the moon was inhabited. That the heavenly bodies are nourished by the vapors which rise from the earth, was held by the Stoics.

<sup>15</sup> Without beginning and indestructible: A doctrine of the Eleatic school, founded by Xenophanes at Elea in southern Italy, sixth century B. C. Parmenides, his successor, maintained this view.

<sup>16</sup> Manner in which it was created: Plato gives his philosophy of the creation in the *Timæus*.

<sup>17</sup> Archetypes and incorporeal existences: The former (*ἰδέαι*) were, according to the Platonic philosophy, the ideal, or pattern, forms, subjects of thought, but not of sight, of which material things are imperfect representations. These archetypes are, of course, eternal. Democritus, of Abdera in Thrace, taught that the substance of things consists of exceedingly small atoms, which are therefore indivisible.

<sup>18</sup> Without limit: The view of Democritus and Epicurus; while the Stoics held the opposite doctrine.

maintained that there are very many worlds,<sup>19</sup> and denounced those who argued as if there was only one of them. And a certain other<sup>20</sup> fellow, not a man of pacific disposition, imagined that strife was the father of the universe. 9. Why, what, pray, can one affirm respecting the gods, since in the view of some, number was the very deity,<sup>21</sup> while others were wont to swear by dogs,<sup>22</sup> geese and plane trees? And some, having banished all the other gods, attributed the origin of the universe to one alone,<sup>23</sup> so that I actually felt somewhat concerned at hearing there was such a dearth of gods. Others, again, in their extravagance, would represent them as numerous, and making distinctions among them, they would call some particular one the first god,<sup>24</sup> and assign to others the second and third places as respects divinity. Moreover, one coterie thought that deity is something immaterial and without form;<sup>25</sup> another held the same view concerning deity as about body itself. Then, too, not all were of the opinion that the gods take cognizance<sup>26</sup> of the things that pertain to

<sup>19</sup> Very many worlds: Democritus and those holding with him the atomic theory of matter believed in no end of worlds. On the other hand Aristotle and the Stoics taught that there is but one.

<sup>20</sup> A certain other: Heraclitus, of Ephesus. The allusion here is to his saying, *πόλεμος κατηρτοῦν ὅλων*, by which he meant that there is a physical principle, which he called fire, a clear, light fluid, "self-kindled and self-extinguished," that pervades everything, revealing itself in all phenomena and keeping everything in a constant state of flux and warring motion and change. Ultimately all things return to and are absorbed again in this fire.

<sup>21</sup> Number was the very deity: The Pythagoreans regarded number as the original principle, by means of which the origin and constitution of the universe were to be explained, just as other systems of philosophy found the explanation in fire, earth, air or water. In their view, according to Aristotle, number is the essence of all things; numbers are the cause of the existence of all other things, including the changes to which they are liable and their permanent conditions, and are even things themselves.

<sup>22</sup> Swear by dogs, etc.: Even Socrates indulged in such oaths. Compare *Auction of Philosophers*, 16.

<sup>23</sup> One alone: The Pythagoreans, and also Xenophanes, founder of the Eleatic school, held to the unity of the deity.

<sup>24</sup> The first god: Plato and the Stoics taught that there was one supreme deity, eternal and unchangeable, with other subordinate deities, destitute of these attributes. Perhaps Lucian had in mind the teachings of a contemporary philosopher, Numenius, of Apamia in Syria, who distinguished a first god, existing absolutely, in and by himself, apart from the universe, a second god, whose sphere is creation and who keeps matter together. This second one is again differentiated into a third.

<sup>25</sup> Immaterial and without form: So taught Plato and Aristotle. The Stoics associated a material form with divinity.

<sup>26</sup> That the gods take cognizance, etc.: The Stoics held the affirmative, the Epicureans the negative of this doctrine. See *Zeus in Heroica*, note 13. The question of Providence is the subject of that dialogue, where it is debated by two champions of these schools.

us; but there were some who relieved them of all care whatsoever, just as we are wont to release those who are past their prime from the obligation to perform liturgies.<sup>27</sup> For they who hold this view represent the gods as fulfilling the same rôle in the economy of the universe as the mute attendants in a comic play.<sup>28</sup> And some went further than any of these opinions and believed that there were no gods at all,<sup>29</sup> but left the universe to be borne on without superintendent or guide. 10. Accordingly, on hearing these doctrines, I dared not disbelieve such obstreperous<sup>30</sup> and well-bearded men. I could, however, get hold of nothing in their teachings, which I could turn to and find not open to attack and in no respect upset by somebody else. So, you see, I had just the experience that Homer tells about. For oftentimes I would be on the point of pinning my faith to some one of them, when

Lo, a second thought would hold me back.<sup>31</sup>

*Od.*, ix, 802.

Being perplexed in view of all this, I despaired of hearing upon the earth anything trustworthy concerning these matters. But I thought I should get rid of all this bewilderment, if I could have wings somehow and go up myself into the heavens. Most of all, the fact that I had set my heart upon it, afforded me the hope

<sup>27</sup> Liturgies: Special public burdens, such as defraying the expense of the training masters at the wrestling schools, or of the solemn public choruses, or of a public dinner to a citizen's fellow-tribesmen, or of fitting out a trireme for the service of the state. These services were required in turn of the larger property holders, who in general discharged the duty in liberal fashion. Sometimes a wealthy man would volunteer to perform a liturgy out of his turn. Persons were released from the duty by reason of their age, or sometimes as a mark of honor.

<sup>28</sup> The mute attendants in a comic play: i.e., the retinue, who have no part in the real action of the play.

<sup>29</sup> No gods at all: A view held by Theodorus, a philosopher of the Cyrenaic school, fourth century, B. C., and called "the Atheist" by ancient writers. A similar designation was given to Diagoras, of Melos (fifth century B. C.). In pursuance of the doctrines of Democritus, his master, he substituted for the divinities of the popular theology the relation of cause and effect and the active powers of nature.

<sup>30</sup> Obstreperous: *ὀψιβρεμεταίς*, lit., high-thundering; a Homeric epithet of Zeus.

<sup>31</sup> Hold me back: *Od.*, ix, 802, where Odysseus, describing his adventure with the Cyclops, represents himself as meditating whether he should not draw near to the outstretched form of the monster, as he lay in a stupor among his sheep, and stab him in the breast. But, he says, my second thought restrained me, for so we too should have perished there with utter doom.

of accomplishing this; and, furthermore, *Æsop*<sup>22</sup> encouraged me in the idea—the writer of fables, who makes heaven accessible by means of eagles and beetles, and sometimes by camels. However, it was quite clear to me that I myself could never by any contrivance grow wings. But if I should put on the wings of a vulture or an eagle—for evidently these alone would correspond to the size of a man's body—I imagined I could perhaps succeed in my attempt. And what is more, I caught the birds and cut off the right wing of the one and the other of the vulture. I then bound them around me right firmly and fastened them to my shoulders with strong leathern straps; and at the tips of the long quill feathers I arranged sort of hafts for my hands. And at first I put my powers to the test by jumping up in the air and rowing with my hands just behind and by raising myself up, near the ground still, just like the geese, and skimming along on tiptoe, at the same time that I moved my wings. As the plan fulfilled my expectations, I forthwith tackled the matter in hand with greater daring. I went up to the Acropolis<sup>23</sup> and launched myself off down the beetling cliff full tilt into the theater itself. 11. As I flew down without harm, I now meditated lofty flights in mid-air. Starting from Parnes<sup>24</sup> or from Hymettus, I tried flying as far as Geranea; then from hence upward to the citadel of Corinth, and then across Pholoë and Erymanthus as far as Taygetus. Accordingly, now that I had thoroughly practiced the adventurous art and had become an expert in lofty flying, I no longer confined

<sup>22</sup> *Æsop*: Sixth century B. C. Little is known of his life, further than that he was a slave in his earlier years. Of his works none are extant; the collections which go under his name are no doubt spurious. In Aristophanes' "Peace," Trygæus refers to the fables of *Æsop* in justification of his proposed ascent to heaven on a beetle's back, to bring down the goddess Peace, whom War has imprisoned there. The play opens with a dialogue between two slaves, who are fattening the beetle. According to one fable, a camel, seeing a bull exulting over his horns, out of envy of him, wanted to get some herself, and therefore went up to Zeus and preferred her request.

<sup>23</sup> Acropolis: See *Timon*, note 74. On the southern slope was the great theater of Dionysus, referred to in the text, with semicircular tiers of stone seats cut in the side of the hill, and the whole open to the sky.

<sup>24</sup> Parnes: A mountain in northern Attica; Hymettus, east of Athens; Geranea, between Megaris and Corinthia; the Acrocorinth, the towering citadel rock on the isthmus of Corinth; Pholoë, between Arcadia and Elis; Erymanthus, on the northern border of Arcadia; Taygetus, a range in southwestern Laconia, at the southern extremity of the Peloponnesus.

myself to such flights as nestlings undertake; but having ascended Olympus<sup>35</sup> and laid in as light a load of provisions as possible, I henceforward made straight for heaven. At first I was dizzy on account of the height, but afterward I got along with it very easily. But when at length I had arrived at the moon herself, and was separated a very great distance from the clouds, I felt played out, especially in my left wing, that of the vulture. Accordingly, I alighted, and, seated upon the moon, I rested a while, gazing downward upon the earth, and, like Homer's famous Zeus,<sup>36</sup> now sighting the land over which the Thracians range on horseback, now that of the Mysians and, by and by, if I took a notion to, Greece, Persia and India. From all this I had my fill of a pretty varied enjoyment.

FRIEND. Well, let us have an account of this too, Menippus, that we may not be left in ignorance of your tour, even in a single item. But whatever you observed, even incidentally, let us know that also. I for my part expect to hear not a few things concerning the appearance of the earth, and of all objects thereon, since no doubt they were quite clear to you, as you viewed them from above.

MEN. And, my friend, you are quite right in your conjecture. Wherefore, ascend in thought to the moon—so far as is possible to do so—become my fellow-traveler, and with me inspect the entire arrangement of things upon the earth. 12. In the first place, then, I would have you imagine that you see the earth as a very diminutive object, much smaller, I mean, than the moon, so that when I stooped over of a sudden, I was long at a loss to determine where were its mountains, so high, and its sea, so vast. Indeed, had I not descried the Colossus of Rhodes<sup>37</sup> and the lighthouse on the island of Pharos,<sup>38</sup> the earth, believe me, would

<sup>35</sup> Olympus: At the northeastern angle of Thessaly, and the only mountain in Greece that rises above 8,000 feet.

<sup>36</sup> Like Homer's famous Zeus: See *Il.*, xiii., 4f., where Zeus, after bringing the Trojans to the ships of the Greeks, is represented as leaving them there to their toil and ceaseless suffering, while he himself, in indifference looks away to the land of the Thracians and the Mysians.

<sup>37</sup> Colossus of Rhodes: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 27.

<sup>38</sup> Pharos: An island in the harbor of Alexandria, on which one of the Ptolemies caused to be built the most celebrated lighthouse of antiquity at an ex-

have quite escaped my notice. But as it was, these things being lofty and conspicuous, and the ocean<sup>39</sup> quietly glistening in the sun, clearly indicated to me that what I saw was the earth. And when once I had fixed my gaze intently upon it, the whole living world of men was straightway quite plain to me, not only by nations and cities, but also the people themselves in full view, some navigating the sea, others waging war, others tilling the fields, others still busy in the law courts,<sup>40</sup> women and wild beasts, and absolutely everything a fruitful soil produces.

FRIEND. Why, the statements you make are altogether incredible, and conflict with one another. For, Menippus, you who just now were trying to discover the earth, which had been reduced to a small compass by the intervening distance, and who, had not the Colossus indicated it to you, thought maybe it was something else you saw—how in the world is it that all of a sudden you have become as it were a sort of Lynceus<sup>41</sup> and distinguish all objects upon the earth—men, beasts, yes, and almost the young of mosquitoes?

13. MEN. You've done well to call my attention to this. For what I ought most of all to have told, somehow or other I failed to mention. Well, to proceed—when on catching sight of it, I recognized the earth itself, but was unable to discern the other things by reason of the height, for my gaze no longer reached them, the matter troubled me exceedingly, and great was the embarrassment it occasioned me. But as I stood with downcast eyes and all but in tears, the natural philosopher, Empedocles,<sup>42</sup> came up just behind me, in appearance quite as black as a charcoal man, and choke-full of ashes and well roasted. When I set

pense of about one million dollars. It was made of white stone, square, and of many stories. There were windows in the upper ones, through which torches, or fires, shone out at night to guide vessels into the harbor. Pharos came to be the general name for lighthouse.

<sup>39</sup> Ocean: The ancients conceived of the earth as a great flat disk, encircled by the wide stream of ocean, which returned into itself.

<sup>40</sup> Busy in the law courts: A thrust at the fondness of the Athenians for litigation.

<sup>41</sup> Lynceus: See *Charon*; or, *Seeing the Sights*, note 15.

<sup>42</sup> Empedocles: See *Dial. of Dead*, 20, note 23. His sooty looks were occasioned by the fact that he had cast himself into the crater of *Ætna*, whence, according to Lucian, he had been projected up to the moon.

eyes on him—for it must be told—I was somewhat disconcerted and fancied that I saw a god belonging to the moon. But says he—"Take courage, Menippus!

In sooth, no whit a god am I—

Why to immortals dost thou liken me?

—*Od.*, xvi, 187.<sup>43</sup>

I'm Empedocles, the famous natural philosopher. Don't be surprised! For when I cast myself heels over head into the crater, the smoke snatched me from *Ætna*, and brought me up here, and now I dwell in the moon, and walk, for the most part, in the air, and feed upon dew. Accordingly, I've come to release you from your present difficulty. For, your inability to see clearly objects upon the earth, I fancy, annoys and discomposes you."—"It was very kind of you, most excellent Empedocles," said I, "and as soon as I fly down again into Greece, I'll remember to make you a drink offering at the hole in the roof, where the smoke goes out, and at the new moons I'll gape thrice toward the moon and render thee homage."—"But, by Endymion,"<sup>44</sup> said he, "I've not come for the sake of the reward, but I'm somewhat distressed at seeing you grieved in spirit. However, do you know what you must do to become sharp-sighted?"—14. "No, indeed!" I replied, "unless *you* somehow take away the mist from my eyes." For, as the case now stands, I seem to be exceedingly blear-eyed."—"Indeed," said he, "you'll have no need of me at all, for keenness of vision you have yourself already brought with you from the earth."—"Pray, how is that?" I replied, "for I don't know."—"Don't you know," said he, "wearing as you do the right wing of an eagle?"—"Certainly," said I. "But what, pray, have a wing and an eye in common?"—"Why, just this!" answered he. "An eagle is by far the most sharp-sighted of all living beings, so that he alone looks straight at the sun. And that's what makes the eagle genuine king among birds, since he

<sup>43</sup> *Od.* xvi., 187: Words of Odysseus to his son, Telemachus, who had taken him for a god, so altered in appearance was he by the touch of *Athené's* golden wand.

<sup>44</sup> Endymion: See *Council of the Gods*, note 23.

<sup>45</sup> Take away the mist from my eyes: An allusion to the words of *Athené* to the wounded *Diomedes*, *Il.*, v, 187; compare *Charon*; or, *Seeing the Sights*, 7.



can gaze, without winking, right in the face of the sun's rays."—"So they say," I replied, "and I regret already that when I came up here, I didn't take out my own and substitute for them the eagle's two eyes. Indeed, in my present plight, I've reached here with only half an outfit, and not equipped in all respects like a king; but I look like the bastard and disowned eaglets."—"And yet it's in your power," said he, "to possess right off one of the king's eyes. For if you'll rise up a little and without moving the vulture's wing, will flap the other only, you'll become sharp-sighted in your right eye, according to the law of that wing. For the other eye, because it belongs to the inferior side, cannot possibly avoid being very dull of sight."—"It will suffice," said I, "though only the right one should see in eagle fashion. For I should be no worse off than the carpenters. I think I've often seen them adjust timbers to the levels to better advantage with one eye."—As I said this, I followed the directions of Empedocles, who gradually withdrew from my sight and was slowly dissolved in smoke. 15. The very moment I flapped the wing, an exceeding great light shone around me, and the objects which had meanwhile lain concealed, all came in plain sight. Anyway, as I stooped down toward the earth, I beheld clearly the cities, the men, and what was going on—not only what people were doing under the open sky, but what they were about at home, imagining that they were unobserved. There was Ptolemy,<sup>47</sup> living in wedlock with his sister, and his own son was plotting against Lysimachus. Antiochus, the son of Seleucus,<sup>48</sup> was flirting on the sly with his stepmother, Stratonice. There was Alexan-

<sup>46</sup> Bastard and disowned eaglets: An allusion to the notion that the parent birds were wont to disown and cast out of the nest such of their young as could not gaze at the sun without blinking, on the ground that they were bastards.

<sup>47</sup> Ptolemy: Philadelphus, king of Egypt, 285-247 B. C. He married his own sister, Arsinoë, widow of Lysimachus, one of the generals of Alexander, and afterward king of Thrace. Agathocles, a son of Lysimachus by a former marriage, had been put to death upon the accusation of his stepmother, Arsinoë, that he was plotting against his father's life.

<sup>48</sup> Seleucus: Founder of the Syrian monarchy, in the division of the dominions of Alexander the Great, which followed upon his death. In his old age, Seleucus married Stratonice, a beautiful girl of seventeen, with whom Antiochus, his son by a former marriage, became so desperately in love that his father gave her up to him in marriage.

der,<sup>40</sup> the Thessalian—his wife was making away with him. And Antigonus<sup>41</sup> was playing the gay Lothario with his son's wife. His own son was administering the poison to Attalus. And elsewhere, in turn, I beheld Arsaces murdering his wife, and the eunuch Arbaces drawing his sword upon Arsaces. Spatinus, the Mede, was being dragged forth by the heels from the drinking room by his bodyguard, his eyebrow shattered with a golden cup. And things like these could be seen taking place in Libya, and, among the Scythians and Thracians, in the palaces—people indulging in debauchery, murder, plots and robbery, living in terror and betrayed by their nearest friends. 16. Such was the diversion which the doings of the kings afforded me; but those of common folks were far more laughable. And very justly so, for I saw also the following well-known people—Hermodorus,<sup>42</sup> the Epicurean, forswearing himself for the sake of a thousand drachmas; the Stoic, Agathocles, suing his pupil for his fee; Clinias, the rhetorician, pilfering a bowl from the temple of Asclepius, and the Cynic, Herophilus, spending the night in a bagnio. But enough of this, for why should I tell of the rest—house-breakers, bribers, usurers and liars? In a word, it was a pretty changeful and motley spectacle,<sup>43</sup> I assure you.

**FRIEND.** In sooth, Menippus, you might well tell of these things, too, for it seems to afford you no ordinary enjoyment.

**MEN.** It is impossible, my friend, to describe them all in detail, as it was an arduous task even to run the eye over them. The most important things, however, appeared just as Homer says the scenes depicted upon the shield<sup>44</sup> did. Here were grand banquets and nuptial

<sup>40</sup> Alexander: The cruel tyrant of Phœæ in Thessaly, killed in 367 B. C., by his wife, Thébé, and her three brothers. This event took place at least half a century before those already mentioned. Menippus is not particular about his chronology.

<sup>41</sup> Antigonus, Attalus, Arsaces, Arbaces, Spatinus: Most of these are frequently recurring names among Eastern kings. What particular individuals are meant it is not possible to determine. Wieland suggests that Lucian, here as in many other places, may have had some painting in his mind's eye.

<sup>42</sup> Hermodorus: Of him and the others which follow, nothing further is known. Probably they were well-known philosophers of Lucian's day.

<sup>43</sup> A changeful and motley spectacle: With sections 15 ff., cf., *Charon*; or, *Seeing the Sights*.

<sup>44</sup> The shield: Made for Achilles by Hephestus, and described at length in *Il.*, xviii, 478-608.

festivities; there courts of justice and public assemblies; in another place somebody was sacrificing, and hard by another was evidently mourning. And when I looked away to the Land of the Getæ<sup>54</sup> I would see the people there at war; and when I turned my eyes toward the Scythians, they could be seen traveling in their wagons. Inclining my eye a little in the other direction, I descried the Egyptians tilling the soil. The Phœnician was engaged in traffic, the Cilician in marauding, the Spartan was being flogged, and the Athenian was busy in the law courts. 17. As all these things were going on at about the same time, you can at once readily conceive what sort of a medley this appeared to be. Just as if somebody should introduce many singers, or rather many bands of singers, and should then bid each one of the performers pay no attention to the harmony, but sing a song on his own hook. As each one is ambitious of applause, executes his own special piece of music, and is bent upon outdoing his neighbor in loudness of voice, can you possibly imagine what such singing would be?

**FRIEND.** Utterly ridiculous, Menippus, in all respects, and a perfect babel of sounds.

**MEN.** Well, my friend, all the people upon the earth are just such choral singers, and of such discordant strains the life of mortals is composed. For not only the sounds they make are out of tune, but also their attitudes are unlike,<sup>55</sup> and their movements contradictory, and in their purposes they are utterly at variance, until the conductor of the chorus drives every one of them off the stage, declaring that he has no further

<sup>54</sup> Getæ, etc.: In his sketch of what he saw, Menippus humorously selects a single peculiarity with which to characterize each of these peoples. The Getæ, living along the lower Danube, he sees at war; the Scythians are traveling over the steppes north of the Euxine, carrying their families in wagons with wicker or leather coverings; the Egyptians are tilling the fruitful valley of the Nile; the Phœnician is trafficking on the Mediterranean; the Cilician, from his mountain fastnesses in southern Asia Minor, is sallying forth on his marauding excursions; the Spartan is flogging his boys at the altar of Artemis, to accustom them to endure the severest bodily tortures; and the Athenian is, as usual, gratifying his fondness for litigation (see *Timon*, note 71), which Aristophanes unsparingly satirizes in the *Wasps*. See also the *Clouds*, 206 ff.

<sup>55</sup> **SCHOLAR.** Here's a map of the world for you. D'ye see? There's Athens. **STREPSILADES.** What say you? I don't believe it, for I don't see the court sitting."

<sup>56</sup> Their attitudes are unlike, etc.: All this imagery is drawn from the office of the chorus in a drama, including dancing and other movements, as well as chanting the choral odes.

use for him. Thereupon, they all alike become mute at once and no longer sing out of tune that confused and chaotic song.—But, to resume my story—all that happened upon this stage,<sup>56</sup> with its scenes so changeful and varied, was, of course, laughable. 18. But it came into my head to laugh especially at those quarreling about boundaries of land, and at those who gave themselves airs, because they cultivate the Sicyonian plain,<sup>57</sup> or own that part of Marathon in the environs of CEnoë, or possess a thousand acres at Acharnæ. At any rate, the whole of Greece, as it then appeared to me from my perch aloft, was four fingers in extent, and Attica, I think, was proportionately many times smaller. Accordingly, I was trying to get an idea of how much was left behind for these rich folks to pride themselves upon. For the richest in land among them all but appeared to me to be cultivating one of the atoms of Epicurus.<sup>58</sup> Looking away now to the Peloponnesus also, I then caught sight of the district of Cynuria,<sup>59</sup> and remembered for how small a territory, no wider than an Egyptian lentil,<sup>60</sup> so many Argives and Lacedæmonians fell in one day. And besides, when I beheld a man pluming himself upon his gold, because, forsooth, he had eight seal rings and four bowls, I would make myself very merry at his expense, too. Why, Mount Pangæus<sup>61</sup> entire was of the size of a grain of millet—mines and all.

19. FRIEND. Bless your heart, Menippus, what a marvelous spectacle! But the cities, by jingo, and the men themselves—how large did they appear?

<sup>56</sup> Upon this stage: Compare Shakspeare's

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players."

—*As You Like It*, 2, 7.

<sup>57</sup> The Sicyonian plain: West of Corinth; CEnoë and Acharnæ, in Attica; all of them noted for their fertility. Marathon: The scene of the famous battle, 490 B. C.

<sup>58</sup> Atoms of Epicurus: The atomical philosophy is here referred to Epicurus, who elaborated the doctrine (see Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*). It was first advanced by Leucippus and then developed by Democritus, who maintained that all phenomena have their causes in certain original infinitesimal, impenetrable, indivisible, and indestructible particles, which he termed atoms.

<sup>59</sup> Cynuria: A frontier district of Argolis and Laconia, and long a bone of contention between them. See *Charon*; or, *Seeing the Sights*, note 46.

<sup>60</sup> Lentil: The fruit, or seed, of a leguminous plant of that name, much used for food to this day in Egypt, Arabia and Syria.

<sup>61</sup> Mount Pangæus: In eastern Macedonia, between Philippi and Amphipolis. It was noted for its gold and silver mines.

**MEN.** I presume you've often seen before now a swarm of ants,<sup>52</sup> some huddled together, some going forth from their city, others returning thither. One is carrying out the ordure; another, having hastily caught up somewhere the husk of a bean or half of a grain of wheat, is bearing it off on a run. It is probable that there are among them, according to the requirements of ant life, sort of architects, popular leaders and rulers, devotees of the Muses,<sup>53</sup> and philosophers. Well, the cities I saw—men and all—bore a most striking resemblance to the anthills. But if my illustration, the comparison of men to a commonwealth of ants, seems to you trifling, examine the ancient legends of the Thes-salians. You will find that the Myrmidons,<sup>54</sup> the most warlike tribe, were descendants from ants.

Well, when I had had enough of looking and laughing at everything, I gave myself a violent shake and flew upward

To the mansions of ægis-bearing "Zeus,  
To the place where the other gods dwell"

—*Il. i.*, 222.

20. I had not yet risen a stade, when the Moon, in a feminine voice, says: "O Menippus, please, do me a service at the abode of Zeus, and good luck to you accordingly!"—"Say on," I replied. "Naught is heavy, unless it be something I must carry."—"It's an errand," said she, "of no great difficulty. I would have you take a request from me to Zeus. For by this time, Menippus, I'm tired of hearing the philosophers

<sup>52</sup> Swarm of ants: Compare *Charon*; or, *Seeing the Sights*, 15, where the cities are compared to beehives.

<sup>53</sup> Muses: See *Dial. of Gods*, 19, note 7.

<sup>54</sup> Myrmidons: A people of Phthiotis in southern Thessaly, subjects of Peleus and Achilles, but formerly of the island of Ægina. When he made his son Æacus ruler of the island, it being then uninhabited, Zeus changed the ants (*μύρμηκες*) into men, who therefore received the name Myrmidons (*Μυρμιδόνες*), a legend which arose, perhaps, from the fancied derivation of the latter word from the former. In fact, the only connection between them is that both came from a common root, meaning "swarm." Compare Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vii., 627 ff.

<sup>55</sup> Ægis-bearing: See *Dial. of Gods*, 2, note 6.

<sup>56</sup> Where the other gods dwell: Olympus, strictly a high mountain on the Macedonian frontier of Thessaly, which, in the *Iliad*, was conceived to be the seat of the gods, Zeus having his mansions upon its loftiest peak, while the other gods had their abodes in the dells below. Later the palace of Zeus was placed at the zenith, the name Olympus being used for the sky.

say so many awful things. They've no other occupation than to inquire curiously into my affairs—who I am,<sup>67</sup> how large, and for what reason I am cut in half and gibbous. And some affirm that I'm inhabited, others that I hang over the sea like a mirror; and others ascribe to me whatever attribute each one takes a notion to. And to crown all, even my very light, they say, is stolen and of a bastard sort, having come from above from the sun; and they do not cease their efforts to bring me into collision even with him—my brother, though he is—and to set us by the ears. For it wasn't enough for them to say what they have concerning the sun himself—that he is a stone and a red-hot mass of metal. 21. And yet how many disgraceful and abominable things am I privy to, which they do o' nights, while by day they are grave and manly in look, in dress dignified and by the laymen are treated with deference! I see these things. Nevertheless, I keep silence. For I regard it as unbecoming to divulge or shed light upon their goings on o' nights and upon the life each one leads behind the scenes.<sup>68</sup> But whenever I see one of them playing the gay Lothario, stealing or committing some other shameless deed at dead of night, I straightway draw a mass of clouds to me and wrap myself in them, so as not to expose to the gaze of the multitude old men behaving themselves in a manner unbecoming their long beards and their "virtue."<sup>69</sup> But they do not cease tearing me to pieces in their talk and insulting me in every way. Therefore—I call Night to witness to it—I've often purposed to remove as far away as I could, in order to escape, if possible, from their meddlesome tongues. Mind, then, that you tell Zeus of these things, and add also that I can't stay where I am, if he doesn't squelch those natural philosophers, muzzle the dialecticians, raze the Porch<sup>70</sup> to the

<sup>67</sup> Who I am, etc.: See Zeller's "History of Greek Philosophy," for the ancient notions, most of them fantastic, concerning the moon.

<sup>68</sup> Behind the scenes: *ὑπὸ σκηνῆς*, Sommerbrodt's emendation for the common reading, *ἐπὶ σκηνῆς* "upon the stage," i.e., the acted, hollow, unreal life each one leads before the world, like that of the actor.

<sup>69</sup> Their "virtue": Of which they make so many professions, and about which they prate so much.

<sup>70</sup> The Porch: *στοὰ ποικίλη*, see Zeus in *Heroics*, note 37. For Academy and Peripatetics, see *Parasite*, note 18.

ground, burn down the Academy and put a stop to the proceedings of the Peripatetics. In that way only could I have rest from their daily measurements of me." 22. "It shall be done," said I, and at once I directed my way heavenward toward the zenith,

Where no lands appeared, of men and cattle tilled."<sup>71</sup>

—*Od.* x., 98.

Nay, very soon even the moon seemed small to me as I looked down upon it, and presently I lost sight of the earth. Leaving the sun on my right, I flew through the stars and on the third day approached heaven. At first, I thought I would go in at once just as I was. For I fancied I should easily pass unnoticed, as I was half eagle; for the eagle,<sup>72</sup> I knew, had been of old on intimate terms with Zeus. But afterward I reflected that they would very soon find out that the other wing I had on was a vulture's. Therefore, I judged it best not to run any risk, and so going up to the door I rapped several times. Hermes<sup>73</sup> answered my knock,

<sup>71</sup> Of men and cattle tilled: *Od.* x., 98, said by Odysseus of the land of the Læstrygones.

<sup>72</sup> The eagle, etc.: Referring to the rape of Ganymedes, to whom Zeus appeared on Mount Ida in the form of an eagle. See *Dial. of Gods*, 4, and *Council of Gods*, note 26.

<sup>73</sup> Hermes: Messenger and general factotum of Zeus; here he tends the palace door. Cf. Aristophanes' *Peace*, 179 ff., for the experience of Trygæus, who thought

"On harness'd beetle to the gods to drive."

HERMES. What's that? The sound of a human voice? Oh, Hercules,  
What the plague have we got here?

TRYGÆUS. [*With a foolish air of triumph.*]  
My flying beetle.

HERM. [*Assuming a degree of fury suited to the occasion.*]  
Thou villainous, vile, audacious, desperate,  
Atrocious, infamous, nefarious villain!

Who are you? What's your name? Speak out!

TRY. Nefarious—

HERM. And what was your father? Who was he?

TRY. Nefarious—

HERM. Tell me your rascally name, whatever it is,  
Or by all the powers of earth, thou dog, thou diest.

TRY. A neighbor and handy workman,  
Not given to mischief-making nor informing.

HERM. And what's your errand here?

TRY. This bit of meat,  
That I brought you for a present.

HERM. Ah, poor creature!

Poor soul! but how did you come!

TRY. Ah, there! see there, now!

I'm not such a rascal. Go call Zeus here,

I want to speak to him.

HERM. Speak to Zeus?

You'll never get to the speech of the gods,

I promise you:

They are all packed off on a journey yesterday.

and, inquiring my name, went off with all speed to tell Zeus, and after a little, in great fear and trembling, I was admitted. I find them all seated together and somewhat startled, as well as I. For the strangeness of my advent slightly disconcerted them, and they anticipated that all men would get wings after the same fashion, and very soon come up there. 23. But Zeus bent upon me a frightfully piercing and Titan-like<sup>74</sup> gaze and said:

Who of mortals<sup>75</sup> art thou and whence?  
Where thy city, thy parents too?

—*Od. i.*, 170.

Well, when I heard this, I almost liked to have died from terror. But for all that, I stood without opening my lips, stunned, as I was, by his stentorian voice. At last, having recovered my presence of mind, I gave a full and explicit account from the very beginning, of how I had set my heart upon having a thorough knowledge of things in the heaven above, how I went to the philosophers, how I heard their contradictory statements, and how I grew weary of being distracted by their teachings. And then, one after another, I told of my contrivance and of the wings, and all the other incidents of my journey, until I reached heaven. To all these particulars I superadded the things enjoined

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TRY. Whither? Why, where upon earth?  
HERM. Upon earth!  
TRY. Why, where then?  
HERM. To the furthestmost, uttermost corner of the heavens.  
TRY. And how came you left here behind?  
HERM. I stayed  
To look to the household stuff—the pots and pans,  
The tressels and the tables, and so forth.  
  
TRY. Dear Hermes, fare you well!  
HERM. [*With gravity.*] The same to thee.  
O mortal, fare thee well! Remember me!  
TRY. Hoy there! my jolly Beetle! we must be going.  
HERM. He's gone away, Friend.  
TRY. Where? which way? what for?  
HERM. Promoted to the rank of Thunder-bearer  
In Jupiter's chariot.  
TRY. Well, then, what must I do?  
Which way must I get back, pray?  
HERM. Well enough.  
The Goddess here will take you—never fear.

—J. H. FRERE.

<sup>74</sup> Titan-like: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 10.

<sup>75</sup> Who of mortals, etc.: *Od. i.*, 170, words of Telemachus to Athéné, when she came to counsel him about his father, Odysseus.



by the Moon. Zeus, however, merely smiled and relaxed his brows somewhat. "Well, well!" says he, "what shall one say of Otus and Ephialtes," now that even Menippus has dared to ascend into heaven? For to-day, then, we invite you to be our guest; but to-morrow," said he, "after we've attended to the business that has brought you hither, we will send you away." With these words he rose up and proceeded to the part of heaven where one could hear best. For it was time to give audience to the prayers. 24. Meanwhile, as he went, he questioned me concerning earthly affairs—in the first place, what was now the price current of wheat in Greece; whether the storm a year ago came down upon us with violence, and whether the vegetables require more wet weather. He next inquired whether any one of the descendants of Phidias<sup>77</sup> yet survives, and why the Athenians had failed to celebrate the Diasia<sup>78</sup> for so many years, and whether it was their intention to complete in his honor the temple of Olympian Zeus,<sup>79</sup> and whether the despoilers of the temple in Dodona<sup>80</sup> had been caught. When I had replied to these inquiries, he said—"Tell me, Menippus! What opinion do men have about me?" "What opinion, sir, can they have," said I, "save what they are in all reverence bound to have—that you are sovereign,

<sup>76</sup> Otus and Ephialtes: See *Charon*; or, *Seeing the Sights*, note 10.

<sup>77</sup> Phidias: See *Introduction*, note 7. *τῶν ἀπὸ Φειδίου*, lit., descendants; perhaps, pupils, or successors, of his. Zeus naturally felt a deep interest in one who had done so much for him.

<sup>78</sup> Diasia: See *Timon*, note 11.

<sup>79</sup> Temple of Olympian Zeus: Southeast of the Acropolis at Athens, and the largest temple ever erected in his honor. Its only rivals in size and splendor were the temple of Diana at Ephesus, of Apollo at Miletus, and of Zeus at Agrigentum in Sicily. It was projected by Pisistratus about 530 B. C., but in the troublous times that followed his death the work was abandoned. Two centuries later King Antiochus Epiphanes of Syria resumed the work, but his death again interrupted it; and a century afterward Sulla carried off the columns to adorn the temple of Capitoline Jove at Rome. In the time of Augustus a number of kings and men of wealth undertook to finish it. But the work dragged along, and the temple was not dedicated until A. D. 129, the necessary means for its completion having been supplied by the Emperor Hadrian, a great admirer of Athens. It had thus been about 650 years in building. No wonder Zeus began to question whether it ever would be finished. The temple was of the dipteral class, with over one hundred and twenty Corinthian columns, each about six and a half feet in diameter and sixty feet in height; sixteen are still standing. Hadrian placed in the cella a magnificent gold and ivory statue of Zeus.

<sup>80</sup> Dodona: In Epirus, where Zeus had his most ancient shrine. He revealed himself in the rustling of the wind through the leaves of a grove of oaks and beeches. His sanctuary was situated on the summit of the adjacent Mount Tomarus.

and king of all gods?" "You will persist in jesting," said he. "But I know very well their fondness for novelty, though you don't speak of it. For time was, when I had the reputation with them of being a seer and a healer, and in short I was everything:

Full-charged with Zeus<sup>61</sup> were all the streets,  
And all assemblies of mankind.

And at that time Dodona and Pisa<sup>62</sup> were magnificent and universally looked up to, and I could not even see on account of the smoke from the sacrifices. But ever since Apollo established his oracle in Delphi<sup>63</sup> and Asclepius<sup>64</sup> his surgeon's shop at Pergamum and the temple of Bendis<sup>65</sup> was built in Thrace, that of Anubis in Egypt, and in Ephesus that of Artemis, they all flock to those shrines and there keep holy days and offer hecatombs; while me, as though I had passed my prime, they think they have honored enough, if they sacrifice at Olympia<sup>66</sup> at intervals of four whole years. Accordingly, you would find my altars more frigid than Plato's laws<sup>67</sup> or the syllogisms of Chrysippus."

25. While talking over matters like these, we arrive at the place where he was obliged to sit and listen to the prayers. There was a row of openings like the mouths of cisterns, and furnished with covers, and near each there was placed a golden throne. Having, then,

<sup>61</sup> Full-charged with Zeus, etc.: From an astronomical poem of Aratus, a native of Soli in Cilicia, who lived in the third century B. C. St. Paul, in his address to the Athenians, quotes from it the passage *τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἔσμεν*, "for we are also his offspring."

<sup>62</sup> Pisa: See *Dial. of Dead*, 27, note 10. Here used to designate Olympia.

<sup>63</sup> Delphi: See *Dial. of Gods*, 16, note 5.

<sup>64</sup> Asclepius: See *Dial. of Gods*, 13, note 1. He had a famous temple at Pergamum in Mysia, frequented by great numbers of the sick, who had to spend one or more nights in the sanctuary and observe certain rules of the priests. The remedies were revealed to the sick in a dream. If cured, they offered to him a cock or a goat and left in the temple a tablet, recording name, disease, and how cured.

<sup>65</sup> Bendis: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 20. For Anubis, see *Council of the Gods*, note 29. The temple of Artemis at Ephesus, of the Ionic order, was one of the largest in the ancient world and of proverbial magnificence, 425 ft. by 220, with 127 columns, each 60 ft. high.

<sup>66</sup> Sacrifice at Olympia: For the Olympic games see *Dream, or Cock*, note 14. The sacrifices were reserved for the last day.

<sup>67</sup> Plato's laws, contained in his "Republic," are termed frigid, because representing the cold, abstract conceptions of a philosopher, never actually realized. For Chrysippus, see *Concerning Salaried Companions*, note 81. He invented the kind of argument called Sorites, or heap of syllogisms, the conclusion of one forming the premise of the next.

seated himself at the first hole, Zeus took off the lid and gave audience to the suppliants. From all quarters of the earth they sent up prayers of divers sorts and kinds. For I also myself stooped over and along with him listened to the prayers. They ran as follows—"O Zeus! Would that I might become a king."—"Grant, O Zeus! that I may have a fine crop of onions and garlic."—"O ye gods! Would that my father might soon die!"—"And one and another said—"May I be my wife's heir!"—"O grant that I may not be detected in my plots against my brother!"—"O that I may win my lawsuit!"—"Would that I might be crowned victor in the Olympic games!"—"Among seafaring men one prayed that the north wind might blow, another for the south wind. The farmer asked for rain, the fuller for sunlight. Zeus listened and carefully scrutinized every prayer, though he didn't grant all the things prayed for.

But one the sire gave, another he denied.

—*Il.* xvi., 250.<sup>88</sup>

Those prayers that were lawful he permitted to come up through the hole and hastily deposited them on his right, but the unholy ones he sent back again without being realized, puffing them back, that they might not come near heaven. But in the case of one prayer in particular, I saw that he was even at his wits' end. For, when two persons offered contradictory petitions and promised the same sacrifices, he couldn't make up his mind to which one of them he would rather nod. So, you see, he had the well-known experience of the Academics<sup>89</sup> and was unable to reach any decision whatever, but, like Pyrrhon,<sup>90</sup> he suspended judgment and gave the matter careful consideration. 26. When he had sufficiently attended to the prayers, he passed on to the next throne and the second hole, and bending down,

<sup>88</sup> But one the sire gave, etc.: *Il.* xvi., 250, said of the answer of Zeus to the prayer of Achilles in behalf of Patroclus.

<sup>89</sup> Academics: An allusion to the New Academy, of which Carneades, second century B. C., was the founder. They held that it is impossible to arrive at any certainty of knowledge, but one must content himself with mere probability.

<sup>90</sup> Pyrrhon: A native of Elis, flourished about 200 B. C.; founder of the Sceptic, or hesitating, school of philosophy, which asserted nothing positively, but only opined. The mind is to hold itself in suspense respecting everything, for certainty is impossible.

devoted his time to the oaths and those who appeal to the witness of heaven. After giving audience to these also and a quietus to the Epicurean Hermodorus, he changed his seat to the next throne, in order to occupy himself with omens, oracles and auguries. From thence he proceeded to the hole of the sacrifices, through which the smoke came up and announced to Zeus the name of the person making the offering. Leaving these, he issued orders to the winds and the seasons, as to what they should do.—“To-day let it rain with the Scythians, with the Libyans lighten, and snow among the Greeks. Here, Boreas, do you blow in Lydia,” and you, South Wind, keep quiet! You West Wind there, lash the Adriatic into waves and let some thousand measures of hail be scattered over Cappadocia!”

27. By this time he had supervised pretty much everything, and we proceeded to the banquet hall, for it was now the dinner hour. Hermes took me in charge, and seated me alongside of Pan<sup>91</sup> and a priest of Cybelé and Attis and Sabazius, deities of alien origin and questionable title. As for the menu, Demeter<sup>92</sup> furnished a loaf of wheat bread, and Dionysus wine, Heracles the meats, myrtle berries, Aphrodité, and Poseidon sprats. I at once took, on the sly, a sip of ambrosia and nectar. For most excellent Ganymedes—such was his courtesy—whenever he saw Zeus looking in another direction, would quickly pour in for me a half, or even a whole, pint of nectar. The gods, though, as Homer says somewhere—and, I think, I’ve myself observed as well as he, what they do there—the gods neither eat food nor drink sparkling wine, but they have ambrosia<sup>94</sup> set before them and get boozy on nectar. They

<sup>91</sup> Lydia: In the western part of Asia Minor, Cappadocia in the central.

<sup>92</sup> Pan: See *Dial. of Gods*, 4, note 2. For priest of Cybelé, see *Zeus in Heroics*, note 63. For Attis and Sabazius, see *Council of the Gods*, note 27.

<sup>93</sup> Demeter: The earth-goddess, patroness of agriculture and of all the arts connected with it. Hence, as agriculture is the basis of civilized life, she was regarded as a goddess of human civilization. Her attributes were a torch in her right hand, a sheaf of grain in her left, a chaplet of grain ears upon her head, and a basket of flowers or of ears of wheat by her side.—Dionysus, god of wine and vineyards.—Heracles, the skillful archer and daring hunter. Most of his labors and adventures were in contending with beasts. For his apotheosis see *Dial. of Gods*, 18, note 2.—Aphrodité, goddess of beauty and love and personification of the creative and generative forces of nature. Among other plants the myrtle was one of her attributes.—Poseidon, god of the sea. Each deity contributes some characteristic viand to the bill of fare. Poseidon’s contribution is sprats, a small sea-fish closely allied to our herring, and, like that, salted down.

<sup>94</sup> Ambrosia and nectar: See *Dial. of Gods*, 4, note 4.

take most delight in feeding on the smoke from the sacrifices—borne up, savor and all—and on the blood of the victims, which the priests pour over the altars. At the dinner Apollo<sup>88</sup> played the lyre and Silenus danced the cancan, and the Muses stood up and chanted a part of Hesiod's<sup>89</sup> *Theogony* and the first ode of the *Hymns* of Pindar. When we had got enough of it, we went to sleep just as each one was—pretty well corned, I tell you.

28. All night long in slumber others were wrapped,  
Both gods and heroes who from chariots fight;  
But me in his embrace sweet sleep did not retain.<sup>90</sup>

—*Il.* ii., 1 f.

For I was turning over in my mind many other matters, but especially the following queries—How happens it that Apollo<sup>88</sup> in so long a time doesn't make out to grow a beard?—How is it that night comes on in heaven, since the Sun is always present there, and participates in the feasting?—Then I dropped off into a very short nap. Early in the morning Zeus got up and gave orders to proclaim an assembly. 29. As soon as they were all present, he opens his speech as follows:

"The coming of this stranger yesterday has furnished the occasion for calling you together. I long ago wanted to take counsel with you concerning the philosophers; and influenced above all by the Moon and the things whereof she complains, I have resolved not to postpone any longer the thorough investigation demanded. For there has lately come to the surface of human life a class of men, indolent, quarrelsome, conceited, hot-tempered, somewhat lickerish, rather silly, a lot of cranks and choke-full of impudence and, to use Homer's phrase,

<sup>88</sup> Apollo: God of music. The lyre was his favorite instrument, with which he entertained the banquets of the gods, accompanied by the Muses, of whom he was regarded as the leader.—Silenus, see *Council of the Gods*, note 5.

<sup>89</sup> Hesiod: A poet of Boeotia, 850-800 B. C. His *Theogony* treats mainly of the origin of the gods, with a prelude on the origin of the visible order of Nature. His chief poem was "Works and Days," treating of the works of the farmer, and of the times and seasons, when they should be done. For Pindar see *Dreams, or Cock*, note 13. The hymns probably refer to those in honor of Persephoné, Fortuna and the gods of Thebes, of which some fragments remain.

<sup>90</sup> All night long, etc.: Lines from the opening of *Il.* ii., with *ἐμὲ* substituted for *Δία*.

<sup>91</sup> Apollo: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 55.

——— cumberers of the ground.”

*Il.* xviii., 104.

These men, moreover, are divided into guilds and have devised all manner of mazy processes of reasoning. Some have called themselves Stoics,<sup>100</sup> others Academics, others Epicureans, others Peripatetics, and by other names far more ludicrous than these. Furthermore, they have assumed the august name of ‘virtue’ and go about with their eyebrows perked up and with long beards, cloaking beneath a hypocritical mien their despicable morals. They bear the most striking resemblance to those actors of tragedy, of whom, if one should take off their masks and that robe shot with gold, what remains is a ridiculous duodecimo of a man hired for seven drachmas<sup>101</sup> to take part in the play.

30. “Such being their character, on the one hand, they despise all their fellow-men; on the other they make monstrous statements about the gods, and getting gulliblestriplings together, they discourse in tragic phrase upon the hackneyed topic of ‘virtue,’ and indoctrinate them in the subtleties of argument. In the presence of their pupils they are all the time sounding the praises of patience and sobriety, and spitting upon wealth and pleasure. But how can one adequately describe the gluttony and sensuality in which they indulge when alone and all by themselves, and how they lick off the dirt from the obols? And, worst of all, while they accomplish nothing themselves, either for the common welfare or that of the individual, but are good for nothing and useless,

‘Never of account in war, or at the council board;’<sup>102</sup>

—*Il.* ii., 202.

<sup>99</sup> Cumberers, etc.: *Il.* xviii. part of line. 104, where Achilles calls himself “a dead weight on earth,” in his sorrow and discouragement at the death of his cherished friend Patroclus.

<sup>100</sup> Stoics, etc.: The four leading schools of philosophy. For the Stoics and Epicureans, see *Zeus in Heroics*, note 18. For the Academics and Peripatetics, see *Parasite*, note 18.

<sup>101</sup> Seven drachmas: = about \$1.40, probably the ordinary pay of an actor for appearing in a single play.

<sup>102</sup> Never of account, etc.: *Il.* ii., 202: quoted from the scathing rebuke administered by Odysseus to the men of the Achaian rank and file, who had retreated to their ships and were about to launch them, shouting to one another the while, and paying no heed to their commander’s real intent. See *Parasite*, note 10.

they nevertheless denounce everybody else, and having laid in a stock of rather bitter words and conned over some scurrilous expressions, they censure and upbraid their neighbors. And that one of them is thought to carry off the palm who bawls the loudest, is most reckless, and the boldest in his blasphemies.

31. "And yet, should you ask one of them as with much ado he vociferates and denounces everybody else: 'What are you in particular doing?' or 'In the name of heaven, what contribution can we in justice say you are making to the world?'—if he were inclined to tell the precise truth, he would say:—"It is useless, in my opinion, to sail the sea, till the soil, serve in war, or follow some craft; but I shout and live in squalor; I bathe in cold water and go about barefoot in the wintry weather, and like Momus,<sup>103</sup> I carp at whatever anybody else is doing. If some man of means has spent a great deal for fish and other dainties, or keeps a mistress, I inquire closely into the matter and am provoked at it. But if one of my friends and companions takes to his bed, sick and in need of succor and nursing, I profess utter ignorance of the fact."—Such, ye gods, are these creatures! 32. In particular, those among them called Epicureans are verily insolent even, and assail us vehemently, affirming that the gods take no interest in human affairs and utterly ignore what is going on. Therefore, it is high time for you to consider that if once they succeed in persuading the world of this you will be pinched with hunger. For who would any longer sacrifice to you when he has no expectation of getting anything more for it? You all heard our guest recount yesterday the complaints the Moon makes. As respects these things do you take counsel as to what measures will prove most advantageous to mankind and safest for us."

33. As Zeus uttered these words the council was thrown into an uproar, and straightway they all cried out: "Smite them with a thunderbolt! Burn them up! Destroy them! Cast them into the yawning cleft<sup>104</sup> back

<sup>103</sup> Momus: See *Dial. of Gods*, 20, note 3.

<sup>104</sup> Yawning cleft, etc.: At the foot of the precipices on the north side of the Acropolis was the Pelasgicum, an accursed spot of ground, into which criminals were thrown.

of the Acropolis, or into Tartarus,<sup>106</sup> as you did the Giants!"<sup>106</sup>

Zeus again commanded silence and said: "It shall be as you will. They shall every one be utterly destroyed, dialectics and all. But for the time being, at least, it is not meet that any one should be punished. For as you are aware, it is holy time these four months, and I have already proclaimed the usual armistice.<sup>107</sup> Next year, however, at the beginning of spring, base as they are, basely shall they perish by my terrible bolt."

The son of Cronus spoke and nodded assent with his eyebrows dark.<sup>108</sup>  
—*Il.* i., 528.

34. "As regards Menippus here, this," said he, "is my pleasure—let him be stripped of his wings, that he may never come this way again, and Hermes shall to-day conduct him down to the earth." With these words he dismissed the assembly. But he of Cyllené<sup>109</sup> seized me by the right ear, and about evening yesterday set me down with a rush in the Ceramicus.<sup>110</sup>

Well, my friend, you've heard everything, all the news from heaven. So now I'll be off, that I may bring these same good tidings to the philosophers also, who are walking up and down in the Pœcile.<sup>111</sup>

<sup>106</sup> Tartarus: See *Dial. of Gods*, 19, note 5. Compare *Il.* viii., 13 ff., where Zeus threatens the gods with the most direful consequences, should they bear succor to either Trojans or Danaans:

Him will I seize and hurl to Tartarus dank and dark,  
Down, down, where lies beneath the earth a gulf abysmal;  
There gates of iron stand and threshold of bronze,  
As far below Hades, as heaven above the earth.

<sup>106</sup> Giants: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 9.

<sup>107</sup> The usual armistice: The winter time, when the thunderbolt of Zeus was necessarily idle.

<sup>108</sup> The son of Cronus, etc.: *Il.* i., 528, where Zeus bows his head in pledge to fulfill the request of Thetis in behalf of her aggrieved son, Achilles.

<sup>109</sup> He of Cyllené: i. e., Hermes, so called from Mount Cyllené, between Achaia and Arcadia, in a grotto of which he was born.

<sup>110</sup> Ceramicus: The Potters' Quarter of Athens, northwest of the Acropolis.

<sup>111</sup> The Pœcile: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 37.



## 2.

## THE BANQUET; OR, THE LAPITHÆ.

## INTERLOCUTORS.

PHILO, *a friend*, and LUCIAN *himself*.

*Introduction:* The second title of the Dialogue is humorously derived from the celebrated fight between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs at the marriage feast of Pirithoüs and Hippodamia, with which Lucian not inaptly compares the banquet here described. The Lapithæ and Centaurs were Thessalian tribes. According to Homer, the latter were a fierce and savage people of giant strength, occupying the higher mountain lands. The conception of them as half horse and half man is of later origin, coming into vogue after the time of Pindar (500 B. C.). It arose perhaps from their splendid horsemanship and the habit of spending most of their lives on horseback. Pirithoüs, one of the Lapithæ, invited the chief Centaurs to his wedding feast, where one of them, becoming heated with wine, undertook to carry off the bride. A desperate battle ensued in which Theseus and Nestor participated as friends of Pirithoüs. At last, after great losses on both sides, the Centaurs were completely defeated. The incidents of this fight, which was regarded, as a symbol of the long and severe struggle between Greek civilization and Pelasgic barbarism, formed a favorite subject in Greek temple art. They are represented with extraordinary spirit and life in the splendid reliefs of the metopes of the Parthenon at Athens, the finest of which, called the Elgin Marbles, are now one of the choicest treasures of the British Museum.

*Philo, his curiosity having been aroused by current reports as to what took place at a certain grand dinner at which Lycinus was present, interviews him, in order to ascertain the facts.*

1. PHILO. All manner of sport, Lycinus, they say you people had yesterday at the dinner in the house of Aristænetus. Unless Charinus misrepresented the facts, certain philosophers present indulged in some remarks, over which a quarrel arose of no small propor-

tions; the affair proceeded as far as wounds, and finally the company broke up in a bloody row.

LYCINUS. And where did Charinus get this information, Philo? He didn't dine with us.

PHIL. He said he got it from Dr. Dionicus. The doctor, too, was himself, I think, one of the company.

LYC. Certainly! He was not, however, present in person during the whole affair from the very beginning. But he came in late, when the scrimmage was already about in midcourse, just before they came to blows. Accordingly, I wonder that he was able to give a clear account at all, as he was not cognizant of the occurrences that led to the bloody brawl, in which their love of strife culminated.

2. PHIL. Yes, Lycinus! And it was on this account that Charinus himself bade us come to you, if we wanted to learn the facts, and how everything went off. For he said that Dionicus himself acknowledged that he wasn't present in person during the whole affair, but that you knew exactly what took place, and could tell the very words which caused the trouble, inasmuch as you are not a careless listener to such things, but pay close attention. So make haste and regale us with this most delightful entertainment. I don't know that there could be any more delightful one—to me at least—especially, as we are going to feast, none the worse for liquor, and in peace and quiet, without shedding any blood, and out of reach of any missile. Nay, I know of none more delightful, whether it were graybeards who played some drunken tricks at the dinner, or young men, who, under the influence of strong drink, said and did things which they ought not to at all.

3. LYC. So you expect me, Philo, to disclose to all the world and his wife these indiscretions which are more suited to youth, and to describe in detail matters which took place under the influence of wine and strong drink, when we ought to consign them to oblivion, and regard them all as deeds of the god Dionysus,<sup>1</sup> who for aught I know permitted one of his own orgies<sup>2</sup> to

<sup>1</sup> Dionysus: God of wine. See *Council of Gods*, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> His own orgies: The secret rites, or worship, practiced by the initiated alone; used of the mysteries of Demeter, but more commonly of the rites of Dionysus, or Bacchus, as he was also called. These were characterized by boisterous merriment, feasting and drinking and unrestrained license.

come to a premature close and turn out a joyless affair. Take care, then, lest it betoken in your case a malicious sort of person, to be prying into such things, which it is well to leave behind in the banquet hall, when one departs. For, as also the saying of the poet has it, "I hate a guest with a good memory." No, it wasn't right of Dr. Dionicus to divulge these things to Charinus and discharge the dregs of stale stories in a flood upon men who belong to the guild of philosophers. Get along with you! I wouldn't be guilty of telling any such stuff.

4. PHIL. This reluctance of yours is all affectation, Lycinus. But you ought by no means to act so toward me; for I know to a certainty that you are itching to tell, far more than I am to hear. Yes, you look to me just as though, should you be at a loss for hearers, you would be delighted to go to some pillar or statue and pour forth the whole story, without pausing or closing your mouth. Anyhow, should I want to leave now, you'll not let me go without hearing it. Rather, you'll hold me fast, follow after me, and beg me to stay. And I, in my turn, will be coy and prudish toward you. Yes, and if I think fit, I'll go off and get the details from somebody else—you needn't tell me.

LYC. Well, you needn't lose your temper. I'll give you an account of the affair, seeing you've set your heart upon it so; but be sure and not circulate the story.

PHIL. No, not unless I'm utterly oblivious of Lycinus! You yourself will do it better than I, and get the start of me in telling everybody. Accordingly, there'll be no need of my saying anything. 5. Well, then, to proceed, tell me this first! Was it upon the marriage of his son Zenon that Aristænetus entertained you?

LYC. No! He was giving his own daughter, Cleanthis, in marriage to a philosopher by profession, the son of the money-lender,<sup>\*</sup> Eucritus.

PHIL. A right handsome youth, 'pon my word!

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\* Money-lender: Or private banker, a class who made a business of money-changing and loaning. They acquired great credit and had business connections in the principal towns of Greece.

Only he's still quite young and not at all of suitable age to get married.

LYC. Well, he didn't find any other more suitable match for his daughter, I presume. The young man, however, seemed to be well-behaved and had a liking for philosophy. And, besides, he was the only son Eucritus had—a man, by the way, of large means—and so out of the whole lot of suitors Aristænetus chose him as bridegroom.<sup>4</sup>

PHIL. The fact you speak of, that Eucritus is rich, was, to be sure, no trifling inducement. But who were the guests, Lycinus?

6. LYC. As for the rest, why should I name them to you? But among the philosophers and learned men whom, I presume, you want to hear about most of all, there were present the old gentleman, Zenothemis,<sup>5</sup> from the Porch,<sup>6</sup> and along with him Diphilus—yclept the Labyrinthine—who was tutor to Zenon, Aristænetus' son. Of the Peripatetics there was Cleodemus—you know the loquacious fellow, fond of cross-questioning people. His pupils dub him a sword and cleaver. Yes, and the Epicurean, Hermon, was there. As he came in the Stoics eyed him askance, and turned away, and evidently loathed him as though he were a parricide and accurst. These gentlemen were invited to the dinner because they were friends and acquaintances of Aristænetus himself, and with them Histæus, the grammarian,<sup>7</sup> and the rhetorician, Dionysodorus. 7. For the sake of Chæreus, the bridegroom, Ion, the Platonist, his tutor, sat with them at the festive board. He was a sort of dignified looking gentleman—you might have taken him for a god—and wore upon his face a decorous air that was truly remarkable. At all

<sup>4</sup> Chose him as bridegroom: For the marriage customs and ceremonial of the Greeks, see Becker's *Charicles*.

<sup>5</sup> Zenothemis: This and the names of philosophers which follow probably represent well-known persons in Lucian's time. Diphilus is styled "The Labyrinthine" from his winding, intricate, confused mode of argumentation.

<sup>6</sup> The Porch: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 87. For the Peripatetics, see *Parasite*, note 18. For the Epicureans and Stoics, see *Zeus in Heroics*, note 18.

<sup>7</sup> The grammarian: ὁ γραμματικὸς, applied to professional interpreters and critics of the poets, especially of Homer; also used to designate teachers of the rudiments of education. The rhetorician, ὁ ῥήτωρ, was a teacher of rhetoric and the art of eloquence, wrote speeches for others to deliver, and was himself often a traveling lecturer.

events the multitude, in recognition of the correctness of his judgment, style him the "Canon."<sup>8</sup> As he passed, they all rose and made room for him, and greeted him as one of the better class. In a word, the affair looked as though a god had arrived when Ion, the admirable, put in an appearance. 8. At length the time came for the guests—about all of whom were now present—to take their places at table.<sup>9</sup> The ladies, of whom there were not a few, came in upon the right and occupied the entire divan on that side; and among them was the bride, quite closely veiled, and surrounded by the women. The rest of the crowd took their places on the side facing the door, according to each one's rank. 9. Directly opposite the ladies, first in order sat Eucritus, and next was Aristænetus. Then a question arose as to which should have the precedence, Zenothemis, the Stoic, on the score of his age, or Hermon, the Epicurean; for the latter was priest of the Dioscuri<sup>10</sup> and belonged to the first family in the city. But Zenothemis solved the difficulty at once.—"Aristænetus," says he, "if you consider me inferior to this Epicurean here—to say nothing else that's bad about him—I'll retire, and you can have your dinner all to yourself." At the same time he called his servant and made as if he were going. Then Hermon spoke up. "Take the first place, Zenothemis! Yet, even if for no other reason, it were meet for you to give place to one who is, at all events, a priest, although you have utterly despised Epicurus."—"I can't help laughing," replied Zenothemis; "ha! ha! ha! an Epicurean a priest!"—With these words he took the seat, and Hermon, for all that, sat next to him. Then came Cleodemus, the Peripatetic; then Ion, and next below him the bridegroom. I sat next, and by my side Diphilus, and below him Zenon, his pupil, and then came the rhetorician, Dionysodorus, and Histæus, the grammarian.

<sup>8</sup> The "Canon": ὁ κανὼν, the norm, or rule, which serves to determine, or regulate, other things.

<sup>9</sup> Places at table: For the customs of the Greeks at banquets, consult Becker's *Charities*.

<sup>10</sup> Dioscuri: Castor and Polydeuces; so called as sons of Zeus.

10. PHIL. Bless me, Lycinus! The banquet you are describing seems to have been a sort of "Museum," or school of philosophers—the most of them. I for my part highly commend Aristænetus, because in celebrating the festival that is most longed for, he thought fit to entertain the wisest in preference to the rest, and—what indeed was most remarkable—culled the best from every sect, not those from this school, or from that, but all promiscuously.

LYC. Of course he did, my friend. For he isn't one of the common herd of rich folks, but in fact takes an interest in education and passes the most of his life in the company of the cultured. 11. Well, then, to proceed—during the first part of the entertainment there was general silence, for a varied menu had been provided. However, I needn't, I presume, enumerate the viands also—the sauces, sweetmeats and savory dishes—for there was a plenty of everything. Meanwhile Cleodemus, bending over toward Ion, said: "D'ye see that old man"—meaning Zenothemis, for I was listening—"how he is stuffing himself with the dainties, and has spilled the soup all over his clothes, and what things he is helping his servant to, who stands behind him—thinking that the rest don't notice it, and all unmindful of those next to him? Call the attention of Lycinus also to it, so that he can see the performance." But I didn't need Ion to point it out to me, for I had observed it long before from the high place I occupied. 12. No sooner had Cleodemus said this, when the Cynic,<sup>11</sup> Alcidas, burst unbidden into the room, quoting as a good joke the stock phrase:

<sup>11</sup> The Cynic: This school was founded by Antisthenes (see *Dial. of Dead*, 27, N. 2). The great name of the sect was his pupil, Diogenes of Sinopé (see *Dial. of Dead*, 1, N. 1), who was succeeded by Crates (see *Dial. of Dead*, 27, N. 3). Menippus, a favorite character of Lucian's, was of this sect (see *Dial. of Dead*, 1, N. 8). The dictum, "Live according to nature," they made the foundation principle of their philosophy. Accordingly, all external circumstances and conditions, such as food, clothing and lodging, were regarded with indifference. They preached contentment with what one had, no matter how little it might be—the less the better. Pleasure as an object in life they utterly despised. "Rather go mad than take pleasure in anything," said Antisthenes. With them the ideal condition was to have no wants or desires, or the fewest possible. They practiced absolute independence, freedom, the utmost frankness of speech, contempt for all social arrangements and conventionalities, and lived apart, mingling with their fellow-men only to treat them with scornful reprobation. Cf. *Auction of Philosophers*, 8 ff.

Menelaus is here, though he got no invitation.

—*Il.* ii., 408.<sup>12</sup>

However, most of those present thought it a piece of gross impudence on his part and replied to him off-hand, one with:

Thou art crazy, Menelaus.

—*Il.* vii., 109.<sup>13</sup>

And another with:

But Agamemnon, Atreus' son, therein no pleasure found.

—*Il.* i., 24.<sup>14</sup>

And other well-timed remarks they made in an undertone—right to the point and clever they were, too. No one dared, however, to speak his mind right out, for they were afraid of Alcidas. He's ever so good at shouting, you know, and more noisy than any dog.<sup>15</sup> On this account he was thought to be superior to everybody else, and all stood in very great fear of him. 13. Aristænetus, after a word of compliment, bade him take a seat and sit down by the side of Histæus and Dionysodorus.—“Get along with you!” cried he. “It's effeminate and the mark of a weakling to sit as you bid me upon a chair or a sofa, in the way you folks are feasting here upon this soft couch, reclining all but upon your backs with purple rugs placed beneath. I'm going to take my dinner standing bolt upright, and walking about as the banquet proceeds. Yes, and if I should get tired of this, why, I'll spread my cloak upon the ground and lie down, resting on my elbow, just as they represent Heracles<sup>16</sup> as doing.”—“Well,”

<sup>12</sup> *Il.* ii., 408: Where Menelaus is represented as coming unbidden to the sacrifice and to the banquet given by Agamemnon to the princes of the Achaian host, before they marshalled their men for battle.

<sup>13</sup> *Il.* vii., 109: Words of Agamemnon, when he sought to stay his brother from his purpose to fight singly with the goodly Hector, in response to the latter's challenge.

<sup>14</sup> *Il.* i., 24: Said of Agamemnon, when the Achæans appealed to him to have respect for Chryseis, the priest, and accept the ransom he had brought for his captive daughter.

<sup>15</sup> Than any dog: A comparison suggested by the fact that Alcidas was a Cynic, a name derived either from the gymnasium (*Κυνόδαρυς*) where Antisthenes taught, or from the coarse, dog-like life of the sect. “Dog,” *κύων*, came to be used at Athens as a nickname of the Cynics.

<sup>16</sup> Represent Heracles as doing: This was one of the attitudes in which Heracles was represented in art and upon Greek coins, with a cup in his right hand. The celebrated reclining male figure in the east pediment of the Parthenon is,

said Aristænetus, "do so, if it's more to your mind." During the rest of the entertainment Alcidas made the round of the tables and took his dinner after the fashion of the Scythians,<sup>17</sup> going from place to place, according as he found the pasturage more abundant, and following right along with the waiters as they passed the dainties around. 14. Yes, even in the very act of eating he kept rattling on about virtue and vice and flouting at the gold and silver plate. Anyhow, he persisted in asking Aristænetus what he wanted of so many and such big drinking cups, when earthen ones would answer just as well. At last he became such a nuisance that Aristænetus squelched him for the time being by beckoning to the waiter to give him a huge cup of wine with less water in it. In doing this he seemed to have had the best of intentions, for he didn't realize what a source of mischief that cup was to be. As Alcidas took it, he held his tongue for a little, and, throwing himself upon the floor, lay there, as he had threatened, half-naked, and supporting himself upon his left elbow, at the same time holding the cup in his right hand, just as the painters represent Heracles in the presence of Pholus.<sup>18</sup> 15. By this time the wine cup was being passed around incessantly among the rest of the company; there was social intercourse and drinking to one another's health, and lights had been brought in. Meanwhile, I saw a handsome boy who was acting as cupbearer, standing near Cleodemus, and smiling a little—for I suppose I ought to tell you the minor incidents of the entertainment, especially whatever happened that was uncommonly funny—and I at once watched very narrowly to see just what it was that made him smile. After a little the boy approached for the purpose of receiving the wine-glass from Cleodemus, who thereat squeezed his finger tightly, and I

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not improbably, the deified hero reposing in Olympian beatitude (see Friederich's *Bausteine*). Dr. Waldstein, however, following the interpretation of Brunn, is disposed to regard it as a personification of nature in the genius of Mount Olympus.

<sup>17</sup> The Scythians: An allusion to the nomadic habit of these people, who lived on the steppes north of the Euxine sea.

<sup>18</sup> Pholus: The chief of the Arcadian Centaurs, who hospitably entertained the hungry and thirsty Heracles, when he was on his expedition after the Erymanthian boar, and broached in his honor a cask of wine.



think gave him two drachmas<sup>19</sup> along with the glass. The boy, on his finger being squeezed, smiled again, but I presume did not at the same time notice the money. Accordingly, as he didn't get them in his hand, the two drachmas fell to the floor and made something of a noise; whereupon both parties turned red in the face very perceptibly. Those near by were in doubt as to who was the owner of the coins, as the boy declared he hadn't dropped them; while Cleodemus, near whom the noise occurred, made as if he wasn't responsible for letting the coins fall. However, the matter passed unheeded, and was hardly noticed, as very few saw it—Aristænetus was almost the only one, so it seemed to me. For he shortly afterward removed the boy on the sly, without its being observed, and beckoned some one of the grown-up servants, a great strapping fellow—some muleteer or hostler—to wait upon Cleodemus. The affair would have resulted in bringing great disgrace upon Cleodemus, had it become generally known sooner and not been suppressed at once, for Aristænetus showed great tact in dealing with his drunken behavior. 16. The Cynic, Alcidas, for he was already the worse for liquor, after inquiring the name of the bride, in stentorian tones commanded silence. Then looking in the direction of the ladies, he exclaimed: "I drink to your health, Cleanthis, in presence of Heracles, our sovereign prince." And when they all laughed at this sally,—“You reprobates, you!” said he, “did you laugh because I drank to the health of the bride in the presence of our god, Heracles?” At the same time he demeaned himself in a fashion too outrageous to be described. At this the company laughed<sup>20</sup> again. Thereupon he rose up in high dudgeon with fierce and frenzied look, and was evidently bent upon picking a quarrel. Likely enough he would have struck somebody with his staff, had not a huge cake been brought in just in the nick of time. At sight of this, he became more quiet, ceased from his anger, and went to stuffing him-

<sup>19</sup> Two drachmas: = 40 cents.

<sup>20</sup> The company laughed: The outrageous conduct of Alcidas occasioned only amusement, instead of disgust, the Greeks had become so accustomed to regard a Cynic as a human being almost in a state of nature, and not amenable even to the most ordinary rules of civilized society.

self, following the dish as it was passed around. 17. By this time most of the guests were quite boozy, and the banquet hall resounded with shouts. Dionysodorus, the rhetorician, delivered in turn certain speeches of his own and was applauded by the servants, who stood behind him. While the grammarian Histiaeus, who sat next, gave a recitation, consisting of excerpts from Pindar,<sup>21</sup> Hesiod and Anacreon, so that the whole had the effect of a single ode—it was superlatively amusing. The following he recited with especial gusto, as though foretelling what was soon to come to pass:

Together they clashed their ox-hide shields,  
—*Il.* iv., 447.<sup>22</sup>

and:

Thereupon the wailing of men arose, and shout of triumph too.  
—*Il.* iv., 450.

Then Zenothemis, taking from his servant a book, written in quite small characters, read therefrom. 18. As is customary on such occasions, there were short pauses between these performances, while the waiters passed around the viands; but Aristænetus contrived that not even this space of time should be wanting in pleasure or empty. He directed the jester to come in, and say or do something funny, that the guests might be put in still better humor. An ungainly-looking fellow entered, with his head shaven, except a few hairs sticking up straight upon the top, and danced, bending himself far over and twisting his body in every direction, in order that he might appear all the more droll. And hammering out anapestic verses, he recited them with an Egyptian accent,<sup>23</sup> and last of all made game of those present. 19. The rest laughed, when they were chaffed. But when he gave Alcidas also a keen thrust of somewhat the same sort, addressing him as a

<sup>21</sup> Pindar: See *Dream, or Cock*, note 13. For Hesiod, see *Mentippus in the Rôle of Icarus*, note 96. Anacreon, a lyric poet of Teos, on the coast of Ionia in Asia Minor, flourished about 530 B. C. His poems were those of a voluptuary.

<sup>22</sup> *Il.* iv., 447: This and the following quotation are from a spirited description of a furious combat between Greeks and Trojans.

<sup>23</sup> With an Egyptian accent: The buffoon who formed a regular part of the entertainment at banquets, was very generally a dwarf of Egyptian extraction and naturally spoke Greek with a peculiar brogue, in itself amusing to those, like the Athenians, accustomed to the purest Attic.

"Maltese lapdog,"<sup>24</sup> that gentleman flew into a passion—it had been evident for some time that he was jealous of the jester's popularity, because the latter engrossed the attention of the whole company. Throwing aside his coarse cloak, he challenged him to a wrestling and boxing match, and declared that, if the fellow refused, he would give him the benefit of his club. So then the ill-starred Satyrion—for that was the jester's name—engaged in a set-to with him. The affair was entertaining beyond measure—a professional philosopher grappling with a buffoon, giving blows and receiving them in his turn. Some of those present were mortified, while others laughed, until Alcidas got tired of being pummelled, having been worsted by a well-trained dwarf. So the combatants were greeted with roars of laughter. 20. Then Dr. Dionicus came in, soon after the contest was over. He had been detained, he alleged, in attendance upon Polyprepon, the flute player, who had been attacked with inflammation of the brain. It was just a bit laughable—the story the doctor told. He said he entered Polyprepon's chamber without knowing that he was already suffering from this disease. The patient instantly rose up, closed the door, and drawing a dagger, handed him his flutes and bade him play upon them. And then, when he couldn't do that, the fellow struck him with a whip upon the palms of his hands. At last, in view of the great danger he was in, the doctor hit upon the following expedient—he challenged his patient to a match, the unsuccessful contestant to receive a specified number of blows. And first he himself played abominably. Next, handing the flutes to his companion, he received from him the whip and the dagger, and quick as a flash flung them through the window into the open court. After this, grappling with the fellow, with more safety now, he called the neighbors to his aid, who broke open the door and rescued him. He exhibited marks of the blows and some scratches upon his face. Dr. Dionicus, after winning for his narrative no less applause than the jester, squeezed himself in next to Histæus and dined

<sup>24</sup> Maltese lapdog: The island of Malta was noted for this particular breed of dogs.

on what was left. His presence with us was quite providential; in fact, he proved of the utmost service in the events which followed. 21. It came about on this wise. Right before us all a servant entered, who said that he was come from Hetœmocles, the Stoic, with a note, which he declared his master commanded him to read publicly in the hearing of all, and then he was to go back again. With the permission of Aristænetus he went to the lamp and read it.

PHIL. I presume, my dear Lycinus, it was a tribute to the bride, wasn't it, or a nuptial ode? Such things are quite the fashion, you know.

LYC. Of course, we, too, supposed it was some such thing. On the contrary, it proved to be nothing of the sort. It was to the following purport:

22. "Hetœmocles, the philosopher, to Aristænetus:

"What my opinions are about dining out all my past life would attest. Every day I'm pestered with invitations from many persons far more wealthy than you; but for all that I've never been in haste to accept them, for I know what disturbances and acts of drunken violence occur at such entertainments. But in your case alone I think I've a right to feel hurt. For so long a time have I been indefatigable in paying court to you, and yet you didn't see fit to number me, too, among your other friends, but I'm the only one you've left out, notwithstanding I'm such a near neighbor of yours. Therefore I'm all the more grieved, because you've proved so unthankful. For my wealth and weal do not consist in a bit of wild-boar's flesh or of hare or pancake. I enjoy these things in abundance at the houses of others, who understand the proprieties. I could have had even to-day a dinner costing a pretty penny, as the saying is, at the house of my pupil, Pammenes; but I declined his pressing invitation—fool that I was!—and reserved myself for you. 23. Yes, slighting me, you entertain others in sumptuous style. But it's just what one might expect, for you are not yet able to distinguish what is better, nor do you possess even the imaginative faculty<sup>25</sup> by which you can apprehend

<sup>25</sup> The imaginative faculty: *φαντασία*, the power by which an object is made apparent to the mind; a favorite word with the Stoics.

things. Well, I know whom I have to thank for this treatment—it's those prodigies of philosophers of yours—Zenothemis and he whom they nickname the 'Labyrinthine.' With a single syllogism—be it spoken without vanity—I could in a twinkling, methinks, stop up their mouths! Let one of them answer the question—what is philosophy? or this first—what is the distinction between a temporary state<sup>26</sup> and the permanent constitution of things?—to say nothing of those knotty subjects—the fallacy called the 'Horns,'<sup>27</sup> or a 'Sorites,' or the syllogism of the 'Reaper.' Well, I wish you joy of them. As for myself, I shall bear with equanimity the slight you've put upon me, for I regard moral beauty as alone good. 24. And yet, that you may not be able to take refuge by and by in the threadbare excuse, that amid so much confusion and so many distractions you had forgotten me—twice to-day, let me tell you, I greeted you, both early in the morning at your house, and afterward, when you were sacrificing in the temple of the Dioscuri.<sup>28</sup> I have made this statement to those present in my own vindication. 25. If you imagine that it is merely a dinner, on account of which I'm offended, please take note of the case of CENEUS.<sup>29</sup> You will observe that Artemis also was displeased, because she was the only one whom he failed to invite to the sacrificial feast, at which he entertained the other gods. Homer, you know, puts the matter as follows:

Either on purpose he forgot, or did not think, but reckless folly  
ruled his soul. —*Il. ix.*, 537.<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>26</sup> A temporary state: *σχεδός*, one which is alterable, as opposed to *ἕξις*, a fixed, constitutional state, or habit.

<sup>27</sup> Fallacy of the Horns: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, N. 9. Sorites, a heap of syllogisms, invented by Chrysippus, in which the conclusion of one forms the premise of the next, and the conclusion from all connects the predicate of the last with the subject of the first proposition. For the syllogism of the Reaper, see *Auction of Philosophers* note 46.

<sup>28</sup> Temple of the Dioscuri: See *Timon*, note 21.

<sup>29</sup> CENEUS: See *Zeus in Heroics*, note 78.

<sup>30</sup> *Il. ix.*, 537: Where is given the story of CENEUS and the calamity Artemis, the huntress daughter of Leto, brought upon him. The quotations that follow are from writings of Euripides and Sophocles not now extant. The Calydonian land was in southern *Ætolia*, across the Corinthian Gulf from Pelops' *Iale*, or the *Peloponnesus*.

## And Euripides:

Here's the Calydonian land, to Pelops' isle  
Lying opposite, and blest with goodly fields.

## And Sophocles:

A boar of giant size o'er Ceneus' realm destroying sped,  
By Leto's goddess daughter loosed, whose arrows fly afar.

26. "I have made to you these few quotations out of many at my command, that you may learn what sort of a man you've passed by, while you entertain Diphilus, to whose care you've intrusted your son—and naturally enough, for he is agreeable to the youth and attends upon him as a favor. Were it not disgraceful for me to say such things, I would also add something, the truth of which, if you want to, you can learn from Zopyrus,<sup>21</sup> who accompanies the boy to and from school. But one ought not to make trouble at a wedding feast, or incriminate others, especially when the charges are of such a shameful character. Yes, notwithstanding Diphilus deserves it for having already enticed away two pupils of mine, yet I shall keep silence for the sake of philosophy herself. 27. I have directed this servant—in case you give him a piece of boar's flesh, venison, or sesame cake to bring me by way of apology for not inviting me to the dinner—not to receive it, lest we seem to have had this very object in view in sending him."

28. While this letter was being read, my good friend, I was in a flood of perspiration for very shame, and I wished to heaven—to use the common phrase—that the ground would open and swallow me up, as I saw those present laughing over every word, especially as many as knew Hetœmocles, who to all appearance was a dignified, grayheaded gentleman. And so they were, therefore, wondering how, when his real character was such, they could have been so completely imposed upon by his beard and the assumption of a serious countenance. For Aristænetus seemed to me to have over-

<sup>21</sup> Zopyrus: The *παιδαγωγός*, or slave, who, according to ancient custom, went with the youth to and from school and had general charge of his physical well-being.

looked him, not from indifference, but because he supposed that he would never accept, if invited, or condescend to take part in any such affair. Therefore, he didn't think it at all worth while even to put him to the proof. 29. When at last the servant finished reading the whole company fixed their eyes upon Zenon and Diphilus and their companions, who substantiated the charges of Hetœmocles by the way they winced under them, and turned pale, and by their embarrassed look. Aristœnetus was struck all of a heap and completely disconcerted, but nevertheless bade us keep on drinking, and tried to smooth over what had happened, smiling a little at the same time, and dismissed the servant with the assurance that he would see to these matters. After a little Zenon also, without being observed, got up and went out, at a nod from his tutor that his father directed him to do so. 30. Cleodemus had been wishing for some pretext this long while, for he wanted to come to close quarters with the Stoics, and was actually bursting for lack of a good starting point. The letter gave him the keynote just in the nick of time. "It's such stuff," said he, "that the noble Chrysippus,"<sup>33</sup> Zeno the admirable, and Cleanthes spend their time in elaborating—miserable pet phrases, questions merely, and the external characteristics of philosophers; and in all other particulars, the most of them are Hetœmocles over again. The letter, too, see how it smacks of antiquity, particularly the conclusion, in which Aristœnetus is compared to Cœneus and Hetœmocles to Artemis. How well, forsooth, it all sounds, and appropriate to a feast!" 31. "Yes, indeed!" said Hermon, who sat above him at table. "He had heard, I presume, that Aristœnetus had caused a boar to be cooked for the dinner, and so the reference to the Calydonian seemed to him not ill-timed. But," Hermon continued,

<sup>33</sup> Chrysippus, etc.: See *Concerning Salaried Companions*, N. 81. For Zeno and his school, see *Zeus in Heroics*, N. 18 (latter part). Cleanthes was born about 300 B. C., and for nineteen years was a pupil of Zeno. He was so enthusiastically devoted to philosophy and to his master, that in order to support himself while giving the whole of each day to study, he worked most of the night in drawing water for gardens. It is said that sometimes he was too poor to buy paper, and accordingly took notes of Zeno's lectures upon bones and pieces of earthenware. Upon Zeno's death, he succeeded him in his school. While not an original thinker, he did much to maintain the Stoical doctrines on the lines which his master had laid down.

turning to the host, "by the guardian goddess of hearth and home!"<sup>33</sup> Aristænetus, do send him as quickly as you can some of the choicest bits, lest the old gentleman, like Meleager,<sup>34</sup> waste away from hunger before you get to him. After all, there would be nothing dreadful in such a fate, for Chrysippus, you know, used to regard such things as matters of indifference." 32. "How?" said Zenothemis, raising himself up and shouting at the top of his voice. "Do such as you dare to mention Chrysippus, or compare those wise men, Cleanthes and Zeno, with that quack, Hecæmocrates, a man who does not pursue philosophy in a lawful manner? And who are you that you presume to say such things? Wasn't it you, Hermon, who the other day clipped off the locks of the Dioscuri,<sup>35</sup> which were made of gold? Yes, you shall be turned over to the public executioner and pay the penalty for it. And you, Cleodemus, used to play the gay Lothario with the wife of your pupil Sostratus; yes, and you got caught at it and were subjected to the most disgraceful treatment. Will ye not, then, hold your peace, seeing you are conscious to yourselves of having committed such crimes?" "Well!" replied Cleodemus, "I don't dishonor those of my own house, as you do, nor have I taken the means of living belonging to a pupil from abroad, which he has entrusted to my keeping, and then sworn by Athené Polias<sup>36</sup> that I had never received the money. And I don't lend money at four

<sup>33</sup> Goddess of hearth and home: Hestia, daughter of Cronus and Rhea. The hearth was regarded as the sacred altar of the house, where the household gods were kept and offerings were made, in all of which, she, as the center of domestic life, had a share. Solemn oaths were sworn by her name.

<sup>34</sup> Meleager: Son of Æneus, king of Calydon in Ætolia, and distinguished as an Argonaut, and in the Calydonian hunt. On the latter occasion, for his part in slaying the boar, he received its head and hide, but resigned his prize to the beautiful huntress, Atalanta, who had been the first to wound the beast. Out of jealousy, the brothers of Althæa, Meleager's mother, waylaid Atalanta and robbed her of the present; whereupon Meleager slew them both, and thus excited the wrath of Althæa. The Fates had informed her at the time of his birth, that her son would die as soon as a certain faggot on the fire was consumed. She accordingly snatched it from the flames and carefully laid it away; but now in her anger she placed it again upon the fire, and as it burned up, Meleager's life ebbed away, and his mother, overcome with sorrow for her hasty deed, put an end to her own life.

<sup>35</sup> The Dioscuri: Statues of Castor and Polydeuces, perhaps in their temple near the Acropolis. See *Timon*, note 21.

<sup>36</sup> Polias: A title of Athené as guardian goddess of the city of Athens.



drachmas," or throttle my pupils if they don't pay their fees<sup>37</sup> on time." "Well!" replied Zenothemis, "you certainly will not deny this, that you gave poison to Criton, with which to get rid of his father." 33. At the same time—for he chanced to be drinking—he emptied upon them both the liquor that still remained in his glass—it was about half full. Ion, who sat next to him, also got the benefit of it—well, he deserved it. Hermon, stooping over, went to scraping off the wine from his head, and called those present to witness what had befallen him. Cleodemus—for he hadn't any glass—turning toward him, spat upon Zenothemis, and seizing him by the beard with his left hand was about to strike him upon the head and would have killed the old man, had not Aristænetus arrested his hand and, stepping to the other side of Zenothemis, sat down between the two, in order that with him as a sort of partition wall, they might be separated and so keep the peace. 34. While all this was going on, my dear Philo, I indulged in various reflections all to myself. This thought at once suggested itself, that there is no advantage at all in possessing, forsooth, the learning of the schools, unless one also order his life according to what is better. At all events, I saw those eminent for erudition making a laughing stock of themselves as respects their conduct. Then it occurred to me whether it may not be true, as many claim, that those who pore over books only and the thoughts contained therein, learning deprives of sound sense. At any rate, among so many philosophers present, it was impossible to find even one who had the good fortune to be without a single failing, but some did disgraceful things, while others said things more disgraceful. For I could no longer charge their doings to the credit of the wine, when I took into account what Hecæmoeles had written—you know he hadn't so much as tasted of the food or drink. 35. The case, then, was just the reverse of what one

<sup>37</sup> Four drachmas: = about 80 cents per month for every mina (\$30), i.e., 4 per cent. a month. In the time of Demosthenes the usual rate of interest at Athens varied from 1 to 1½ per cent. a month; but common usurers often exacted the most exorbitant rates and realized extraordinary profits, and at the same time a good deal of unpopularity.

<sup>38</sup> Fees: See *Parasite*, note 44.

would naturally expect. The laymen were evidently feasting with the utmost decorum, neither playing any drunken tricks, nor behaving unseemly. They only laughed and made merry at the expense of the very men whom, I take it, they were wont to admire, because they assumed from their appearance that they were men of mark. Whereas, these learned philosophers behaved outrageously, were abusive, stuffed themselves, shouted, yes, and came to blows. The admirable Alcidas, utterly regardless of the presence of the ladies, acted as though lost to all sense of propriety. Indeed, to use the comparison that best suits the case, the proceedings at this banquet reminded me most strikingly of the story the poets tell concerning Eris,<sup>39</sup> how, not having been invited to the marriage of Peleus, she threw into the assembled company the apple which caused the Trojan war of such vast proportions. Just so Hecemocles, I thought, by throwing his letter, an apple as it were, into our midst, wrought no less mischief than that recorded in the *Iliad*. 36. But to resume my story—Zenothemis and Cleodemus and those about them did not cease squabbling, when Aristænetus came between them. “For the present,” said Cleodemus, “it will suffice if you people have your ignorance shown up, but to-morrow I’ll requite you according to your deserts. Come, then! Answer me this, Zenothemis—either you or Diphilus, that paragon of propriety—how comes it that you pronounce the possession of money a matter of indifference, and yet think of nothing under the sun, except how you may acquire more, and with this in view, pay court all the time to the rich, lend your money at interest, which you calculate to a fraction, and teach for pay? And furthermore, while you profess to hate pleasure and denounce the Epicureans, how is it that you yourselves for pleasure’s sake, do and experience the most disgraceful things, taking umbrage, if one shouldn’t invite you to a din-

<sup>39</sup> Eris: See introduction to *Dial. of Gods*, 20. Paris, who was called upon to award the apple, decided in favor of Aphrodité, who had promised him the fairest woman on earth for his wife. He subsequently visited the court of Menelaus, king of Sparta, whose wife, Helen, became enamoured of Paris, and fled with him to Troy. Her surrender being refused, Menelaus organized an expedition from all Greece for revenge, the story of which is told in the *Iliad*, and ending in the destruction of Ilium.

ner, and then, if you should be invited, eating so prodigiously and tipping the servants so much?" As he said this, he essayed to draw aside the linen garment which the attendant of Zenothemis wore. It proved to be full of all manner of meats. He succeeded in loosening it and was about to throw the contents upon the floor. The boy, however, did not let go, but clung to them stoutly. 37. "Bravo, Cleodemus!" cried Hermon. "Let them state why they denounce pleasure, and yet expect to enjoy themselves more than anybody else." "Nay!" replied Zenothemis, "but do you, Cleodemus, tell us why you regard wealth as not a matter of indifference." "Nay, not so! but you must answer me," the latter replied. And so it went on for some time until Ion, bending forward so as to be seen the better, exclaimed: "Come, have done with this! If agreeable, I will propose for general discussion a topic appropriate to the present feast. And on your part, you must speak and listen with no disposition to pick a quarrel—in the same spirit, in fact, that prevailed in the presence of our Plato, where dialectics<sup>40</sup> afforded the most entertainment." All present assented, especially Aristænetus and Eucritus, with those near them, in the hope at least that in this way they might get out of the unpleasant predicament. Thinking that peace was now established, Aristænetus returned to his own place. 38. And at the same time there was brought in for us what is called the entire dinner<sup>41</sup>—for each guest a fowl, a roast of boar, a hare, and a fish right out of the frying pan, sesame cakes and relishes. These articles it was permissible to take away with one. Each guest was not given a separate dish, but Aristænetus and Eucritus had one in common upon one table, from which each was to take his own share. In like manner Zenothemis, the Stoic, and Hermon, the Epicurean, had theirs in common; next in order, Cleodemus and Ion,

<sup>40</sup> Dialectics: The method of exposing error or elucidating truth by means of question and answer between two or more interlocutors. According to Aristotle, it was first employed by Zeno, the philosopher from Elea in Italy, and the favorite disciple of Parmenides; but it was brought to perfection by Socrates and Plato, in whose hands it was a remarkably effective instrument.

<sup>41</sup> The entire dinner: It seems to have been the custom, near the close of a nuptial banquet, to bring in a sample of each of the various viands, or courses, of the dinner, which the guest was permitted to take home with him, as a memento of the occasion.

after whom came the bridegroom and myself; while Diphilus had a double portion, for Zenon had gone out. Please bear this description in mind, my dear Philo, for it has an important bearing upon my story.

PHIL. Indeed I'll not forget it.

39. LYC. Well, to proceed. "If agreeable," said Ion, "I will lead off." And then, after a moment's pause, he went on to say: "In the presence of such men as are before me, perhaps I ought to discourse about archetypes<sup>43</sup> and things incorporeal and the immortality of the soul. But that I may not antagonize those who pursue a different method in philosophy, I will set forth some reasonable views concerning marriage. The ideal condition<sup>44</sup> of things would be to forego marriage altogether, and follow the teachings of Plato and Socrates. At any rate, only such persons can attain to perfection in virtue. But if one must marry, according to the doctrines of Plato, our wives should be had in common, so as to avoid jealousy (ζήλος)." 40. At this speech they all laughed, so ill-timed did it seem. And Dionysodorus cried out: "Let us have no more of this talk that smacks of the foreigner. For where or in what author can we find the word ζήλος<sup>45</sup> used in the sense of jealousy?" "What! do you presume to open your mouth, you good-for-nothing?" Ion replied. Dionysodorus, also, I believe, returned his abuse in good set terms. But that most estimable gentleman, Histiæus, the grammarian, broke in with: "Be quiet there! for I'm going to read you a nuptial ode." 41. Thereupon he proceeded with the reading. If indeed my memory serves me, the poem was as follows, in the elegiac meter:

<sup>43</sup> Archetypes: See *Menippus in the rôle of Icarus*, note 17.

<sup>44</sup> The ideal condition, etc.: As a Platonist, Ion is made to set forth the views of his master as expressed in the "Republic," Bk. V., 457 ff. Compare *Auction of Philosophers* 17, where Socrates presents his views concerning marriage. In both instances an unfair impression is conveyed as to the morality of Plato's scheme. Unfriendly or dishonest interpreters had, no doubt, misrepresented its real spirit or intent for their own purposes or to discredit its author.

<sup>45</sup> ζήλος: Used by Ion in the sense of "jealousy." Its usual meaning is "eager rivalry," "emulation," shading off into the related idea of "envy."

Lo! What a lady fair in Aristænetus' palace,  
 Erst was reared with watchful care—Cleanthis divine;  
 Peerless 'mongst all the other maidens that 'round the wide  
     word dwell,  
 E'en Cythera " or Helen with her cannot vie.  
 Thou too, O bridegroom, welcome! Peerless 'mong all thy  
     comrades,  
 Mightier far than Nireus, " or Thetis' proud son.  
 We to you both in common oft-times in days to come, this  
 Hymn hymeneal will sing—wishing joy to your lives.

42. Well, after we had had, naturally enough, a good laugh over this poetic effusion, the next thing on the program was for each one to carry away the viands that were set before him. Aristænetus and Eucritus and those near them proceeded to take away each the portion placed before himself, and I mine, and Chæreas whatever was set for him. So also did Ion and Cleodemus. But Diphilus claimed the right to take also the share of Zenon, who had departed a while before. He insisted that the whole had been provided for him alone and got into a squabble with the servants, who seized hold of the fowl and pulled in the opposite direction, just as they did with the dead body of Patroclus.<sup>47</sup> At last Diphilus was vanquished and let go his hold, much to the amusement of the company, especially as he afterward got angry on the ground that he had been most grievously wronged. 43. Hermon and Zenothemis, with their companions, as already stated, were seated near one another, the latter gentleman occupying the upper place, while the former had the one next below. Everything else set before them was equally good. But the fowl in front of Hermon was the fatter of the two—a mere accident, I presume. Each person was to take away the one that belonged to himself. Meanwhile, however, Zenothemis—now give me your closest attention, my dear Philo, for we are

<sup>46</sup> Cythera: A surname given to Aphrodité, either from the city of that name in Crete, or from the island at the southern point of Laconia, where she was fabled to have landed from the sea. For Helen, see *Dial. of Dead*, 18, note 9.

<sup>46</sup> Nireus: See *Dial. of Dead*, 25, N. 2. Thetis' son was Achilles, the handsomest of all the Greeks before Troy.

<sup>47</sup> Patroclus: See *Parasite*, N. 37. Upon his death there ensued a long and desperate struggle for the possession of his body (*Il. xvii. and xviii.*), which ended in the victory of the Achæans.

approaching the most extraordinary incident of the banquet—Zenothemis, I say, leaving the chicken near himself, seized the one in front of Hermon, which, as I remarked, was fatter. The latter caught hold of it on the other side and wasn't going to permit himself to be cheated out of it. Then there was shouting, and they came to blows, and struck each other in the face with the chickens themselves. Yes, and they seized one another by the beard and called upon their friends to help them—Hermon upon Cleodemus, and Zenothemis upon Alcidas and Diphilus. Some of the company rallied to the support of the latter, others to the support of the former, with the sole exception of Ion, who maintained a strict neutrality. 44. The combatants came to close quarters, and Zenothemis, taking a cup from the table in front of Aristænetus, hurled it at Hermon.

Him it missed, but passing close by, elsewhither was turned,"

and laid open the bridegroom's skull with a very severe and deep gash. Thereupon the ladies began to scream, and most of them leaped down into the space between the combatants, in particular the mother of the youth, when she saw the blood. Also the bride, in her alarm for him, sprang from her place. Meanwhile Alcidas distinguished himself as an ally of Zenothemis. He hit Cleodemus over the head with his club, crushed Hermon's jaw, and severely wounded some of the servants who tried to help them. However, they didn't give up the struggle, but Cleodemus with his finger extended put out one of Zenothemis's eyes and, fastening on to his nose, bit it off, while Diphilus, who had come to the aid of Zenothemis, Hermon sent flying headlong from the sofa. 45. And Histæus, the grammarian—in the endeavor, I suppose, to part them by the use of his foot—received a wound in the teeth from Cleodemus, who mistook him for Diphilus. The poor fellow lay there "vomiting blood"<sup>49</sup>—to use the language of his own

<sup>48</sup> Him it missed, etc.: Cf. *Il.* xi., 233, from which it is adapted. There it reads: The son of Atreus missed his aim, and his spear was turned aside.

<sup>49</sup> Vomiting blood: *Il.* xv., 11, said of Hector, who had been struck down with a stone hurled by Ajax.

Homer. On every hand there was confusion and weeping. The women crowded around Chæreas and shrieked, while the rest were trying to put an end to the fracas. Alcidas did the most mischief of anybody, striking every one who came in his way, after he had once put to flight those standing near him. And many assuredly would have fallen had he not broken his club. I stood bolt upright near the wall and saw everything, without myself mixing in the affair, having been taught by the fate of Histæus that it's dangerous business to play the peacemaker in such matters. The scene would have put you in mind of the affair of the Lapithæ and Centaurs<sup>60</sup>—tables were overturned, blood flowed in streams, and drinking cups were hurled to and fro. 46. Finally Alcidas upset the lamp, so that it became dark as pitch, which, as might be supposed, served to make matters still worse. For they couldn't readily obtain another light; but in the darkness many outrageous things were done. And when at last some one came in with a lamp, Alcidas was caught making love to the flute girl;<sup>61</sup> and Dionysodorus was found to have done something else of an amusing nature. For when he rose up a cup fell out of his pocket. By way of apology he declared that Ion had picked it up in the mêlée and given it to him for safe keeping; and Ion said he had done it as a matter of prudence. 47. Upon this the company broke up. The tears which had been flowing were turned again to laughter at Alcidas, Dionysodorus and Ion. The wounded were carried out on litters, in such sorry plight were they, especially the aged Zenothemis, who had hold of his nose with one hand and of his eye with the other, exclaiming that he was dying from pain, so that even Hermon, notwithstanding he was badly off himself—for he had had two teeth knocked out—put in his protest and said: "Nevertheless, remember, Zenothemis, that in reality you regard suffering as not a matter of indifference."<sup>62</sup> After Dr. Dionicus had dressed his wound,

<sup>60</sup> The Lapithæ and Centaurs: See Introduction to the *Dialogue*.

<sup>61</sup> The flute girl: See *Timon*, Note 80.

<sup>62</sup> Not a matter of indifference: Zenothemis was of the Stoic sect, one of whose cardinal doctrines was that men should be utterly indifferent to external circumstances and unmoved by pain and suffering. Hermon twits him upon the inconsistency of his actions with his teachings.

the bridegroom, with his head all bandaged, was taken away to his house in the carriage in which he was intending to bring the bride home, having had—poor fellow!—a pretty bitter wedding feast. The doctor also took care of the others, so far, indeed, as was possible. The most of them were taken home for the purpose of sleeping off the effects of their debauch, and vomited while on the way. Alcidas, however, remained there. For they couldn't put the man out when once he had thrown himself down across the sofa and was sound asleep. 48. So ended the banquet, my good Philo; or better, to put it the way they do in tragedy:

Many are the forms the fates of men assume;  
Many a chance all unforeseen the gods fulfill;  
And what we think will happen, never comes to pass.\*\*

For verily this affair, too, had an unlooked-for ending. I've learned the lesson by this time, that it isn't safe for a peaceably disposed person to feast with such wise men as these.

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\*\* Many are the forms, etc.: The closing lines of five of the plays of Euripides: *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Andromache*, *Bacchæ* and *Helena*. Hermann (*Bacch.* 1886) says that, toward the close of the play, so much noise was usually made by the audience getting up and going out that the chorus could scarcely be heard and therefore but little care was spent upon the last few lines. Others think that these lines were added by the actors themselves.



## 3.

## THE AUCTION OF PHILOSOPHERS.

**SCENE:** *A slave market, with Zeus in charge, and Hermes as auctioneer. Representative philosophers for sale: Pythagoras, Diogenes, Aristippus, Democritus, Heraclitus, Socrates, Epicurus, Chrysippus, Aristotle, and Pyrrhon. A crowd of customers.*

1. **ZEUS.** (*Giving directions to his servants.*) You there, set in order the benches and have the place ready against the coming of our customers! And you, bring forward the lives and place them in a row! But first dress them up in best bib and tucker, that they may show off to good advantage and procure as many purchasers as possible. Now, Hermes, do you make proclamation and bid intending buyers be on hand promptly at the auction-room; and good luck to you! (*Hermes does as commanded, and a good many buyers having come in, Zeus proceeds.*) Gentlemen! We are going to sell at auction a lot of lives—philosophers, I mean—of all sorts and kinds and furnishing a varied choice. If any person can't pay cash down, he must give security for payment next year.

**HERM.** (*To Zeus.*) See! lots of people are gathering. So we mustn't fritter away time, nor detain them.

**ZEUS.** Well, then, let us proceed with the sale.

2. **HERM.** Which one will you have me offer first?

**ZEUS.** This long-haired chap here—the Ionian—he's a rather stately looking fellow.

**HERM.** Here! You Pythagorean,<sup>1</sup> you! Step down and

<sup>1</sup> You Pythagorean: Pythagoras was a famous philosopher of the sixth century B. C., and a native of Samos, an island in the Aegean Sea. He visited Egypt, and perhaps Phœnicia and Babylon, and, when about forty years of age, settled in Croton, southern Italy, where he established a brotherhood of his followers. His philosophy concerned itself with science, music and mathematics, ethics, and to some extent with politics. In numbers and their relations he found the

exhibit yourself to the crowd, so that they can look you all over.

ZEUS. (*To Hermes.*) Now auction him off!

HERM. Gentlemen! I have here for sale a live philosopher, the best of the lot, and with the most imposing presence. Who'll buy? Who wants to be more than man? Who wants to understand the music of the spheres<sup>2</sup> and return to life again?<sup>3</sup>

A CUSTOMER. (*Scanning him closely.*) He's not a mean-looking fellow. But what does he know best?

HERM. Oh—arithmetic, astronomy, jugglery, geometry, music and witchcraft. Yes, and you see before you a first-class prophet.

CUST. Is it allowable to catechise him?

HERM. Why, yes! Question him all you want to, and may you have a fine time of it.

3. CUST. (*Turning to Pythagoras.*) Well, my friend, where are you from?

PYTH. From Samos.

CUST. And where were you educated?

PYTH. In Egypt, with the wise men there.

CUST. Well, if I purchase you, what will you teach me?

PYTH. I shall teach you nothing. I shall merely rub up your memory.<sup>4</sup>

CUST. Why, how will you do that?

PYTH. By first cleansing your soul and washing off the filth there is on it.

origin and basis of all existing things, and in the harmonies of the musical scale an explanation of these relations. He inculcated the practice of asceticism, the restraint of the passions and abstinence from animal food. Virtue he regarded as a sort of harmony, or health, of the soul. Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls into other men and even into animals, was one of his chief doctrines. Lucian makes fun of this, and also of such eccentricities as the interdiction of beans and the five years' novitiate of silence.

<sup>2</sup> Music of the spheres: According to the Pythagorean system there is a central fire, the moving, enlivening principle of all things. Around this the heavenly bodies revolve at intervals of space determined by the laws of ratio in music; farthest off the fixed stars, then in successive spheres the planets, sun, moon and earth. As these bodies move they produce certain sounds, or notes, corresponding to the musical scale. We are not sensitive to them, because the ear has always been accustomed to the music, or it is too loud for our hearing capacity.

<sup>3</sup> Return to life again; An allusion to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

<sup>4</sup> Rub up your memory: Pythagoras, as well as Plato, held that all inquiry and all learning are but recollection, the recalling to remembrance of the knowledge the soul has already acquired during the various lives into which it has been born (*Cf. Plato's Meno, 81 ff.*). By cleansing the soul of his questioner he would help him to a spontaneous recovery of this knowledge.

CUST. Well, suppose now that I am already cleansed—what is your method of refreshing the memory?

PYTH. In the first place, one must lead a quiet life for a long time and observe silence—not uttering a word for five entire years.<sup>6</sup>

CUST. My dear sir, you are just the man to tutor the son of Croesus.<sup>7</sup> As for myself, I'm fond of talking; I don't want to be a statue. But after the five years of silence are up, what then?

PYTH. Why, then, you shall practise music and geometry.

CUST. That's a clever suggestion of yours—that I must first learn to play the harp before I can be wise.

4. PYTH. And then, besides these branches, you shall learn arithmetic.

CUST. Yes, but I already know how to count.

PYTH. Well, how do you count?

CUST. One, two, three, four——

PYTH. Stop! What you regard as four is really ten,<sup>8</sup> and the complete triangle<sup>9</sup> and the oath we swear by.

CUST. Nay, then, by the greatest oath one can take—by the number four—I never heard words more divine or more holy!

PYTH. And afterward, stranger, you shall learn about earth, air, water and fire—what their range of activity is, their form, and how they are set in motion.

CUST. What! Does fire have form? or air, or water?

PYTH. Certainly! It's plain as a pikestaff. For they couldn't move, if they were formless and without

<sup>6</sup> Not uttering a word for five entire years: Not to be taken too literally, but probably intended to mean that there should be a long novitiate, or period of probation, before the neophyte undertakes to teach.

<sup>7</sup> Son of Croesus: One of the Lydian king's sons was dumb, but suddenly recovered his speech, as he saw his father's life in danger, when the Persians took Sardis.

<sup>8</sup> Four is really ten: Because the latter includes four, three, two and one, and these are together equal to it. Ten was regarded as the perfect, all-working number, the first principle and guide of all life.

<sup>9</sup> The complete triangle, illustrated by the following figure, every side of which is a four:



shape. And besides, you shall learn that the Deity is number, mind and harmony.

CUST. You quite astonish me by what you say.

5. PYTH. And in addition to what I've already mentioned, you shall also find that you yourself, who, to all appearance pass for one and the same person, are in reality somebody else.

CUST. What say you? Am I somebody else, and not my real self here, who am now conversing with you?

PYTH. At present you are your identical self. But time was when you appeared in another body and under a different name; and one of these days you'll be changed again into still another form.

CUST. Do you mean to say, that I'm going to live forever and be changed into yet other shapes?—But enough of this. 6. Now, as to the matter of diet, what sort of a fellow are you?

PYTH. Well, nothing in the way of animal food do I eat, but everything else, except beans.\*

CUST. Why so? Do you have an antipathy to beans?

PYTH. Oh, no! But they are sacred, you know, and endowed with wonderful natural properties. In the first place they constitute the germ from which everything is derived. . . . And if, after a bean has been boiled, you place it in the moonlight a certain definite number of nights, then it turns into blood. But my main reason is that the Athenians have a law requiring them to choose their magistrates with beans.<sup>10</sup>

CUST. You've answered all my inquiries very well and as befits an oracle. But strip! For I want to see you with your clothes off. (*Aside.*) Good Heavens! His thigh is made of gold,<sup>11</sup> sure enough! He appears to be a god and none of your ordinary mortals. Well, I'll purchase him, come what may. (*To the auctioneer.*) How much do you offer him for?

HERM. Ten minæ.<sup>12</sup>

\* Except beans: That Pythagoras forbade altogether the eating of animal food is denied by the best authorities. He merely regulated it. Lucian doubtless attributes to him some eccentricities that belong rather to his later followers. Cf. Ovid, *Met.* 15, 75 ff., and Horace, *Sat.* II., 6, 61.

<sup>10</sup> Choose their magistrates with beans: Black and white were used in choosing various officers by lot, whoever drew the white bean being declared elected.

CUST. Well, I'll take him at that price.

ZEUS. (*To Hermes.*) Record the name of the purchaser and where he hails from.

HERM. To all appearance, Zeus, he's a Greek resident of Italy—one of those living in the neighborhood of Croton and Tarentum in Magna Græcia there. The party buying him is not one person, though; nigh three hundred people have bought him in common.

ZEUS. Well, let them take him away. Now let us put up another.

7. HERM. Will you have me put up that slovenly fellow from Pontus?<sup>13</sup>

ZEUS. Yes, by all means.

HERM. (*To Diogenes.*) You there, with the wallet hanging to you, and with your arms bare to the shoulder! Come! Make the circuit of the company! (*To the crowd.*) Gentlemen! I have here for sale one who leads a manly life—yes, a most excellent and noble life it is, and worthy of a free man. Who'll buy?

A CUSTOMER. What were you saying, Mr. Auctioneer? Do you sell a free man?

HERM. Why, certainly I do.

CUST. And then, aren't you afraid he'll bring an action against you for kidnapping, or even summon you before the Areopagus?<sup>14</sup>

HERM. Oh, he doesn't trouble himself about being sold. He thinks he's absolutely free.<sup>15</sup>

CUST. But what use could a person put him to, he's

<sup>11</sup> Thigh made of gold: The story that Pythagoras had a golden thigh was one of many fictions that gathered about his history among the Neo-Platonists.

<sup>12</sup> Ten minæ: The mina was equal to \$30.

<sup>13</sup> Fellow from Pontus: The Cynic Diogenes, a native of Sinopé, 412 B. C. In his youth dissipated and profligate, but under the influence of Antisthenes, the founder of the sect, he went to the opposite extreme and practised the greatest austerities. He is represented as full of eccentricities, indifferent to the most ordinary usages of society, half-clad in the coarsest of clothing, eating whatever he could find, sleeping in the street, in porticoes, or living in a tub, gruff in manner and venting merciless sarcasms upon the opinions and pursuits of men. Withal there was about him a certain rugged honesty and simple frankness and kindness of heart that won respect.

<sup>14</sup> Areopagus: The Court, held upon the hill of that name northwest of the Acropolis.

<sup>15</sup> Absolutely free: Because indifferent to and unaffected by external conditions or circumstances. The Cynics gloried in this indifference.

<sup>16</sup> Than any dog: A play upon the word Cynic, which literally means "dog-like." "Dog" was used at Athens as a nickname of the Cynics.

so dirty and in such wretched plight, unless one should set him to digging, or carrying water?

HERM. Yes, not only that, but if you make him door-keeper, you'll find him far more trusty than any dog.<sup>16</sup> Indeed, he goes by the name, Dog.

CUST. But where does he hail from, and what profession does he follow?

HERM. Ask the man himself—that will be better.

CUST. But he seems in such ill-humor and so glum, I'm afraid if I go near him, he'll snarl at me, or even bite me, by jingo! Don't you see how he has raised his club and contracted his eyebrows, and with what a threatening, angry air he looks out from beneath them.

HERM. Oh, don't you be alarmed! He's tame enough.

8. CUST. (*To Diogenes.*) In the first place, my dear sir, from what country do you come?

DIOG. (*Glowering at him.*) I'm from anywhere and everywhere.

CUST. What do you mean?

DIOG. Why, you see before you a citizen of the world.

CUST. And after whom are you taking pattern?

DIOG. After Heracles.

CUST. Why, then, don't you wear a lion's skin also? I see you resemble him as to the club.

DIOG. Here's my lion's skin—this threadbare cloak. I'm campaigning just as he did,<sup>17</sup> against the pleasures of men—not at anybody's behest, but of my own accord, deliberately choosing for myself the task of purifying human life.

CUST. Bravo! What a noble choice! But what shall we say you know best? What profession do you follow?

DIOG. I set men at liberty and am physician of their passions. In a word, I profess to be a prophet of truth and of plain speaking.

9. CUST. Come, Mr. Prophet, suppose I purchase you, in what fashion will you deck me out?

DIOG. Well, upon receiving you under my care, I shall first strip you of your luxury, compass you about

with want and clothe you in a coarse cloak. Then I shall oblige you to toil and drudge, with the ground for your bed and water only to drink, and to eat your fill of whatever chance brings in your way. At my behest you shall take your money, if you have any, and cast it into the sea. Wife, children and fatherland you shall care nothing about, and regard all things as mere trumpery. You shall quit your father's house and live in a tomb, or lonely tower, or even in a tub. Your wallet shall be full of lupines,<sup>17</sup> and of parchments written all over, even upon the back.<sup>18</sup> And in this plight you shall declare yourself happier than the Great King.<sup>19</sup> If somebody should flog you or stretch you upon the rack, you shall regard none of these things as painful.

CUST. How's that? Do you mean to say that when I'm flogged I shall not smart with pain? For I haven't been accoutred with the shell of a tortoise or crayfish.

DIOG. Well, you shall emulate that fine sentiment of Euripides—with a slight variation.

CUST. Pray, what's that?

DIOG.

Thy mind shall suffer pain, but no  
Sense thereof shall thy tongue betray.<sup>21</sup>

10. The qualities you most need to have are the following: You must be bold and unabashed, and abuse

<sup>17</sup> Just as he did: Just as Heracles spent a most laborious life in fighting destructive wild beasts and in other daring exploits, so Diogenes represents himself as campaigning against the pleasures of men, not, like that hero, in the service of a Eurystheus, but of his own choice, seeking to purify human life. The club and lion skin were the usual attributes of Heracles.

<sup>18</sup> Lupines: A leguminous plant, much in use for food.

<sup>19</sup> Parchments written all over, even upon the back: Usually only one side was written upon. Diogenes tells the customer that he shall be so desperately poor as to be obliged to write on both sides, in order to economize paper.

<sup>20</sup> The Great King: The king of Persia was a proverbial standard of comparison.

<sup>21</sup> Thy mind, etc.: A parody upon Euripides' *Hippolytus*, 612, a celebrated verse, for which, it is said, the poet was called to account by the court, on the ground that it encouraged perjury:

"My tongue hath taken oath, but my mind is not bound thereby."

Perhaps, as Paley thinks, *Hippolytus* says this not in earnest, but to frighten the nurse, since at the end of the play he stands by this very oath at the cost of his father's unjust anger and of even exile.

everybody—kings and those in private station alike. For so men will come to look upon you with admiration and assume that you are a man of courage. Let your speech be coarse and your voice harsh and exactly like a dog's, and you must wear a long face and have your gait match such a cast of countenance. In short, you must in all respects take after wild beasts and be savage like them. Let modesty, sweet reasonableness and moderation be wanting. The blush you must never permit to mantle your cheek. Seek out the place most frequented by men; but even there choose rather to hold yourself aloof and have no intercourse with others; and let neither friend, nor stranger come near you, for that would ruin your prestige. Do boldly right before the face and eyes of everybody, what no one else would do even in private. . . . And at last, if you have a mind to, choke yourself to death with a raw polypus" or cuttle-fish. That's the sort of happiness we procure for you.

11. CUST. Get you gone! What detestable and brutish talk!

DIOG. Yes, but the very easiest to carry out, you fool, and practicable for all. For you'll have no need of education, or of learning, or any such trumpery; but this will prove for you the shortest way to get a reputation. For even if you are one of the common run of folks—a currier, forsooth, or fish-monger, carpenter, or money-changer—nothing will stand in the way of your winning universal admiration, provided only you've a good stock of impudence and cheek, and are an expert at billingsgate.

CUST. Well, I've no need of you in that line. Perhaps, though, you might prove useful as a sailor, or a gardener—especially if this man here is willing to dispose of you for two obols"—that's the most I can pay.

HERM. Do, pray, take and keep him! We shall be delighted to get rid of him—he's such a nuisance and raises such a hullabaloo, roundly abusing everybody and venting upon them such scurrilous language.

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<sup>22</sup> Choke yourself to death with a raw polypus: Said to have been the way Democritus of Abdera put an end to his life.

<sup>23</sup> Two obols: About 7 cents.



12. ZEUS. (*To Hermes.*) Call another! (*Casting his eyes around the group.*) That Cyrenaic<sup>24</sup> there, him dressed in purple and wearing a garland. (*He staggers forward.*)

HERM. (*To the crowd.*) Come now, gentlemen! Attention, every one of you! A costly piece of goods this! It'll take folks with plenty of money to buy him. Here's a life of pleasure—yes, a thrice happy life! Who has his heart set upon luxury? Who buys the most dainty life in the whole lot?

A CUSTOMER. (*To the Cyrenaic.*) Come, you there! Tell me what you happen to know. I'll purchase you, if you are worth your salt.

HERM. Don't annoy him, my dear sir; don't catechise him! He's rather the worse for liquor. Therefore he won't answer you. As you see, he's hardly able to put two words together.

CUST. And who, with his wits about him, would buy such a profligate and dissolute fellow? How strong he smells of perfumery! And how he goes reeling and staggering along! Well, then, do you yourself, Hermes, tell us what accomplishments he has, and what he busies himself about.

HERM. Well, in brief, he's handy to have as a constant companion, and good to crack a bottle with and sing and dance with the flute girl<sup>25</sup>—in fact, just the fellow for a master who is fond of favorites and given to riotous living. As for the rest, he knows how to make pastry, and is skilled in fine cookery—in short, an expert in the art of luxurious living. At all events, he got his education at Athens,<sup>26</sup> and was also at one time in the service of the tyrants of Sicily, and held in high

<sup>24</sup> That Cyrenaic: Probably Aristippus of Cyrené, in north Africa, founder of this sect. Lucian is hardly just in the picture he gives of him. Perhaps he has in mind rather the character of the later Cyrenaics, whose teaching approached very near the dictum, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Aristippus indulged freely in the pleasures of life, claiming that there was no shame in enjoying them so long as he was not their slave, but could easily resign them at any time.

<sup>25</sup> The flute girl: Female players on the flute furnished entertainment at banquets.

<sup>26</sup> Got his education at Athens: Aristippus visited Greece to witness the Olympic games, and, hearing about Socrates, went to Athens to see him and put himself under his instruction. He afterward passed some years at the court of the younger Dionysius in Sicily.

esteem among them. His course of life may be summed up as follows—to think slightly of everything, make use of everything, and lay every form of pleasure under contribution.

CUST. You may as well be looking around for another purchaser among these rich folks and nabobs here. I'm in no condition to buy a fellow who leads a gay and festive life like that.

HERM. (*To Zeus.*) It looks, Zeus, as though this lot would be left on our hands as unsalable.

13. ZEUS. Well, take him away and put up another—or rather those two, there," that fellow from Abdera, who is always on a broad grin, and him from Ephesus, who is always a-blubbering. I want to sell them together.

HERM. (*Addressing the two.*) Come! Get down into the midst. (*To the crowd.*) I have here for sale our two best lives. We are now putting up the two wisest among them all.

A CUSTOMER. Good Heavens! What a contrast! This one never leaves off laughing, while the other is apparently mourning for somebody. (*To the former.*) Say, you there! What does this mean? What are you laughing at?

DEMOCRITUS. What am I laughing at, do you ask? Why, it's because all things seem to me so laughable—your affairs and you yourselves too.

CUST. How's that? Are you turning us all into ridicule and making light of our concerns?

DEM. Precisely so! There's nothing in them worth one's serious attention. All things are mere emptiness, an infinity of atoms<sup>28</sup> in process of movement through space.

CUST. Nay, but *you* are in very truth an empty and infinite<sup>29</sup> babbler. What impudence! Won't you cease

<sup>27</sup> Those two there: Democritus (500 B. C.), a Philosopher of Abdera in Thrace, and Heraclitus of Ephesus (fifth century B. C.). The former was of cheerful disposition and accustomed to look at the comical side of things. Heraclitus was of a melancholy turn. Tradition represents him as shedding tears over the follies and frailties of men. This depression of spirits led him later in life to become a recluse.

<sup>28</sup> Atoms: The atomical philosophy, first advanced by Leucippus, was developed by Democritus, who maintained that all phenomena have their causes in certain original, infinitesimal, impenetrable, indivisible and indestructible particles, which he called atoms.

<sup>29</sup> Infinite (*ἀπειρος*); Or "ignorant." There seems to be a play upon the word, which may be taken in either sense.

your laughter? 14. (*Turning to Heraclitus.*) But you, my dear sir what are you weeping for? It's a great deal nicer, I think, to talk with you.

HERAC. Well, stranger, this is why I weep. I'm thinking how pitiable human affairs are and full of tears. Among them all there's nothing but what is subject to death. Therefore, I pity men and bewail their fate. I do not attach great importance to present ills; but those that are to come in after time are distressing in the extreme.—I refer to the total burning up and destruction of the universe.<sup>30</sup> It is this I lament, and because nothing is stable, but all things somehow are crowded together into a confused hodge-podge, and pleasure and pain, knowledge and ignorance, greatness and littleness are the same—all things circling around topsy-turvy and taking their turn in the carnival of life.

CUST. What, then, is the life you speak of?

HERAC. A child, passing its time in sport, playing at draughts and carried about by every freak of fancy.

CUST. And pray, what are men?

HERAC. Gods, who are creatures of a day.

CUST. Pray, what are the gods?

HERAC. Men, endowed with immortality.

CUST. Is it riddles you are telling us, you fellow there, or are you inventing dark sayings? Why, you don't make yourself clear at all—just like Apollo Loxias.<sup>31</sup>

HERAC. Oh, I don't care anything about you.

CUST. Well, then, nobody in his sober senses is going to buy you.

HERAC. Plague take you every one, young and old, I say, those who buy and those who don't.

CUST. (*To Hermes.*) Why, this nuisance of a fellow has almost gone daft. I, for my part, shall buy neither of them.

HERM. (*To Zeus.*) These also will remain on our hands.

<sup>30</sup> Total burning up and destruction of the universe: He held that a physical principle called fire, a clear, light fluid, pervades everything and reveals itself in all phenomena, and that ultimately all things return to and are absorbed again in this fire.

<sup>31</sup> Loxias: A surname of Apollo, referring to the obscurity of his oracles.

ZEUS. Well, offer another lot!

15. HERM. Shall I put up that Athenian, whose tongue is always a-going?

ZEUS. By all means!

HERM. (*To Socrates.*) Come here, you! (*To the crowd.*) A good life this we are now offering—yes, here's a sage. Who buys this gentleman—the most like a saint of any of them?

A CUSTOMER. (*To Socrates.*) Say! What do you know best?<sup>22</sup>

Soc. Well, I dote upon boys and am wise in love matters.

CUST. How, then, can I purchase you? I was in need of a tutor for my boy—and he's a handsome lad.

Soc. And who would be a more suitable person than I to associate with a beautiful boy. I'm not in love with their bodies. It's their souls that I regard as beautiful. Don't be anxious! . . . You'll hear not one of them say that I've done him any harm.

CUST. I don't believe a word you say about your being so fond of boys, and yet that you concern yourself only with their souls. . . .

16. Soc. Indeed, I swear to you by the dog and the plane tree, it's just as I tell you.

CUST. Good heavens! How eccentric you are in your theology!

Soc. What do you mean? Don't you regard the dog as a god? There's Anubis<sup>23</sup> in Egypt—don't you see what sort of a being he is? And there's Sirius in heaven and Cerberus in the lower world.

17. CUST. Well put! I was quite out in my reckoning. But what is your manner of life?

Soc. I dwell in a sort of city that I've got up for

<sup>22</sup> What do you know best? The morality attributed to Socrates in what follows is manifestly a slander upon his true character and teachings. It is unlikely that Lucian himself actually believed these things. His real estimate of Socrates is indicated by the fact that he makes him bring at the sale two talents, or over \$2,000, a much larger sum than any of the others. He takes the satirist's advantage of the slanderous stories current among the enemies of Socrates, and of the distortions and perversions to which some of his later pretended followers subjected his teachings, to smite these people over the shoulders of the great master himself. Cf. Alcibiades on Socrates in Plato's *Symposium*, 217-219.

<sup>23</sup> Anubis: An Egyptian deity, worshipped in the form of a dog, or of a human being with a dog's head. Sirius, the scorcher, the dog of Orion, placed among the stars with his master. Cerberus, the many-headed dog, who guarded the entrance to Hades.

myself after a new pattern. I'm citizen of a novel kind of commonwealth<sup>34</sup> and acknowledge no laws but my own.

CUST. I should like to hear one of your ordinances.

SOC. Well, listen to the one I regard as most important—the one relating to women<sup>35</sup>—that no woman shall be wife of one person only, but she shall share the conjugal relation with any one who wishes.

CUST. What's that you say? Have you annulled the laws pertaining to marriage?

SOC. Yes, indeed! And as for the petty disputes over such matters, I've absolutely done away with the whole business.

CUST. What, pray, is your idea about the male offspring of such intimacies.

SOC. Oh, they shall be a prize for the noblest to kiss—that is, for those who have performed some brilliant, dashing feat.

18. CUST. Bless me! How generous you are! But what is the leading principle in your philosophy?

SOC. The doctrine that there are archetypes<sup>36</sup> and patterns of all existing things. Indeed, whatever you see—the earth, everything upon the earth, the heavens, the sea—of all these there exist invisible similitudes outside of the universe.

CUST. And where are they?

SOC. Nowhere. For if they should come to have a local habitation, from that moment they would cease to exist.

CUST. I don't see those patterns you refer to.

SOC. Quite likely! For you are blind in your soul's eye. But I see the similitudes of all things, your invisible counterpart and my own alter ego—in short, everything double.

CUST. Well, I believe I shall have to purchase you,

<sup>34</sup> A novel kind of commonwealth: An allusion to Plato's *Republic*, where Socrates is made the expounder of his new polity.

<sup>35</sup> The one relating to women: See *Republic*, v., 457 ff., where the scheme is set forth in its purpose and details. Impracticable as it is, and abhorrent to our modern ideas, yet Plato presented it in good faith, affirming that licentiousness is an unholy thing, and that his purpose was to make matrimony as holy as possible.

<sup>36</sup> Archetypes: According to the Platonic philosophy, the ideal, or pattern forms, subjects of thought, but not of sight, of which material things are imperfect representations.

you are so extraordinarily wise and sort of sharp-sighted. (*To Hermes.*) Come, let me see—what are you going to make me pay for him—you?

HERM. Give me two talents!

CUST. (*Promptly.*) I take him at that figure. The money, though, I'll pay at another time.

19. HERM. What's your name?

CUST. Dion,<sup>37</sup> of Syracuse.

HERM. Well, take him, and good luck to you!—Now, you Epicurean<sup>38</sup> there, I summon you. (*To the company.*) Who buys this one? He's a pupil of that laughing gentleman, and of the tipsy fellow, whom we offered for sale a few moments ago. In one respect, though, he knows more than they, by as much as he's more of a scoffer. As for the rest, he's agreeable enough, but fond of high living.

CUST. Well, what's his price?

HERM. Two minæ.<sup>39</sup>

CUST. Here! Take your money! But plague on 't! what does he like in the way of victuals—I want to know?

HERM. Well, he eats sweetmeats, honey cakes, and most of all, dried figs.<sup>40</sup>

CUST. Oh, there's no difficulty about that. We'll get him, you know, the cakes of preserved fruit that the Carians make.

20. ZEUS. (*Impatiently to Hermes.*) Come! Call another—that close-shaven fellow yonder, with the long face—I mean the one from the Porch.<sup>41</sup>

HERM. Very well! Anyway, it looks as though a goodly number of those present at the sale were waiting for a chance to bid on him. (*To the crowd.*) I've

<sup>37</sup> Dion: A wealthy and influential citizen of Syracuse, in Sicily, and a friend and disciple of Plato. He endeavored to win Dionysius, the tyrant, from his dissolute life by bringing him under the personal influence of the philosopher.

<sup>38</sup> Epicurus: He (342-270 B. C.) held that pleasure, the enjoyment of the hour, is the highest good and therefore the chief end of man and of all philosophy. But he conceived of pleasure as consisting in perfect contentment and peace of mind, though among his later followers it degenerated into sensualism.

<sup>39</sup> Two minæ: About \$40.

<sup>40</sup> Dried figs: Furnished by masters to their servants. A cheap quality came from Caria, in western Asia Minor.

<sup>41</sup> The Porch: The headquarters of the Stoic school, to which it gave its name. Chrysippus is here referred to (282-209 B. C.). By the later Stoics he was regarded as a higher authority even than Zeno, the founder of the school.

for sale here the very quintessence of virtue, the very pink of perfection among all the lives we have. Who wants to be the only person who knows everything?

A CUSTOMER. What do you mean to say?

HERM. Why, that this man here is the only wise, the only noble, the only righteous and brave man, the only king, orator, millionaire, law-giver and everything else you can think of.

CUST. Is he, then, my dear sir, the only cook—yes, indeed! the only currier, carpenter and such like?

HERM. Yes, so it seems.

21. CUST. (*Turning to the man.*) Come! My good fellow, as I'm your purchaser, tell me what sort of a person you are, and first, whether you are not vexed at being sold and a slave.

CHRYSIPPUS. Oh, not at all! For such things are not within our control, and whatever is beyond our control, it follows, should be treated with indifference.

CUST. I don't understand just what you mean.

CHRYS. What! Don't you know that of such things some are to be preferred as a choice of evils, whereas others are to be utterly rejected?

CUST. Well, I don't even now grasp your meaning.

CHRYS. Quite likely! For you are not accustomed to our terminology and haven't got the imaginative faculty.<sup>48</sup> But the man of a serious turn of mind, who has mastered the processes of philosophic reasoning, not only understands these matters, but also the nature of a primary circumstance and of a secondary circumstance, and how much they differ from each other.

CUST. In the name of wisdom herself, don't refuse to explain to me what you mean by a primary circumstance and a secondary. Somehow or other I was struck by the rhythm of the terms.

CHRYS. Well, I've no objection to telling you. Now, if a person who is already lame, receives a wound unawares by hitting his lame foot against a stone, his original lameness is a primary circumstance, while the wound he received besides is a secondary.

22. CUST. Oh, what ready wit! Pray, what else especially do you claim to know?

<sup>48</sup> The imaginative faculty: The power by which an object is made apparent to the mind; a favorite expression with the Stoics.

CHRY. Well, the art of weaving word-nets, with which I entangle those who converse with me, and hedge them about and reduce them to silence by simply putting a muzzle on them. The famous syllogism<sup>43</sup>—that's the name they give this art.

CUST. Zounds! A pretty irresistible and powerful weapon that, according to your account!

CHRY. Well, take this for an illustration. Have you a little child?

CUST. Of course!

CHRY. Now, suppose a crocodile, "finding the child roaming about by the river's side, should perchance seize it and then promise to restore it to you, provided you state correctly what he has made up his mind to do about giving up the brat—what would you say was his intention in the matter?

CUST. Your question is a poser. For I'm at a loss what to say first, so as to insure the recovery of the child. But, for Heaven's sake, do you make answer and rescue me the little fellow, lest the monster be too quick for me, and eat him up.

CHRY. Oh, don't be alarmed! There are other things I'll teach you, yet more wonderful.

CUST. What are they?

CHRY. Well, there's the syllogism of the "Reaper,"<sup>44</sup>

<sup>43</sup> The famous syllogism: The Sorites, of which he was the inventor. It was a heap of syllogisms, in which the conclusion of one forms the premise of the next, and the conclusion from all connects the predicate of the last with the subject of the first proposition.

<sup>44</sup> Crocodile fallacy: See *Dial. of Dead*, 1, note 10.

<sup>45</sup> Syllogism of the reaper: A philosopher says to a farmer who is thinking of cutting his corn, "I will prove to you that you will not cut your corn, and what is more, that it is impossible that you should ever cut it."

"Indeed, I should like to hear the demonstration," says the farmer.

"Well, attend!" replies the philosopher. "You will either cut your corn, or not cut it, is it not so?"

FARMER. "Yes, one or the other."

PHIL. "In the first case (if you will cut it), will you not, therefore, either cut, or not cut it, but you will cut it!"

FAR. "That's clear."

PHIL. "In the other case (if you will not cut it), will you not likewise either cut, or not cut it, but you will not cut it?"

FAR. "That's to be supposed."

PHIL. "Therefore, is it not true, that you will either cut, or not cut it, but you cannot cut it at all?"

The farmer made no reply, but went out to his field and cut his corn clean off; and thereby he had to be sure cut the philosopher's knot, but had not untied it.—*Wieland*.



that of the "master," and above all, the "Electra," and that of the "veiled" person."

CUST. What do you mean by that of the "veiled" person, or by the "Electra"?

CHRY. Why, I refer to the famous Electra," daughter of Agamemnon—who at one and the same time both knows and does not know the very same things. For when Orestes, whom as yet she does not recognize, stands by her side, she is aware that Orestes is her brother, but she doesn't know that the person near her is Orestes. As for the "veiled" syllogism, you shall hear what that is, and a very wonderful thing it is, too. Now answer me this—do you know your own father?

CUST. Yes.

CHRY. Very well! Now suppose I place beside you somebody with a veil on, and ask—do you know this person? What will you say?

CUST. Why, of course, that I don't know him.

23. CHRY. But as a matter of fact, this very person was your father. Therefore, if you fail to recognize him, it is plain you don't know your father.

CUST. Nay, not so! But if you take the veil off I shall know the real state of the case. However, be that as it may, what is the consummation of your wisdom? Or what will you do when you have arrived at virtue's summit?

CHRY. Well, I shall then be occupied about those things, which according to nature are of the first account—I mean health, wealth and such things. But first, it is needful to obtain many things by previous labor, sharpening one's vision upon parchments, written with small letters, making marginal annotations<sup>46</sup>

<sup>46</sup> The syllogism of the "veiled" person: A veiled person is shown, and one of his acquaintances is asked whether he knows him. If he says yes, he says what is untrue, for he cannot know who is hidden behind the veil. If he says no, he equally utters an untruth, for as a matter of fact he does know the veiled person. - Zeller.

<sup>47</sup> The Electra: Upon the murder of Agamemnon by Ægisthus and Clytemnestra, to save the young Orestes from a like fate, his sister, Electra, sent him to king Strophius in Phocis, by whom the boy was brought up. When he reached manhood, she reminded him of his duty to avenge his father. Accordingly, he agreed to meet her at their father's grave, having placed thereon a lock of hair as a sign that he was near. They had been so long separated, that she did not recognize him as her brother, until he made himself known.

<sup>48</sup> Making marginal annotations, etc.: A thrust at the narrow-minded pedantry of so many philosophers and scholars, who passed their time in poring over

and taking one's fill of solecisms and odd phrases. And last and chief of all, you cannot become wise unless you drink three times in succession of hellebore.

CUST. That's a fine programme of yours and exceeding manly. But as to being a skinflint and calculating interest to a fraction—for I observe that these also are characteristics of yours—shall we pronounce them attributes of a man who has already drank the hellebore and attained perfection in virtue?

CHRS. Yes! Anyhow, it's only the wise man who can with propriety put his money out at usury. For, as drawing conclusions from premises is his special business, and money lending and calculating the interest<sup>49</sup> seem to be akin to drawing conclusions, hence the latter, just like the former, would belong to the good man only—yes, and it would be his privilege to take not merely simple interest, as the rest do, but also compound. You are not unaware, are you, that one kind of interest is simple or primary, while the other is compound or secondary—so-called, because it is, as it were, the offspring of the former? Of course, you see how the syllogism puts it—if a person receives the simple interest, he will receive the compound also; now, as a matter of fact, he does receive the simple; ergo, he will also receive the compound.

24. CUST. Shall we then say the same also of the fees<sup>50</sup> you take from the young for your wisdom, and will the good man clearly be the only one who receives pay for his virtue?

CHRS. Yes, you understand the situation. Not on my own account do I take pay, but for the sake of him who gives it. For as one is a sort of spendthrift and another is grasping, myself I train to be grasping, but my pupil to be a spendthrift.

CUST. And yet the reverse of this ought to be the

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manuscripts written in fine characters, making notes in the margin, delighting in variations from current usages in language, and attending to the "mint, anise and cummin," to the neglect of weightier matters.—Hellebore, a plant to which the ancients attributed valuable medicinal qualities, especially in mental diseases.

<sup>49</sup> Calculating the interest: A play upon the words, *λογίζεσθαι*, to calculate, and *συλλογίζεσθαι*, to draw conclusions.

<sup>50</sup> Fees: The earlier philosophers regarded it as inconsistent with their professions to take pay for instruction. Aristippus is said to have been the first of the disciples of Socrates to do so.

case. The young man should be grasping and you, who alone are rich, prodigal.

CHRY. You are scoffing at me, you fellow there! But take care, or I'll shoot you with the anapodeictic<sup>61</sup> syllogism.

CUST. And what dreadful thing will come of your projectile?

CHRY. Perplexity, silence and distortion of mind. 25. But greatest of all, if I choose to, I can demonstrate in a trice that you are a stone.

CUST. How a stone? For you are no Perseus,<sup>62</sup> my dear sir, to my thinking.

CHRY. Well, this is about the way of it. Is a stone a corporeal substance?

CUST. Yes.

CHRY. Very well! Isn't a living being a corporeal substance?

CUST. Yes.

CHRY. And are you a living being?

CUST. Why, yes, I seem to be.

CHRY. Therefore, as you are a corporeal substance, you are a stone.

CUST. By no manner of means! But in Heaven's name, set me free and make me a man again.

CHRY. Oh, that's no hard matter. But just be a man again. This is how it's done. Pray, tell me—is every corporeal substance a living being?

CUST. No!

CHRY. Very well! Is a stone a living being?

CUST. No.

CHRY. Are you a corporeal substance?

CUST. Yes.

CHRY. Being a corporeal substance, are you a living being?

CUST. Yes.

CHRY. Therefore, you are not a stone, because you are a living being.

CUST. Indeed, you've done well by me; for my legs,

<sup>61</sup> Anapodeictic: Not requiring demonstration.

<sup>62</sup> Perseus: The reference here is to the familiar story of Perseus, son of Danaë, and the head of the Gorgon, Medusa, by means of which he changed into stone Polydectes, who had enslaved his mother.

like Niobe's,<sup>53</sup> were already growing cold and solidifying. But I'll purchase you, though. (*To Hermes.*) How much shall I pay for him?

HERM. Twelve minæ.<sup>54</sup>

CUST. Here, take them!

HERM. Are you his sole purchaser?

CUST. No, 'pon my word, but all these, whom you see before you.

HERM. A lot of you, indeed, and with stalwart shoulders and worthy of the syllogism of the "Reaper."

26. ZEUS. (*To Hermes.*) Come! Come! Don't be wasting time. Call another!—that Peripatetic<sup>55</sup> there.

HERM. (*Addressing the Peripatetic.*) Come along! You, I mean—you fine-looking fellow there, with lots of money! (*To the crowd.*) Come now, gentlemen! Buy the most intelligent of all—one who knows absolutely everything.

A CUSTOMER. But what sort of a person is he?

HERM. Well, he's temperate, amenable to reason, adapted to the world we live in, and above all of a two-fold personality.

CUST. What do you mean?

HERM. Why, just this. In external appearance he seems to be one person, but internally another. So, if you purchase him, you must remember to call the latter "esoteric" but the former "exoteric."<sup>56</sup>

CUST. And what is the most important principle in his philosophy?

HERM. That there are three sorts of good things—

<sup>53</sup> Niobé: Daughter of the Lydian king Tantalus, and wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, by whom she had many blooming and lovely children. So proud was she of them, that she presumed to regard herself as superior to Leto, who had only two, Apollo and Artemis, and forbade the Thebans to sacrifice to her. This so angered Apollo and Artemis, that they slew all of them. Niobé then returned home to her father on Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where the gods changed her into a stone, which always during the summer shed tears.

<sup>54</sup> Twelve minæ: About \$40.

<sup>55</sup> That Peripatetic: Aristotle (384-323 B. C.), founder of that school. He taught at the Lyceum, in the eastern suburb of Athens.

<sup>56</sup> Esoteric and exoteric: Used here in their literal sense, "internal" and "external." The former does not occur in Aristotle's writings, but was doubtless invented to correspond with the latter, which he uses in the phrase *οἱ λόγοι ἐξωτερικοί*, in the sense, probably, of popular arguments, reasonings common among men and hence capable of ready and full comprehension. On the other hand *οἱ ἐσωτερικοί* was used of his higher philosophy, including those treatises which were intended for, and could be understood by the initiated only.

**viz.** : those pertaining to the soul, to the body and to external circumstances.

**CUST.** Well, he's quite human in his way of thinking. But how much is he?

**HERM.** Twenty minæ?<sup>57</sup>

**CUST.** That's a tremendous price.

**HERM.** Nay, my good sir! For he has, I believe, some means of his own. So hurry up, and close the bargain. And besides you'll presently learn from him how long the mosquito lives, to what depth the sea is illuminated by the sun, and what sort of a soul oysters have.

**CUST.** Good gracious! What a fine point he puts upon his investigations.

**HERM.** Pray, what would you say, if you should hear other things that show on his part far keener penetration than these—concerning the science of life, and . . . . . how man has the faculty of laughing, while an ass never laughs, does joiner's work or practices navigation.

**CUST.** Very wonderful, indeed, is all this knowledge you speak of, and there's profit in it too. So I'll buy him at twenty minæ.

27. **HERM.** Very good!

**ZEUS.** (*To Hermes.*) What other bargains have we yet on hand?

**HERM.** There's the Sceptic yonder. (*Addressing Pyrrhon.*)<sup>58</sup> You Pyrrhias, there, come forward and be offered for sale—be quick about it! Already the crowd is slipping away, and there'll be only a few to buy. (*To the spectators.*) All the same, who buys this one too?

**A CUSTOMER.** I will. (*Turning to Pyrrhon.*) But first, though, tell me—what do you know?

**PHILOSOPHER.** Nothing.

**CUST.** What do you mean by that?

**PHIL.** Why, that, in my opinion, nothing whatever has any actual existence.

<sup>57</sup> Twenty minæ: about \$400.

<sup>58</sup> Pyrrhon: Founder of the Sceptic, or hesitating, school of philosophy (about 300 B. C.), which asserted nothing positively, but only opined. Hermes humorously addresses him as Pyrrhias (Red head), a common slave name, especially of the sly, red-haired slaves from Thrace.

CUST. Are not, then, even we somebody?

PHIL. Well, I don't know that even.

CUST. Nor even that you yourself are anybody?

PHIL. No! On that point I'm still more in the dark.

CUST. Oh, what bewilderment of mind! These scales here—pray, what do you want them for?

PHIL. Why, in them I weigh arguments which I balance against one another; and when I see that they are exactly equal and of the same weight, at that very moment I don't know which of them is the truer.

CUST. Well, what else are you clever at doing?

PHIL. Anything, except giving chase to a runaway slave.

CUST. And why, may I ask, can't you do that?

PHIL. Because, my dear sir, I've no faculty of apprehension.<sup>66</sup>

CUST. Quite likely! For you seem to be a sort of slow and dull fellow. But what is the consummation of your philosophy?

PHIL. Ignorance and inability either to hear or to see.

CUST. Do you mean that state in which one is both blind and deaf at the same time?

PHIL. Yes, and wanting in judgment and perception besides; in short, differing in nothing from a worm.

CUST. Well, these are quite sufficient reasons why I ought to purchase you. (*Turning to Hermes.*) How much must you say he's worth?

HERM. An Attic mina.<sup>66</sup>

CUST. There's your money.—(*To Pyrrhon.*) Come! You fellow there! What do you say? Have I bought you?

PHIL. There's some doubt about that.

CUST. Not a bit of it! I *have* bought you and paid cash down.

PHIL. Well, as to that I suspend judgment. I want to give the matter careful consideration.

<sup>66</sup> Faculty of apprehension: The pun here will be readily understood, as it is the same in English as in Greek.

<sup>66</sup> Attic mina; About \$30.

CUST. Anyhow, come along with me, just as a servant of mine is in duty bound to do.

PHIL. But who knows whether you are telling the truth?

CUST. Why, here's the auctioneer, the money and the spectators to prove it.

PHIL. But are there any persons with us?

CUST. Well, I for my part, will forthwith give you a turn at working the mill,<sup>61</sup> and convince you that I'm your master by a sort of logic that will prove the worse for you.

PHIL. I pray you, suspend judgment concerning this matter.

CUST. Nay, indeed! But I've already pronounced judgment.

HERM. (*Addressing Pyrrhon*). Come! Stop hanging back, and go along with the man who has bought you. (*To the crowd*.) Now, gentlemen, we invite you to be on hand to-morrow. We are going to offer for sale at that time some non-professional folks, mechanics and market people. (*Exeunt*.)

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<sup>61</sup> The mill: Where grain was pounded: It was usually worked by horses, or asses, sometimes by a lazy, or otherwise bad slave.

## 4.

## THE ANGLER; OR, THE RESURRECTION.

*Introduction:* The following dialogue is properly a sequel to the preceding. In that dialogue the most celebrated names in philosophy, some of them founders of various schools, had been subjected to the outrage of being sold at auction in the slave market at Athens, and their doctrines had been ruthlessly caricatured. Naturally enough—and so Lucian represents it—all this had aroused a storm of indignation among the professional philosophers and their adherents. To defend himself he wrote the present dialogue, and perhaps because he was conscious of having gone too far and taken liberties, which even the license of the satirist would scarcely justify. He declares that it was not so much these venerated names that he had in view, as their degenerate and unworthy successors, who no longer represented the spirit of the great masters, or even the letter of their teachings, and yet assumed the prestige and authority of their names. We may, not unreasonably, accept this explanation, as being more in harmony with Lucian's real character and temper as exhibited in the whole body of his writings. In artistic finish the *Angler* is one of his most admirable works; and its tone from beginning to end reveals the man at his best.

## CHARACTERS.

SOCRATES

PLATO

ARISTOTLE

CHRYSIPIUS

DIOGENES

EMPEDOCLES

A. B. C. D.

LUCIAN, or MR. FREE-SPEAKER.

PHILOSOPHY, *personified*.

VIRTUE

TEMPERANCE

JUSTICE

EDUCATION

TRUTH

LIBERTY

FREE-SPEECH

ELENCHUS, or CONFUTATION

SYLLOGISM, *personified*.

PRIESTESS of Athené Polias.

} *Resurrected Philosophers.*} *Attendants upon Philosophy.*} *Friends of Truth.*

*Platonists, Pythagoreans, Stoics, Peripatetics, Epicureans, Academicians.* SCENE. *Athens.*



## ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Ceramicus. Sundry of the old Greek Philosophers in hot pursuit of Lucian. Incensed at his scandalous treatment of them, they have obtained a day's leave of absence from the lower world and have returned to their former haunts, in order to avenge themselves upon the offender.*

1. SOCRATES.<sup>1</sup> Pelt him! Pelt the foul wretch with stones, showers of them! Here are some clods and tiles—belabor him with them also! Give the sinner a good basting with your sticks! Take care he doesn't get off! Hit him, Plato! and you, Chrysippus, and you too! Let us all make common cause against him,

That wallet to wallet may render aid, and club to club.<sup>2</sup>

For he's our common foe, and there isn't one of you whom he has not wantonly insulted. You, Diogenes,<sup>3</sup> use your club—now or never; and don't stay your hand, any of you! Let him be punished as he deserves—slanderer that he is! What means this? Are you tired already, Epicurus and Aristippus? Yet, you ought not to be.

Be men, ye sages, and ne'er forget impetuous wrath.<sup>4</sup>

—*Il.* viii., 174.

2. Hurry up, Aristotle!<sup>5</sup> Faster yet! Good! The

<sup>1</sup> Socrates: The founder of Greek ethical philosophy (470-399 B. C.). Plato was a native of Athens (429-347 B. C.) and disciple and devoted follower of Socrates and founder of the philosophical school called the Academy.—Chrysippus (282-206 B. C.) was a Stoic philosopher, born at Soli, in Cilicia, but during most of his life a resident of Athens.

<sup>2</sup> That wallet to wallet, etc.: A parody upon *Il.* ii., 368—"That clan may give aid to clan, and tribe to tribe,"—words of Nestor to Agamemnon, urging him to separate his warriors by tribes and clans, that he may find out who is a coward and who brave. Wallet, staff and coarse cloak were the distinctive equipment of philosophers.

<sup>3</sup> Diogenes: The eccentric Cynic philosopher (412-323 B. C.).—Epicurus (342-270 B. C.), the founder of the Epicurean school of Greek philosophy.—Aristippus (435-350 B. C.), a contemporary and disciple of Socrates and founder of the Cyrenaic school.

<sup>4</sup> Be men, etc.; Cf. *Il.* viii., 174, the opening words with which Hector inspires his followers.

<sup>5</sup> Aristotle: (384-323 B. C.). Head of the Peripatetics, the school of philosophy established at the Lyceum in the eastern suburb of Athens. In "Hurry up! Faster yet!" there is an allusion to the slow gait that was characteristic of him.

brute is caught! (*To Lucian.*) We've got you now, you scamp! At all events, you'll find out presently what sort of men we are whom you were slandering.

SCENE II. *They now debate among themselves what they will do with him, while he pleads for his life and Plato makes reply.*

Soc. (*To the company of philosophers.*) But how is one actually to punish him? Yes, let us contrive some manifold kind of death for him, one that can suffice for us all. Anyhow, it's only just that he should die a death for each one of us.

PHILOSOPHER A. As for myself, I think he ought to be impaled.

PHIL. B. Yes, indeed! But first let him have a good flogging.

PHIL. C. I'm in favor of knocking his eyes out.

PHIL. D. Sooner, by all odds, he should have his very tongue cut out.

Soc. And you, Empedocles,<sup>6</sup> what do you think?

EMP. Why, that he should be cast into the mouth of a volcano, that he may learn not to rail at his betters.

PLATO. Nay, it were better for him, like a Pentheus,<sup>7</sup> or Orpheus,

In pieces torn on jagged rocks his doom to meet,<sup>8</sup>

that each one might then have gone away with his own proper share of him and——

3. LUCIAN. (*Interrupting.*) Oh, don't! Don't! In the name of Zeus, protector of suppliants, spare me!

Soc. 'Tis all settled beyond recall. There's no longer any chance of your being let off. Surely you remember what Homer says?—

<sup>6</sup> Empedocles: A philosopher of Agrigentum in Sicily, fifth century B. C. He is fabled to have ended his life by casting himself into the crater of *Ætna*.

<sup>7</sup> Pentheus: A king of Thebes, who incurred the wrath of Dionysus by refusing to receive him and introduce his worship. The king's mother and other Theban women were driven mad by the god, and in their Bacchic frenzy mistook Pentheus for a wild boar, and tore him in pieces.—Orpheus was an early Thracian bard, who, failing to render due honor to Dionysus, was, at his instigation, torn in pieces by female Bacchanals. According to another version of the legend, he met this fate while wandering over the Thracian mountains in despair, because of the loss of his wife, Eurydice.

<sup>8</sup> In pieces torn, etc.: This verse is conjectured to have belonged to the speech, now lost, of Agavé, mother of Pentheus, following line 1,880, *Bacchæ* of Euripides.

'Twixt men and lions there can no certain compact be.'  
—*Il.* xxii., 262.

LUC. Indeed, I myself, too, entreat you in Homeric strain. Perhaps you'll respect his verses and not disregard me, when I recite them to you:

Slay not a hero brave; fit ransom take,  
Bronze and gold—such gifts, in sooth, e'en sages love."<sup>9</sup>

PLATO. Well, not even we shall be at a loss for a quotation from Homer, with which to answer you. At all events, give ear!

Pray do not, O slanderer—now you are caught—  
Cherish thought of escape, though you proffer me gold."<sup>10</sup>

LUC. (*To himself.*) Alas! What a pickle I'm in! Homer, whom I relied on most, proves of no use to me. I must, then, fall back upon Euripides, I suppose. Perhaps he'll save me. (*To his captors.*)

Oh, slay me not, for him who pleads on  
Bended knee, it is not right to kill."<sup>11</sup>

PLATO. But what of that? Didn't Euripides say this too?—

Nay! They who dread deeds have done, dread deeds deserve to bear."<sup>12</sup>

LUC.

Will you, then, kill me now for words—and nothing more?"<sup>13</sup>

PLATO. Yes, indeed! Anyhow, Euripides himself says:

Mouths that no bridle heed,  
Folly that knows no law—  
At last shall come to grief."<sup>14</sup>

<sup>9</sup> 'Twixt men and lions, etc.: *Il.* xxii., 262, where Achilles bids Hector cease talking of covenants, or of friendship, between them.

<sup>10</sup> Slay not a hero brave, etc.: These lines are made up of words and phrases culled here and there from the *Iliad* and ending with a sly thrust at the greed of which even philosophers were susceptible.

<sup>11</sup> Pray do not, O slanderer, etc.: A parody on *Il.* x., 447 f., where Diomedes says to Dolon, the Trojan spy: "Cherish no thought of escape in thy heart for having brought good tidings, now that thou hast come into our hands."

<sup>12</sup> Oh, slay me not, etc.: From some lost tragedy of Euripides.

<sup>13</sup> Nay! They who dread deeds, etc.: Euripides, *Orestes*, 413, the answer of Menelaus to Orestes' words: "Woe's me for the harassing ills by which I'm assailed, poor wretch."

<sup>14</sup> Will you then kill me, etc.: From some lost tragedy.

<sup>15</sup> Mouths that no bridle heed, etc.: Euripides, *Bacchæ*, 385 ff.

4. LUC. Well, then, since you've resolved at all hazards to kill me off, and there's no way of escape, come, tell me this at least—who are you, and what ill past cure have you suffered at my hands, that your wrath cannot be appeased and you have seized me to put me to death?

PLATO. What are the wrongs you've done us? Ask your own self, you wretch! Yes, and recall those fine speeches of yours, in which you spoke ill of philosophy herself, and heaped insults upon us, selling at auction,<sup>16</sup> like common market goods, sages and, above all, free men. Enraged at these things, we obtained from the god of the lower world a short leave of absence, and have come up here to take vengeance upon you. Yes, here's Chrysippus and Epicurus and Plato—that's my name—and Aristotle yonder and Pythagoras,<sup>17</sup> that silent man over there, and Diogenes—yes, we are all here, whom you were in the habit of picking to pieces in your talk.

5. LUC. Now I breathe more freely. For you certainly will not kill me, when you learn how I've actually treated you. So, throw away your stones, then; nay, keep them rather, for you'll have occasion to use them upon those who really deserve a stoning.

PLATO. What nonsense! You've got to die this very day. Yes, before this,

In tunic of stone thou should'st have been clad, for the ills thou hast wrought.<sup>18</sup>

—*Il.* iii., 57.

LUC. Nay, my good sirs! Be assured you are about to slay of all men the only one whom you ought to praise—who is friendly to you and kindly disposed, like-minded, and who, if it be not a piece of vulgar arrogance to say it, is guardian of your pursuits. Yes, it is such a one you are about to slay, if you do

<sup>16</sup> At auction: Referring to the dialogue, *Auction of Philosophers*, in which these philosophers are represented as being sold one after another to the highest bidder.

<sup>17</sup> Pythagoras: A famous philosopher of the sixth century B. C. "That silent man" is an allusion to the five years' silence he is said to have enjoined upon neophytes.

<sup>18</sup> In tunic of stone, etc.: *Il.* iii., 57, the closing words of Hector's scornful rebuke to Paris, as the latter shrank back among his comrades for fear of Menelaus.

kill me, who have toiled so hard on your account. See to it, then, that you don't act just like the philosophers of the present day, and show yourselves thankless, passionate and unkind toward your benefactor.

PLATO. What impudence! And we owe you thanks besides, do we, for your abusive talk? Is it slaves that you really think you are talking to, and do you propose to put down your kindness to our account as an offset for such insolence and the drunken violence of your words?

6. LUC. Why, where or when have I insulted you? For I have always been a constant admirer of philosophy, and have spoken in high terms of your own selves and held converse with the writings you have left behind. Anyhow, the very things I'm saying—from what other source than you did I obtain them? Gathering them as the bee does honey from flowers, I make them known unto men. And they praise while they recognize each flower, where I picked it, from whom and how. So far as words go, they admire me for the nosegay, but, in fact, you and your meadow, who have put forth such varied flowers, so manifold in their hues, for any one to use who should know how to pluck and twine them together and arrange them so as to harmonize with each other. Is there, then, a man who after receiving such benefits from you would set to work to speak ill of the benefactors, by whose help he came to be regarded as somebody? Certainly not, unless indeed he were similar in his nature to *Thamyris*,<sup>19</sup> who essayed to rival the Muses, from whom he had received the gift of song, or like *Eurytus*, who undertook to cope with *Apollo* in the use of the bow, notwithstanding the latter gave him his skill in archery.

7. PLATO. In what you've said, my good sir, you have followed the fashion of the rhetoricians. Anyhow, it is quite the reverse of what you've done, and exhibits your hardihood in a harsher light, seeing that ingratitude, besides, is added to your offense. For you were wont to shoot at us the very arrows, which, ac-

<sup>19</sup> *Thamyris*: An old Thracian bard, who in his conceit thought to surpass the Muses, for which he was deprived of sight and the power of song. *Eurytus* was king of *Echalia* in *Thessaly*, or *Messania*. Priding himself upon his skill, he presumed to rival *Apollo*, by whom he was killed.

according to your own story, you obtained from us, having set before yourself this one aim—namely, to speak ill of us all. Such is the return we have received from you for spreading out before you that meadow, and freely permitting you to cull the flowers for yourself and to depart after filling your lap. For this very reason, therefore, you deserve to be put to death.

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SCENE III. *Lucian appeals his case to the decision of Philosophy.*

8. LUC. See here, gentlemen! You are listening in the heat of passion, and accordingly not one of the things that are just and right do you assent to. And yet I never should have imagined that anger could reach Plato, Chrysippus, or Aristotle, or the rest of you; on the contrary you seemed to me to be indeed the only ones far removed from such an influence. Albeit, do not put me to death without trial, at least, excellent sirs, or before sentence. Anyhow, this, too, was a maxim of yours that we should not use force in our relations as citizens, nor act on the principle that might makes right, but should settle our differences by arbitration, granting and receiving, each in his turn, the right of speech. Choose, therefore, a judge, and bring in your indictment, either all of you at once, or let him whom you may appoint to speak for all. I will then make my defense against the charges; and if I am proved guilty, and the court comes to this decision concerning me, I will, of course, submit to be punished as I deserve. But don't *you* undertake to use any violence. If, on the other hand, after rendering up my account, I am found clear of guilt and not open to censure on your part, the jury shall set me free; but as for you, direct your wrath against those who deceived you and stirred you up against me.

9. PLATO. There! I see what you are after. You would have us challenge the horse to come down into the plain,<sup>20</sup> as the proverb has it, that you may get

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<sup>20</sup> You would have us challenge the horse to come down into the plain: i.e., where he would be able to show off his speed at his best. Plato means that if

clear by bamboozling the jury. At all events, they say you are a rhetorician, pretty well versed in pleading and clever in speech. But whom do you want to have as umpire? Is it some one whom you will not wrongfully influence by bribery to vote for you?—you are often up to such tricks, you know.

LUC. Have no fears on that score at least! No such questionable or suspicious character would I expect to be appointed arbitrator, nor one who will sell me his vote. At all events, see here! Philosophy herself, I, for my part, choose to serve with you as judge.

PLATO. And who will appear as prosecutor in case we act as the jury?

LUC. Why, you, the very same ones, shall be both accusers and jury. I'm not at all afraid of that even—I've so much the advantage of you in the rights of the case, and I take it I'm abundantly able to defend myself.

10. PLATO. Well, Pythagoras and Socrates, what had we best do? In offering this challenge, the man seems to demand what is not unreasonable.

SOC. What else can we do, but proceed to the court of justice, accept of Philosophy as umpire and hear the man's defense. It is not our way, you know, to punish a man before he is tried. That would be highly unprofessional and characteristic of men in the heat of passion, and of those who base their right upon club law. If we then stone a man to death without his having had an opportunity to speak in his own defense, especially as we thereby bid farewell to justice ourselves—we shall furnish pretexts to those who are disposed to inveigh against us. What could we say concerning Anytus and Meletus,<sup>21</sup> my accusers, or of the jury on that occasion, if this man shall have been put to death without having had any opportunity at all to be heard in his own defense?

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the philosophers should agree to refer the matter to the proposed jury, they would be fighting Lucian upon his own ground, and would give him the advantage, because of his superior skill as a rhetorician and pleader. Cf. Plato, *Theætetus*, 183 D.

<sup>21</sup> Anytus and Meletus: Two of the principal accusers of Socrates (Lycon was the third) on the trial which ended in his being sentenced to death (399 B. C.). The jury on that occasion, according to Heffter, numbered 501, 281 for conviction and 220 for acquittal.

PLATO. That's most excellent advice of yours, Socrates. Let us go, then, to Philosophy. She shall decide the point at issue, and we'll be content with her verdict.

11. LUC. Very good, most sensible gentlemen! Such a course is better and more in accordance with law. Keep your stones, though, as I said before. You'll need them by and by in the court room. But where can one find Philosophy? For I don't know where she lives. And yet I wandered about a long time in search of her abode, that I might hold converse with her. Accordingly, falling in with certain persons clad in coarse cloaks<sup>22</sup> and with long flowing beards, who said they had come from her very presence, and thinking that they knew, I would question them. But they, a good deal more ignorant than I, either made me no answer at all, lest they should betray their own lack of knowledge, or they pointed out to me one door after another. At all events, from that day to this, I have not been able to find her dwelling. 12. Many a time, on the strength of my own conjecture, or under somebody's guidance, I would present myself at such and such a door, with the firm belief that now at last I had found the object of my quest—arriving at this conclusion on account of the throng of people going in and coming out, all of them of sad countenance, neatly dressed and of thoughtful mien. Accordingly, wedged in the crowd, I myself also entered with them. And then I used to see a rather insignificant woman, with nothing artless about her, though she tried to order herself with especial reference to looking plain and unadorned; but I observed at once that not even the apparently loose arrangement of her hair had she left without ornament, nor was the way she wore her mantle even without affectation. It was evident that she resorted for adornment to these artifices, while to enhance her good looks she also put on this *négligé* air. There were some indications upon her face of white lead<sup>23</sup> and rouge, and her talk was all worthy of

<sup>22</sup> Persons clad in coarse cloaks, etc.: i.e., philosophers, who, especially the Cynics, adopted the coarse cloak as an outward mark of their austere life, and wore long flowing beards to lend them dignity and the air of superior wisdom. Lucian is fond of twitting them upon their peculiarities of personal appearance.

<sup>23</sup> White lead: A pigment used by Greek women to whiten the skin. The rouge was prepared from seaweed.



the demi-monde. She took delight in the compliments which her lovers paid her for her beauty. And if anybody gave her something, she made no bones of accepting it. The wealthier ones she let sit down by her side, while she had not so much as a glance for the poor among her lovers. Many a time, too, when she uncovered her neck as though by accident, I saw necklaces of gold larger than any dog collar. Well, I at once retired backwards from her presence, with a pitying look, of course, for the poor wretches whom she was leading around, not by the nose, but by the beard, and who, like Ixion,<sup>24</sup> were consorting with a phantom, instead of with Heré..

13. PLATO. You are quite correct in what you said. For her door is neither in plain sight, nor well known to all. However, there will be no need at all of walking to her house. We will await her coming right here in the Ceramicus.<sup>25</sup> She will soon, I fancy, be here on her way back from the Academy, for the purpose of promenading in the Pœcile also. It is her custom to do this daily. Yes, there she comes already. Do you see that well-bred lady—you can tell her by her dress—the one who wears such a gentle look and is walking slowly, wrapt in thought?

LUC. I see many who are alike in both dress and walk, and in the way they wear their mantles. No doubt, though, the real Lady Philosophy herself is one of their number.

PLATO. You are right. But she will disclose who she is, only when she has spoken.

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SCENE IV. *Philosophy approaches and enters into conversation.*

14. PHILOSOPHY. (*To herself.*) Bless my heart!

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<sup>24</sup> Ixion: Being invited by Zeus to his table, he sought to embrace Heré; but she proved to be only a phantom, which Zeus had substituted for her. As a punishment Ixion was bound to an ever-revolving wheel in the lower world.

<sup>25</sup> Ceramicus: A name applied to two parts of Athens northwest of the Acropolis; the outer Ceramicus, beyond the Dipylon gate, and the inner, or Potters' Quarter, within the walls. The latter is here referred to. Lady Philosophy would pass through it on her way from the Academy, a park, or olive garden, where Plato taught, and from which his followers received the name "Academicians." The Pœcile, or Painted Porch, situated near the Agora, and adorned with frescoes of the battle of Marathon, was the headquarters of the Stoic school of philosophy, to which it gave its name.

What has brought Plato and Chrysippus into the upper world again—Aristotle and all the rest—the very subjects indeed with which my branch of learning has to do? (*To the philosophers.*) Why are you come back to life again? Pray, what was it down below that annoyed you? At all events, you look just like men under the influence of anger. And who is this you are bringing along with you? Maybe he's a grave robber, a murderer, or a despoiler of temples?

PLATO. Indeed, Philosophy, he's the most sacrilegious of all temple robbers, for he set to work to speak ill of you—the most holy of ladies—and of us all, who have bequeathed to our successors what we learned from you.

PHIL. And so you were provoked, when some one reviled you—and that, too, though you know how I act under such circumstances? For when I've heard such things in comedy at the festival of Dionysus,<sup>26</sup> I have regarded her as a friend for all that. I didn't visit her and call her to account, or go to law about it; but I allow her to have whatever fun is reasonable and customary at such a festival. For I know that no harm would come of a jest, but on the contrary, some good; just as gold, when cleansed by blows of the die, shines more brightly and makes more of a show. But you, for some reason or other, are touchy and ill-tempered. Else, why, are you throttling him?

PLATO. Well, we got a day's leave of absence and have come to confront him, that he may be punished as he deserves for what he has done. For reports kept coming to our ears, how he used to go about and speak against us to the multitude.

15. PHIL. And so you propose to kill him before trial, or even he has had an opportunity to defend himself? At any rate, he evidently wants to say something.

PLATO. Nay, we've no such intention. On the contrary, we have referred the whole matter to your decision. Now, if it's agreeable to you, do you decide the suit.

<sup>26</sup> Festival of Dionysus: The Greater Dionysia. Philosophers were often the butt of the comic poets, e.g., Socrates in Aristophanes' *Clouds*.



at least, I want to bring her before the court as my counsel.

PHIL. (*To her companions.*) Do you also come along, by all means! Why, it is no trouble to give judgment in one lawsuit, especially when it's going to bear upon our own interests.

17. TRUTH. Do you proceed, then. As for myself, I've no need to hear the case, for I have long known all there is to it.

PHIL. Nay, O Truth, you would quite opportunely share with us in rendering judgment, in order that you might bring everything to our knowledge.

TRUTH. Shall I, then, take along these two hand-maids also? They are my most intimate friends.

PHIL. Oh, certainly! Any you please.

TRUTH. Well, then, Liberty and Free-speech, come along with us, that we may be able to save this poor little fellow here—he's one of our followers, who is in peril for no just cause. But do you, Elenchus,<sup>20</sup> stay here.

LUC. Not so, my lady! If, too, anybody else is to be there, let this man also be present. For it is not with chance wild beasts that I shall have to contend, but with quacks hard to refute, because they are always finding some loophole through which to escape. Therefore, Elenchus is indispensable.

PHIL. We can't possibly do without him, then. And it will be better if you take along Demonstration also.

TRUTH. Well, come along, all of you! For your presence at the trial seems to be absolutely essential.

18. ARISTOTLE. Do you see, my dear Philosophy? He's actually getting Truth to take sides with himself against us.

PHIL. And so, Plato, Chrysippus and Aristotle, you are afraid, are you, that, though she is Truth herself, she will say what is false for his sake?

PLATO. No, not that! But he's exceeding crafty and good at flattery; and so will win her over to his side.

PHIL. Don't be alarmed! There's no fear of any

<sup>20</sup> Elenchus: Personification of argument, or cross-examination.

PHIL. (*To Lucian.*) What say you to that?

LUC. I say the very same, Mistress Philosophy. For you are indeed the only one who can get at the truth. At all events, notwithstanding my earnest entreaties, I had hard work to obtain the privilege of defending my cause before you.

PLATO. And now, you wretch! you call her Mistress, do you? But only the other day you denounced Philosophy as the most worthless of things, and in the presence of a great crowd of spectators you auctioneered off in lots at two obols<sup>27</sup> a representative of each one of her systems.

PHIL. But look you, lest it prove that this man even didn't speak ill of Philosophy, but of the humbugs, who do many abominable things in our name.

PLATO. You'll find out presently, if only you are willing to hear him make his defense.

PHIL. Well, let us retire to the Hill of Ares,<sup>28</sup> or rather to the Acropolis itself, that we may command a bird's-eye view of everything in the city. 16. (*Turning to her attendants.*) Now, my dears, do you meanwhile take a stroll in the Pœcile. I'll be with you when I have settled this suit. (*Her attendants turn to depart.*)

LUC. Who are these ladies, Philosophy? They themselves also seem to me to be exceedingly well-behaved.

PHIL. This masculine-looking woman is Virtue. Yonder is Temperance, and by her side is Justice. The one leading the way is Education, and she whom you can only dimly discern and of uncertain complexion, is Truth.<sup>29</sup>

LUC. I don't see just who it is you mean.

PHIL. Don't you see that lady without any ornaments, the one lightly clad, who is always trying to elude one's grasp and give one the slip?

LUC. Oh, yes! Now I see her—barely, though. But why don't you take these ladies along too, that the council board may be full and complete? As for Truth,

<sup>27</sup> At two obols: See *Auction of Philosophers*. The obol was worth about 34 cents. Diogenes was knocked down at that price.

<sup>28</sup> Hill of Ares: The Areopagus, where the court of that name was held.

<sup>29</sup> Truth: Represented as of uncertain complexion and only dimly discerned, to indicate the difficulty, in Lucian's opinion, of discovering what truth really is amid the conflicting views entertained concerning her.

at least, I want to bring her before the court as my counsel.

PHIL. (*To her companions.*) Do you also come along, by all means! Why, it is no trouble to give judgment in one lawsuit, especially when it's going to bear upon our own interests.

17. TRUTH. Do you proceed, then. As for myself, I've no need to hear the case, for I have long known all there is to it.

PHIL. Nay, O Truth, you would quite opportunely share with us in rendering judgment, in order that you might bring everything to our knowledge.

TRUTH. Shall I, then, take along these two hand-maids also? They are my most intimate friends.

PHIL. Oh, certainly! Any you please.

TRUTH. Well, then, Liberty and Free-speech, come along with us, that we may be able to save this poor little fellow here—he's one of our followers, who is in peril for no just cause. But do you, Elenchus,<sup>30</sup> stay here.

LUC. Not so, my lady! If, too, anybody else is to be there, let this man also be present. For it is not with chance wild beasts that I shall have to contend, but with quacks hard to refute, because they are always finding some loophole through which to escape. Therefore, Elenchus is indispensable.

PHIL. We can't possibly do without him, then. And it will be better if you take along Demonstration also.

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PHIL. And so, Plato, Chrysippus and Aristotle, you are afraid, are you, that, though she is Truth herself, she will say what is false for his sake?

PLATO. No, not that! But he's exceeding crafty and good at flattery; and so will win her over to his side.

PHIL. Don't be alarmed! There's no fear of any

<sup>30</sup> Elenchus: Personification of argument, or cross-examination.

injustice being done, so long as she has Justice here with her. Well, let us go up! (*They ascend the Acropolis, Philosophy meanwhile questioning Lucian.*) 19. But tell me, what is your name?

LUC. Free-speaker, and my father was Sir Truthful, and my grandfather, Squire Cross-questioner.

PHIL. And your native land?

LUC. I'm a Syrian, Philosophy—one of those who dwell on the Euphrates. But what has that to do with it? For I observe that some of my opponents in this suit are equally with myself of foreign extraction. But their character and culture<sup>21</sup> are above the standard of Solians, Cyprians, Babylonians, or Stagiriters. And yet, in your eyes at least, a person would be none the worse, even though he were foreign in accent, provided his principles prove to be right and just.

20. PHIL. Well said! Anyhow, that was a thoughtless question of mine. But what is your profession? This at least it is proper I should know.

LUC. Well, I make it my business to hate quacks, hate jugglery, hate lies, and hate conceit, and I hate every such class of wicked men. There are very many of them, as you are aware.

PHIL. Really! The profession you follow seems to be largely made up of hating.

LUC. Very true! At all events, you see to how many people I am an object of hatred and how I am in peril because of it. Yet, in spite of this, I have a very precise knowledge of the opposite sentiment also—I mean that which is described by such expressions as begin with love. For I'm a lover of truth, a lover of beauty, and a lover of simplicity, and whatever else has to do with loving. Albeit, very few are worthy of this profession. While those ranged under the opposite head and better suited to be objects of one's hate, are legion. I am, therefore, in danger of soon forgetting the former art for want of practice, but am likely to attain a thorough understanding of this latter.

<sup>21</sup> Their character and culture: As if he would say: "Some of my opponents are, like myself, of foreign extraction, from Soli, Cyprus, Stagira, etc. But their character and culture are not to be judged of by the standard of their countrymen. So you should not infer my character and culture from my birthplace."

PHIL. Yet, it ought not to be so. Both the former and the latter, as the saying is, belong to the same category. Don't, then, cleave the two arts in twain, for they are really one, though they seem to be two.

LUC. You know better than I about that, Philosophy. My practice, however, is of this sort—namely, to hate the bad, and praise and love the good.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Acropolis,—temple of Athené Polias. They first pay their respects to the goddess.*

21. PHIL. Well! Here we are at the appointed place. Let us try the case somewhere here in the vestibule of the temple of Athené Polias. Priestess! Please arrange the seats for us; and meanwhile let us pay our homage to the goddess. (*They enter the cella of the temple.*)

LUC. (*Praying to the goddess.*) O guardian of the city! Come to my aid against these pretenders! Recall how many false oaths thou daily hearest them swear. And their deeds, too, thou alone seest—keeping watch and ward here, as indeed thou dost. Now is the time to punish them. And if perchance thou seest me getting the worst of it, and the black ballots<sup>22</sup> are in the majority, do thou give me, I pray thee, the benefit of thine own vote and save me.

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SCENE II. *Vestibule of the temple. They arrange the order of the trial.*

22. PHIL. (*Impatiently.*) Very well! here we are, you see, already seated and prepared to listen to the pleadings. (*To the plaintiffs.*) Now do you choose some one of your number—whoever is reputed to be the best

<sup>22</sup> Black ballots: A black one was cast into the urn for conviction, a white one for acquittal. "Thine own vote" refers to the proverbial "vote of Athené," to express acquittal, when the votes were even. Orestes (*Æschylus, Æumenides*, 784-788) is acquitted by the Areopagus, the goddess voting in his favor, and thus making the vote a tie.



at conducting a prosecution—then make a circumstantial statement of the charge, and cross-examine the defendant, for it is impracticable for all to speak at once. And you (*turning to Lucian*), you, Mr. Free-speaker, shall next make your defense.

CHRYSIPPUS. Well, then, who of us could be better fitted to act as prosecutor than you, Plato? A greatness of intellect truly wonderful, a style severely Attic in elegance, a charming manner replete with winning eloquence, mother-wit, precision, and a timely seductiveness<sup>33</sup> in the presentation of arguments—all these qualities are combined in you. Please accept, therefore, the office of advocate, and say what is proper in behalf of us all. Recall to mind on this occasion and gather into one all that you have said in reply to Gorgias, Polus, Hippias, or Prodicus.<sup>34</sup> This man here surpasses them in cleverness. Therefore, season your discourse with a dash of affected ignorance;<sup>35</sup> and those shrewd questions,<sup>36</sup> that you were wont to string together in a continuous chain—bring them in. Yes, and if you think fit, stuff in somewhere that famous passage,<sup>37</sup> how the mighty Zeus in heaven who drives a winged chariot, would be displeased, were this fellow not to suffer the punishment he deserves.

23. PLATO. By no means appoint me! Let us rather choose some one of those whose style is more impassioned—Diogenes here, Antisthenes,<sup>38</sup> or Crates, or even you, Chrysippus. For verily it is not elegance and ability as a writer that the present crisis demands, but practice in cross-questioning and in forensic oratory

<sup>33</sup> A timely seductiveness: An allusion to Plato's habit of opportunely introducing a passage of special beauty and eloquence to relieve the tedium of the argument.

<sup>34</sup> Gorgias, etc.: Famous Sophists, who appear with Socrates as interlocutors in the dialogues of Plato.

<sup>35</sup> Affected ignorance; i.e., purposely assumed, in order to lead an antagonist to express his views without reserve, and thus expose his weak points, a favorite resource with Socrates.

<sup>36</sup> Those shrewd questions: An allusion to the Dialectic of Socrates, his method of developing a topic by means of a long series of questions and answers.

<sup>37</sup> That famous passage: Plato, *Phædrus*, 246.

<sup>38</sup> Antisthenes: A contemporary of Socrates and founder of the Cynic school of philosophy.—Crates, a disciple of Diogenes, was one of the most distinguished of that school.—Plato is made to suggest a Cynic, or a Stoic, as a more suitable person than himself to act as prosecutor, because of the unbridled abusiveness of the former sect and the latter's gift of scornful speech.

—Mr. Free-speaker is, you know, an accomplished pleader.

DIOGENES. (*With alacrity.*) Very well! I'll act as prosecutor. For I'm thinking there's no need of a very lengthy speech. And besides I've been outraged more than any, for I was sold at auction the other day for two obols.

PLATO. Diogenes, Lady Philosophy, will speak in behalf of all. (*To Diogenes.*) And do you, my noble sir, remember in presenting the charges not to deem your own grievances as alone important, but to keep in view those that concern us all. For whatever differences of opinion we have with one another, too, don't you, I say, be scrutinizing them or declaring on the present occasion who holds the truer view. But pour out the vials of your wrath in behalf of philosophy herself in general, who has been wantonly insulted and maligned in the utterances of Mr. Free-speaker. And passing by those principles wherein we disagree, contend for that which we all hold in common. You see, we have put you forward as our only champion, and in you are now being risked the interests of us all, whether men are to have the noblest conceptions about us, or believe just what this fellow has set forth.

24. DIOG. Never you fear! We will leave nothing undone. I'll speak for all. Yes, and if Philosophy is moved to pity at his words—for, you know, she is by nature gentle and mild—and has half a mind to acquit him, still my part shall not be wanting. I'll show him that we don't carry a stick for nothing.

PHIL. No! Don't do that, I beg of you! Belabor him with argument—that is best—rather than with your club. Well, don't keep us waiting any longer. The water-clock<sup>30</sup> has already been filled, and the eyes of the court are fixed upon you.

LUC. I say, Philosophy, let the rest seat themselves and cast their votes along with you, and let Diogenes be the only accuser.

<sup>30</sup> Water-clock: Or clepsydra, something like our sand glass, with a hole in the bottom, through which the water slowly trickled; used to time speeches in the law courts.

PHIL. But aren't you afraid they will vote against you?

LUC. Oh, not at all! At all events, I desire to win by a larger vote.

PHIL. That's plucky of you.—(*To the court.*) Well, gentlemen, sit down. And do you, Diogenes, proceed.

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SCENE III. *Vestibule of the temple. The trial.*

25. DIOG. What sort of men we were during our life, Philosophy, you know quite accurately, and I need say nothing on that point. For, to keep silence as respects myself, yet, as for this Pythagoras here, and Plato, Aristotle, Chrysippus and the rest—who does not know how much that is noble they brought with them into the world? But I will state at once what insults this thrice-accursed Mr. Free-speaker here has heaped upon us, notwithstanding we are men of such high character. According to his story, he is a sort of rhetorician, having abandoned the courts and his notable achievements therein; and whatever force or vigor he had acquired in public speech, all this he has arrayed against us; and he does not cease speaking ill of us, stigmatizing us as quacks and cheats, and persuading the multitude to mock at and despise us, as though we were of no account. Nay, more, he has already caused ourselves and you, Philosophy, to be hated also by the majority of people, characterizing your principles as stuff and nonsense, and detailing, with intent to ridicule, the most weighty of the doctrines in which you trained us. And the result has been that he is clapped and applauded by the spectators, while we are treated despitefully. For such is the nature of the great mass of people, that they take pleasure in listening to raillery and abuse, especially whenever the things that are regarded as most sacred are pulled to pieces—just as in fact, they used to relish it of old also, when Aristophanes<sup>40</sup> and Eupolis brought forward upon the boards

<sup>40</sup> Aristophanes: In the *Clouds* he makes an elaborate attack upon the Sophists, selecting Socrates as their representative. His rival, Eupolis, followed his example.

this Socrates here, in order to poke fun at him, and caricatured him in the rather outrageous comedies they put upon the stage. Those men, however, ventured to use such language about one person and in the theater of Dionysus,<sup>41</sup> when it was allowable to do so. The jest seemed a part of the festival itself, and maybe the god enjoyed it, for, you know, he's sort of fond of laughing.

26. But this fellow, after long reflection and preparation and having entered some slanders in a thick note-book, calls together the leading men, and with his voice pitched high, defames Plato, Pythagoras, Aristotle, Chrysippus yonder, and me—yes, all philosophers generally—though there is no feast approaching, and he has not been personally wronged by us. The affair would have admitted of some excuse for him, had he acted in self-defense and not been himself the aggressor. Yes, and the cleverest trick of all is, that, in doing these things, he even assumes your name, Philosophy, and having entrapped Dialogue<sup>42</sup> a relative of ours, he makes use of him as a performer to help in attacking us. And besides, he has persuaded Menippus,<sup>43</sup> a pupil of mine, to aid him in caricaturing us for the most part—the only one who is absent and does not join with us in the prosecution, but has proved a traitor to the common cause. 27. For all this the respondent deserves to pay the penalty. Yes, for what could he say before so many witnesses, after ridiculing the most sacred things? At any rate, it would have a salutary effect upon them also, should they see him punished, in order that no one else might hereafter hold philosophy in contempt; since indeed to keep quiet and, when insulted, to put up with it would reasonably be regarded as an indication not of moderation, but of a want of manhood, and a mark of simplicity. For who could endure the very last things that he did?—when he

<sup>41</sup> Theater of Dionysus: Near the southeastern angle of the Acropolis, and capable of holding at least 20,000 people. Here plays were first brought out at the festival of the Dionysia, when the freest license was allowed for jesting and scurrilous abuse.

<sup>42</sup> Dialogue: Here personified. Plato had brought the dialogue to perfection, and Lucian had freely employed it in assailing the philosophers. In *Double Indictment* Dialogue accuses Lucian of putting him to base uses.

<sup>43</sup> Menippus: A Cynic philosopher of Phœnician birth, and a favorite character of Lucian's, who represents him as always scoffing and jesting at serious things.

took us to the auction room, just like a lot of slaves, put an auctioneer in charge and sold us off, some—they tell me—at a good price,<sup>44</sup> others for an Attic mina, but me at two obols—the thorough-going knave there! (*pointing at Lucian*)—while the spectators laughed. Indignant at this treatment, we have come up here in person, and we demand that you avenge us, for we've been most ignominiously insulted.

28. THE RESURRECTED PHILOSOPHERS. (*In chorus.*) Bravo, Diogenes! You've done your duty in behalf of us all and stated the whole case admirably.

PHIL. Cease your applause, gentlemen! Now, pour in the water for the defendant. And do you Mr. Free-speaker, proceed at once in your turn. See, the water-clock is now running for you. So don't delay!

29. MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Diogenes, Lady Philosophy, has not charged me with all the things I have said, but the majority of them and the harsher ones, for some reason or other, he has omitted. But I am so far from denying that I did say them, or from having succeeded in getting up some sort of defense, that I'm resolved to add now whatever else either he himself has left unsaid, or I have not found time to say before. For in this way you will learn who they are, whom I sold at auction and defamed by branding them as quacks and cheats. And please observe narrowly this one thing only, whether I shall tell the truth about them. But if my speech should appear to contain aught that is slanderous, or harsh, I think it would be more just to blame not me, who call them to account, but those who do such things. For, the moment I clearly saw the annoyances that of necessity attend upon the career of a rhetorician—the deception and falsehood, the effrontery and shouting, the hot disputes and countless other vexations—I, as indeed was right, fled from them, and hastening to enter your noble calling, Philosophy, I resolved to lose no time in escaping, as it were, from the surging billows of the outer sea into some quiet haven, and to live out the remainder of

<sup>44</sup> At a good price: See *Auction of Philosophers*. Socrates brought two talents, or \$2,400; Chrysippus, 12 minas, or \$240; Aristotle, 20 minas, or \$400; Pythagoras, 10 minas, or \$200; Epicurus, 2 minas, or \$40; while Diogenes brought only 2 obols, or about 7 cents; and Democritus, Heraclitus and Aristippus found no purchasers.

my days beneath your sheltering arms. 30. And ever since I obtained a glimpse merely into your realm, I have regarded you with admiration—as, indeed, I couldn't help doing—and all these gentlemen, too. For they make the laws that pertain to the best life, and reach out a helping hand to those who are striving after it, and give them the best and most serviceable counsel. And such it will prove, if a person does not transgress this advice or lose his footing, but, keeping his eye intently fixed upon the principles that you gentlemen have prescribed, orders and governs his own life according to them. Upon my word, that's the very thing few do, even among our own contemporaries. 31. But when I saw that many were possessed by a love, not for philosophy, but only for the honor they could get out of the thing, and that they bore a striking resemblance to good men merely in matters that are external and common, such as every one can easily imitate—I mean the cut of the beard, the gait, and the way of wearing one's cloak—while in their life and actions they belied their looks, practiced the opposite of what you enjoin and blasted the reputation of the profession—when I saw all this, I was indignant. And the case appeared to me much the same as if an actor of tragedy, who is personally soft and effeminate, should play the part of Achilles,<sup>45</sup> Theseus, or even of Heracles himself, without having either the port or the voice of a hero, but giving himself airs under so big a mask, that even Helen<sup>46</sup> or Polyxena would never put up with it, notwithstanding it looks a deal like them, much less Heracles, the hero of many a glorious victory. Nay, he, I fancy, would crush in a trice such a fellow, mask and all, with a blow from his club, for having treated him with such disrespect as to make a woman of him. 32. As I saw you also subjected to like treatment at the hands of those men,<sup>47</sup> I did not brook the shame of their hypocrisy in presuming—jackanapes that they are

<sup>45</sup> Achilles: The hero of the Iliad and noblest looking of the Greeks. Theseus was the legendary hero of Attica, and was called the second Heracles, from his extraordinary adventures.

<sup>46</sup> Helen: Wife of Menelaus, king of Lacedæmon; carried off by Paris to Troy which act caused the Trojan war. Polyxena, daughter of Priam, king of Troy.

<sup>47</sup> Those men: The philosophers contemporary with Lucian.

—to put on the masks of heroes, or to imitate the ass of Cymé.<sup>48</sup> He, you know, donning a lion's skin, claimed that he was himself a lion, and with harsh and terrible voice brayed at the people of Cymé, who didn't recognize him, until at last a stranger, who had many a time seen a lion and an ass, showed him up and gave him a good beating with such sticks as were handy. But, Philosophy, what appeared to me most dreadful was this. When men saw one of these people practicing anything base, shameful or outrageous, there wasn't a person, who didn't forthwith blame Philosophy herself and Chrysippus, Plato, or Pythagoras, or the one after whom the reprobate was in the habit of calling himself and whose system of doctrine he imitated; and from his evil course of life they drew unfavorable conclusions concerning you, who have been dead this long time. For there was no opportunity to compare him with you while you were alive, but you were out of the way—whereas he used to practice abominable indecencies in plain sight of all men, so that you shared by default in his condemnation and were dragged down along with him into the like disgrace. 33. I, for my part, did not endure the sight of all this, but was trying to expose these people and show the difference between them and you. But *you* bring me before a court of justice, when you ought to honor me for this. If, then, I get angry, when I see one of those who have been initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries,<sup>49</sup> divulging the secret rites of the two goddesses and mimicking the sacred dancers, and show him up, will you regard me as the wrongdoer? Nay, but it wouldn't be just. Likewise when the umpires follow the custom of flogging an actor, who, in personating Athené, Poseidon, or Zeus, makes a botch of it or acts his part in a manner unworthy of them, those deities are not angry with the umpires—(of course not!) because the latter deliver over the one, who wears their masks and has put on their dress, to the scourgers to chastise. In fact, they would, I presume, take pleasure in the castigation of such per-

<sup>48</sup> The ass of Cymé: Lucian in another place attributes this fable to Æsop.

<sup>49</sup> Eleusinian mysteries: Celebrated at Eleusis, twelve miles west of Athens, in honor of Demeter and Persephoné. The precise nature of the rites has never been disclosed.

sons. For to bungle the rôle of a menial or a messenger is but a trifling fault; but when one does not worthily represent Zeus or Heracles to the spectators, it's shocking to contemplate how utterly disgraceful it is. 34. And furthermore, oddest of all, the mass of them make a very thorough study of your works, but live just as though they read and conned them over merely with a view to practicing the opposite. Everything they say—for instance, that one should despise money and glory, and regard nothing as good but what is morally beautiful, that one should be incapable of anger, hold in contempt those who make a brilliant show and converse with them as their equal—all this, ye gods, is noble, wise, and really very admirable. But these very doctrines, even, they teach for hire. They are lost in admiration for the rich and are all agape after their money. They are more irritable than any little cur, more cowardly than any hare, more fawning than any monkey. In grossness they outdo any ass, in thievishness any cat, and any cock in fondness for fighting. Accordingly they make a laughing-stock of themselves, as they jostle one another about the doors of the rich in the scramble for what they have to bestow, regale themselves with dinners of many covers, and right then and there indulge in vulgar praise of the host, and stuff themselves beyond all propriety. Yes, and they wear an air of discontent and discuss over their cups doleful subjects out of harmony with the occasion, and cannot abide the undiluted wine they drink. While the unprofessional guests who drink with them, laugh, of course, and spit upon philosophy, to think that she breeds such worthless fellows. 35. But the most disgraceful thing is this. Every one of them affirms that he stands in need of nothing, nay, loudly insists upon it, that only the wise man is rich. But by and by he comes up and goes to begging and flies into a passion, if he doesn't get what he asks for. Why, it's just as if somebody in royal attire, wearing an upright tiara<sup>50</sup> with a band around it and all the other badges of royalty, should ask an alms, begging from

<sup>50</sup> Upright tiara: A Persian head-dress, worn upright by the Great King alone.



his inferiors. When, however, they have occasion for receiving something, there's lots of talk about the duty of sharing with others, and how that wealth is neither good nor bad, and—"Why, what is gold or silver coin? nothing different from the pebbles on the seashore." But when some old *confrère* and friend, in need of aid, approaches and begs for a little from their abundance, then they are dumb and at a loss what to say, profess they don't know the man and retract their theories and shift to the contrary ground. As for the most of those doctrines of theirs concerning friendship, and their virtue and moral beauty—well, they've all taken to flight—God knows where—verily winged words, thrown out at random in their daily discussions, as though they were fighting shadows. 36. They are all friends just so long as the question between them does not concern a silver or a gold piece. But if one hold up to view an obol only, peace is at an end—there's war to the knife; as for their books on ethics, there isn't a trace of them left behind, and virtue has taken to flight. Dogs, you know, behave in much the same way. Whenever a person casts a bone among them, they spring up and bite one another and snarl at the one that seizes the bone first. Once upon a time a certain Egyptian king, so the story goes, taught monkeys to dance a kind of war dance. The creatures—they are, you know, very fond of aping the actions of human beings—very soon became proficient and were in the habit of dancing, clad in purple robes and with masks on. For a while the show was in high favor, until a waggish spectator, who had some nuts in his pocket, threw them into the midst. At sight of them the monkeys forgot all about the dancing, and instead of Pyrrhic<sup>61</sup> dancers, they became monkeys again—that's what they really were—smashed their masks, tore their clothing to shreds, and fought with each other for the possession of the fruit. But the order of the dance had been spoiled, and the spectators made fun of the affair. 37. Just such things these people also do; and it's of such folks that I for my part, used to speak ill, and I shall never cease

<sup>61</sup> Pyrrhic: A war dance, performed in full armor to the sound of a pipe, and so called, perhaps, from Pyrrhichus, its reputed inventor.

showing them up and ridiculing them. But as to you and those that bear some likeness to you—for there are, there are some who have a genuine zeal for philosophy and are true to your laws—may I never be so beside myself as to utter anything libellous or wrong! For what excuse could I plead? In what respect, pray, have you lived like them? But as for those quacks and enemies of the gods, 'tis meet, I think, to hate them. Yes, for what relation, think you, my dear Pythagoras and Plato, Chrysippus and Aristotle, do such folks bear to you, or what that befits you or is akin to you, do they show forth in their mode of life? By my troth, you and they, as the adage has it, are no more alike than Heracles and a monkey. Because, forsooth, they have beards, and claim to be devoted to philosophy, and wear a long face, must we, therefore, liken them to you? Well, I should have put up with them, if at least they had been true to nature, even in the mere acting. But as it is, a vulture might sooner pose as a nightingale, than these men personate philosophers. I have said in my own behalf all that I could. Now do you, Truth, testify to these gentlemen, whether my statements are true or not.

38. PHIL. Well, Mr. Free-speaker, you may retire. —Further off yet! (*Lucian withdraws out of earshot.*) (*To the court.*) Now, what action shall we take? How did the man's defense strike you?

TRUTH. For my part, Philosophy, while he was speaking, I wished to heaven I might sink into the earth—so true was all that he said. At all events, as I listened I recognized every one of those who do what he charged, and as he proceeded I mentally squared them by the things that were said—"this just fits such-and-such a man; so-and-so does that." And in general he sketched the men in bold relief just as in a sort of picture, a faithful likeness in every respect. For he gave us a portraiture exact to the minutest particular, not of their bodies only, but of their very souls as well.

TEMPERANCE. Yes, and I, Truth, turned as red as scarlet.

PHIL. (*To the Philosophers.*) And what say you?

**THE RESURRECTED PHILOSOPHERS.** (*In chorus.*)  
 What? Why, what else can we say, but that he is acquitted of the charge and enrolled as our friend and benefactor? At any rate, we are simply in the same case with the people of Ilium<sup>82</sup>—we've stirred up this man as a sort of tragic actor to our own hurt, for he will sing of the mischances of the Phrygians. However, let him sing away and inveigh in tragic style against the enemies of the gods.

**DIOG.** As for myself, Philosophy, I've nothing but praise for the man. I retract my accusations and deem him a friend—noble gentleman that he is!

**39. PHIL.** Well done, Mr. Free-speaker! We acquit you of the charge. You have the best of it by a unanimous vote. Henceforth know that you are ours.

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** (*Gratefully.*) I must pay my homage to the goddess<sup>83</sup> the very first thing. Stay, I think I'll do it rather in the fashion of tragedy—there'll be more solemnity about it.

O Goddess of Victory, in high degree revered,  
 May'st thou my path of life direct,  
 Nor cease with wreath of bay to crown!

### ACT III.

**SCENE I.** *Syllogism and Mr. Free-speaker make proclamation from the brow of the hill, citing the pseudo-philosophers to appear upon the Acropolis for trial.*

**VIRTUE.** Well, then, let us now proceed to the next business in hand. Let us cite before us those pretenders, too, that they may undergo trial in return for the

<sup>82</sup> In the same case with the people of Ilium: A proverbial expression, employed to enforce the moral that men must not complain if they do reap the consequences of their own acts. The Trojans, here called Phrygians, could not justly find fault if, when they invited the actors of tragedy, the latter should take for their subject the misfortunes of Troy. No more can we, who have called Lucian to account for maligning us, only to find, to our great chagrin, the shocking degeneracy of the sects and schools that still bear our names, painted by him in its true colors.

<sup>83</sup> The Goddess: Athené Pollas, before whom he kneels in mock reverence, adopting for his prayer the closing lines of several of the plays of Euripides, *Phœnissæ*, *Orestes*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

insults they heap upon us. And Mr. Free-speaker here shall present the accusation against each one.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Well said, Virtue! *Garçon!* Syllogism, I say! Lean over the brow of the hill there and take a peep into the city, and summon also the philosophers.

40. SYLLOGISM. (*Makes proclamation.*) Oyez! Oyez! The philosophers are bidden to be present upon the Acropolis, in order to vindicate themselves before Virtue, Philosophy and Justice.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Do you see? Only a few have recognized the proclamation and are coming together. On general grounds, they are afraid of Justice. The most of them are engaged with the rich,<sup>64</sup> and so have no leisure even. If you want them all to be here, Syllogism, you must make proclamation as follows:

PHIL. (*Interrupting.*) Nay! But do you, Mr. Free-speaker, summon them in whatever way seems best to you.

41. MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Oh, there's no difficulty about that. (*Proceeds.*) Oyez! Oyez! All who claim to be philosophers and all who think themselves entitled to the name, are ordered to attend a distribution<sup>65</sup> upon the Acropolis. Each man will be presented with two minæ and a pancake made of sesame;<sup>66</sup> and whoever can show a long beard shall receive besides a cake of dried figs. It is ordered that every one bring along temperance, righteousness, or self-control—oh no, by no means! There's no need of such things—at least, if they are not at hand. But let every one be sure and bring five syllogisms. For without these a man can't possibly be wise.

There lie in the midst, two talents of gold, to be on him  
Bestowed, who 'mongst you all in strife shall mightiest  
prove.<sup>67</sup>

<sup>64</sup> Engaged with the rich: i.e., paying court to them, eating their dinners, etc.

<sup>65</sup> A distribution: Lucian knows how to get the ear of these selfish philosophers, and accordingly with biting sarcasm he invites them to a distribution of gifts upon the Acropolis, money and choice cakes, an extra one for him who can show a long beard. No matter about temperance, righteousness, or self-control, about which these philosophers prate so much, but which they practice so little. But syllogisms, of which they make so much, regarding them as the *sine qua non* of wisdom, let each bring along five of them without fail.

<sup>66</sup> Sesame: A leguminous plant, the seeds of which were boiled and eaten like rice. Roasted, ground, and mixed with honey, they were used at Athens as a delicacy at wedding feasts.

<sup>67</sup> There lie in the midst, etc.; A parody on *Il. xviii.*, 507f. from the description of the trial scene upon the famous shield made by Hephaestus for Achilles.

42. Bless me! What a jostling crowd of philosophers fills the way leading up to the Acropolis,<sup>88</sup> the moment they but heard the two minæ mentioned! Some are coming up by way of the Pelasgicum, others over against the temple of Asclepius, and a yet larger number past the Hill of Ares; some, too, opposite the tomb of Talôs, and yet others joining the mob, are crawling up the stairs toward the temple of the Anaces—with a humming sound, by jingo, and in clusters<sup>89</sup> after the manner of a swarm of bees—to speak in Homeric parlance—yes, ever so many from hither and from yon,

A countless throng, as dense as vernal leaves and flowers.<sup>90</sup>

—*II. ii.*, 468.

Why, the Acropolis will soon be full of them. With what a hubbub they push for the front places! Wallets, long beards, fawning shamelessness—you see them everywhere—yes, and staffs, greediness, syllogisms and covetousness. The few who came up in response to the first proclamation are lost to view and can't be distinguished, mingled as they are in the general crowd. In the universal similarity of dress they pass unnoticed. Anyhow, this is the strangest thing of all, and the chief complaint one might bring against you, Philosophy, namely, that you haven't affixed to them some mark or sign, by which they can be recognized. For oftentimes these quacks are more persuasive than the genuine philosophers.

PHIL. Well, that shall be done by and by. But let us now receive them.

SCENE II. *The Acropolis. Enter the various sects of philosophers, quarreling as to the precedence.*

43. PLATONISTS. We followers of Plato<sup>91</sup> ought to be served first.

<sup>88</sup> The way leading up to the Acropolis: The Propylææ, the magnificent Doric approach. The Pelasgicum was an accursed piece of ground at the base of the Long Rocks, or precipice, on the north side of the hill. The temple of Asclepius lay to the southwest, and the Areopagus to the northwest. The temple of the Anaces (Castor and Pollux) was on the north side. Talos was a pupil of the artist Dædalus, who, becoming jealous of him, thrust him over the steep precipice of the Acropolis. His tomb was on the southern slope.

<sup>89</sup> In clusters, etc.: Cf. *II. ii.*, 89.

<sup>90</sup> A countless throng, etc.: *II. ii.*, 468, said of the Achæans, as they gathered for battle upon the Scamandrian plain at command of Agamemnon.

<sup>91</sup> Followers of Plato: The Neo-Platonists, or Eclectic School of Lucian's day

**PYTHAGOREANS.** Nay, but we Pythagoreans.<sup>62</sup> Pythagoras, you know, lived first.

**STOICS.** Nonsense! We of the Porch rank higher.

**PERIPATETICS.** No such thing! On the score of property<sup>63</sup> at least, we Peripatetics should have the precedence.

**EPICUREANS.** Give us, Epicureans,<sup>64</sup> the pancakes and the cakes of dried figs. As for the minæ, we'll wait, even if we have to be served last.

**ACADEMICIANS.** Where are your two talents? We of the Academy<sup>65</sup> will show you how much better dialecticians we are than the rest.

**STOICS.** At least not while we Stoics<sup>66</sup> are present.

44. **PHIL.** Come! Stop your everlasting squabbling! You Cynics there, don't keep pushing one another so, or beating each other with your sticks! You've been summoned, I'd have you understand, for quite a different purpose; and I, Philosophy, and Virtue here and Truth, will now decide who are the true philosophers. Then, whoever are found living as we think right, shall be adjudged best, and so shall be happy. But the quacks and those who bear no relation to us, we will utterly destroy, as the villains deserve, so that they may not lay claim to things that are beyond their powers—impostors that they are! What means this? Are you taking to flight? By my faith! The most of them are leaping down the very crags! So the Acropolis is empty, save of the few who have remained, because they are not afraid to be put to the test. 45. Here, attendants, pick up the wallet that the little Cynic threw away in the general scattering. Come! Let me see just what he has there. Lupines,<sup>67</sup> I suppose, or a book, or some loaves of coarse brown bread.

<sup>62</sup> We Pythagoreans: The Neo-Pythagoreans, of whom Apollonius of Tyana (first century A. D.) was a representative.

<sup>63</sup> On the score of property, etc.: A thrust at the teaching of the Peripatetics, that property is to be regarded among good things.

<sup>64</sup> Epicureans: They had a penchant for the pleasures, the sweets of life, and accordingly press their claim to be served first with the cakes.

<sup>65</sup> We of the Academy: An allusion to the New Academy. In *Double Indictment* Lucian says: "The Academy is always ready to take either side of an argument, and practice so as to be able to utter contradictories in beautiful style."

<sup>66</sup> We Stoics: It was characteristic of this school to use hair-splitting logic and puzzling quirks and sophisms.

<sup>67</sup> Lupines: A leguminous plant, used as a common article of food, especially among the poorer classes.

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** (*Examining the wallet.*) Oh, no, none of those things. But here's a gold piece, some pomade, a mirror,<sup>66</sup> and some dice.<sup>67</sup>

**PHIL.** (*As if addressing the Cynic.*) Very good, my noble sir! Such then was your stock in trade, and with these things on hand you thought fit to revile everybody and play the tutor to all your neighbors.

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** (*To the resurrected philosophers.*) Such, you see, is the character of these fellows. You ought, then, to be considering in what way the prevailing ignorance of these things shall be put an end to, and how those who fall in with these people shall distinguish the good among them from those of the contrary course of life. But do you, Truth, find out—for it would be in your interest to do so—how the falsehood just exposed may be prevented from getting the mastery, and how the worthless among men through this ignorance may not escape your notice by imitating the worthy.

46. **TRUTH.** Let us, if you please, charge Mr. Free-speaker himself with this sort of duty, since he has proved worthy and kindly disposed toward us and is an especial admirer of yours, Philosophy. Let him take Elenchus along with him and interview all who claim to be philosophers; and then let him crown with a wreath of olive, whomever he finds in very truth a legitimate son of philosophy, and invite him to dine in the town hall.<sup>70</sup> But should he encounter some wretch of a man—oh, how many there are of them!—who wears only the mask of philosophy, let him strip off his coarse cloak and clip off his beard<sup>71</sup> very close to the skin with a pair of shears, such as they use in shearing he-goats, and put marks upon his forehead, or burn them in right between his

<sup>66</sup> A mirror: Made of polished metal. Silver mirrors were so common under the empire as to be used even by maid-servants.

<sup>67</sup> Dice: For gambling.

<sup>70</sup> In the town hall: Or president's hall, where the Prytanes and other magistrates took their meals, foreign ambassadors were entertained and where citizens who had performed some important public service were honored with seats at the public table.

<sup>71</sup> And clip off his beard: Lucian is fond of dwelling upon the goatish looks of the philosophers with their long beards, and accordingly a pair of goat-shears (or, as we would say, "sheep-shears") is appropriately to be used in clipping them off.

eyebrows. The mark made by the branding-iron shall be the figure of a fox or a monkey."<sup>72</sup>

PHIL. Very good, Truth! But let the test, Mr. Free-speaker, be such as the offspring of eagles are said to be subjected to—the ability to look the sun right in the face without blinking. Not that those people too are literally to look straight at that luminary and have their ability to face it tested. But set before them gold, fame and pleasure; and whomsoever you see taking no notice of these objects and in nowise drawn to the sight, let him be crowned with the olive. But should you observe any one gazing intently at them and reaching out his hand after the gold, you are to lead him away to the branding-iron, having first cut off his beard.

47. MR. FREE-SPEAKER. It shall be as you wish, Philosophy. And you'll see right off most of them branded with a fox or a monkey, but precious few crowned. If, however, you gentlemen desire I'll bring up some of them for you, without stirring from this very spot, by jingo.

PHIL. What do you mean? Will you bring up here those who took to flight?

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. That I will, if indeed the priestess will let me use for a few moments that hook and line which the fisherman from the Piræus<sup>73</sup> has hung up as a votive offering in the temple here.

PRIESTESS. There! Take it! Yes, the rod too, that you may have all the needful tools.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Well, then, Priestess, give me some dried figs—be quick about it!—and a little gold.

PRIESTESS. Here! Take them!

<sup>72</sup> Figure of a fox, etc.: As indicating the sly, crafty character of these men, deceiving by false appearances.

<sup>73</sup> Piræus: The principal port of Athens, distant about five miles. The fisherman had hung up his hook and line in the temple in fulfillment of some vow, his name and the occasion of the offering being recorded upon a tablet placed beneath.



## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The parapet of the Acropolis. Mr. Free-speaker, seated thereon, angles for the fugitive philosophers, some of whom he draws up into the presence of Philosophy.*

PHIL. (*To the Priestess.*) What on earth is the man intending to do?

PRIESTESS. He has baited the hook with a fig and the gold, and seating himself upon the top of the parapet, has let the line down into the city.

PHIL. What are you about there, Mr. Free-speaker? Can it be that you are bent on fishing up the stones from the Pelasgicum?

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Whist there, Philosophy. Wait and see what we catch! Do thou, Poseidon,<sup>74</sup> thyself a fisherman, and thou, beloved Amphitrité, send us up a great draft of the fishes! 48. There! I see a huge sea-wolf, or rather gilt-head.

ELENCHUS. No, it's a shark. See! He's making for the hook, with mouth wide open. He's getting scent of the gold. He's already near it. There! He snatched at it. He's caught! Let us draw him up!

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. And do you, Elenchus, take hold of the line now, and lend a hand. There! He's landed! Come! Let me see! Who are you, most excellent among fishes? There! It's only a dog-fish.<sup>75</sup> My stars! what teeth! (*The catch proves to be a Cynic philosopher.*) How's this, most noble sir? You've been caught, have you, stuffing yourself with tidbits among the rocks, whither you stole off, thinking nobody would see you? But now, suspended as you are by the gills, you'll be in full view of all. Let us remove the bait and the hook here! There! You have the hook clear. But the dried fig is already firmly lodged, and the gold piece, in his stomach.

DIOG. No, indeed! Let him disgorge them, that so we may use the bait in catching others also.

<sup>74</sup> Poseidon: The chief deity of the sea and, his wife, Amphitrité, one of the Nereids, would naturally be appealed to for success in angling.

<sup>75</sup> Dog-fish: A play upon the word Cynic, which literally means "dog-like."

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** All right! What say you, Diogenes? Do you know who this man is? Is he some relation of yours?<sup>76</sup>

**DIOG.** (*Indignantly.*) None whatever!

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** Very well! But how much should you say he's worth? I, indeed, priced him at two obols the other day.<sup>77</sup>

**DIOG.** And dear at that! For he's not fit to be eaten, a disgusting object, with hard flesh and altogether worthless. Cast him head-first from the rock! (*Down he goes.*) Now let down the hook and draw up another. But take care there, Mr. Free-speaker, lest your rod be bent to the point of breaking.

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** Never you fear, Diogenes! They are light and weigh less than any sardine.<sup>78</sup>

**DIOG.** Yes, by my faith! Light enough in the upper story. Draw up, for all that!

49. **MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** Look! Who else have we there in that flat<sup>79</sup> creature? A fish, looking as if split in two, is approaching—a sort of turbot,<sup>80</sup> with his mouth wide open to seize the hook. There! He has gulped it down. We've got him! Let him be drawn up!

**DIOG.** Who is he?

**ELENCHUS.** He claims to be a follower of Plato.

**PLATO.** You, too, you wretch! are here after the gold-piece, are you?

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** What say you, Plato? What shall we do with him?

**PLATO.** Oh, let him, too, be hurled down from the same rock. (*They throw him over.*)

50. **DIOG.** Now let the hook be dropped for another catch.

**MR. FREE-SPEAKER.** Upon my word, I see one approaching, perfectly beautiful—as well as a person can

<sup>76</sup> Is he some relation of yours? A sly thrust at Diogenes, who was himself the chief of Cynics.

<sup>77</sup> I priced him at two obols (about seven cents) the other day: An allusion to the *Auction of Philosophers*, where the Cynic Diogenes was knocked down at that price.

<sup>78</sup> Than any sardine: *τῶν ἀφύων* in the Greek. The use of this word suggests a pun to Diogenes, who in his reply uses the superlative of *ἀφύης*, "witless, light in the upper story." It is impossible to reproduce the pun in English.

<sup>79</sup> Flat: *πλατύς*, a pun upon *Πλάτων*, Plato.

<sup>80</sup> A sort of turbot: Its name was used by the comic poets as equivalent to "blockhead," a meaning that Lucian may have had in mind here.

make out at such a depth—of various colors and with sort of gold bands upon his back. Do you see, Elenchus? He's the one who gives it out that he is Aristotle. There! He came up to the hook and then swam away again. Now he's looking sharply around. He has come back again. He has opened his mouth. There! He's caught! Up with him!

ARISTOTLE. Don't ask me about him, Mr. Free-speaker. I don't know who he is.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Well, then, Aristotle, away with this one also down the rocks! (*Suiting the action to the word.*) 51. But please look! I think I see over against the same spot shoals of fishes, all of one color and thorny and rough<sup>51</sup> on the surface. They are harder to catch than any sea-urchin. Surely it will take a drag-net to capture them. But we haven't any. It would answer, if we could draw up even a single one from the shoal. Of course, it's the boldest one among them that will make for the hook.

ELENCHUS. Well, let it down, if you think best. But first be sure and cover the line with iron for a considerable part of its length, lest after swallowing the gold-piece, he bite the line in two with his teeth.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. There! I've let it down. Do thou, Poseidon, give us a speedy draft! Bless me! They are fighting over the bait, and many are nibbling all at once at the dried fig. Others are clinging fast to the gold-piece. All right! A very powerful fellow has got impaled upon the hook. (*He draws him in.*) Come, let me see! After whom do you say you are called? But I'm making myself ridiculous, trying to get a fish to talk—they haven't themselves the faculty of speech, you know. Well, Elenchus, do you tell me whom he has for a master.

ELENCH. Why, Chrysippus here.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Yes, I understand. I presume it's because his name begins with "Chrys," meaning "gold."<sup>52</sup> I say, Chrysippus, tell us, by Athené, do you know the men and exhort them to do such things?

<sup>51</sup> Shoals of fishes, thorny and rough: The Stoics are here referred to, thorny and rough, because of the harshness and asperity of their doctrines, while underneath they were full of wantonness and luxury.

<sup>52</sup> With "Chrys," meaning "gold": The fishes clinging fast to the gold piece suggests their relation to Chrysippus and also the pun.

CHRYSS. Upon my oath, Mr. Free-speaker, you insult me with your questions and in assuming that such people bear any relation to us.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Bravo! Chrysippus! You're a noble gentleman! Anyhow, down with him too, along with the rest, head-first—so (*giving him a shove*). For he's covered with sharp points and there's reason to fear a person eating him would get his throat pierced through.

52. PHIL. You've caught enough, Mr. Free-speaker. You see—some one of them, and there are many of that stamp, may succeed in detaching the gold-piece and the hook, and then you'll have to make the loss good to the priestess. (*To her companions.*) Well, let us be off for a stroll! (*To the resurrected philosophers.*) And it's time for *you* to return to where you came from, that you may not exceed your leave of absence. And do you, Mr. Free-speaker and Elenchus, go the round of them all and either crown or brand them, as I said.

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. That shall be done, Philosophy. (*To the philosophers as they depart.*) Adieu, most excellent sirs! Now, Elenchus, let us go down and carry out our instructions. But where ought we to go first? To the Academy, or to the Porch?

ELENCH. We'll make a beginning with the Lyceum.<sup>53</sup>

MR. FREE-SPEAKER. Oh, that won't make any odds. Only, this I'm sure of, wherever we go, we shall require few crowns, but many branding-irons.

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<sup>53</sup> The Lyceum: *i.e.*, the Peripatetics, who had their headquarters there.



## APPENDIX.

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### THE CHOICE OF HERACLES.<sup>1</sup>

IN this allegory, which was probably part of a larger work entitled "Horæ," Prodicus represents Heracles as having just come of age, when it was necessary for him to determine what path he would follow for life, that of virtue, or that of vice. He retires into some sequestered spot on Mount Cithæron and there sits down, "at a loss whither to turn." Then two stately women seem to approach, one fair to look upon, noble in outward form, her person adorned with purity, her eyes with modesty, chaste of mien and dressed in white; the other pampered into obesity and effeminacy, her face beautified with cosmetics, that she might seem fairer and more ruddy than she really was, and carrying herself in such wise as to appear more erect than she was by nature; her eyes she kept wide open, and she was dressed in such fashion as to show off her youthful beauty to the best advantage. She casts many a glance at herself and looks around to see if anybody else is watching her, and often also gazes at her own shadow.

As they drew nearer to Heracles, the first mentioned advanced at the same pace as before, but the latter, wishing to be first, ran up to him and said: "I observe, my dear Heracles, that you are at a loss what path to follow for life. If now you make me your friend, I will conduct you along the pleasantest and easiest road, and there is not one of all the pleasures of life that you shall fail to taste of, and you shall live in entire ignorance of its stern realities. In the first place, you will have no occasion to trouble yourself about wars or affairs of state, but it shall be the one object of your life

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<sup>1</sup> Upon this Lucian evidently modelled his *Dream*, or a Chapter in the *Early Life of Lucian*, a translation of which is included in the *Introduction* to this work.

to consider what delicacies you can discover in the way of food or drink; what sight or sound may afford you delight; what things you may get pleasure from through the sense of smell or touch, and what favorites you may find the most enjoyment in associating with, how you can sleep most softly and how you can obtain all these things with the least possible labor. And if ever there should be any suspicion of a failure in the supply of these things, you will have no occasion to fear that I shall put you under the necessity of procuring them by toil and suffering hardship in body or soul; but you shall enjoy the fruits of the labors of others and keep your hands off nothing from which you can derive some advantage. For to those who company with me, I give the power of receiving benefit from every quarter."

On hearing these things, Heracles said: "Woman, what is thy name?"

"My friends," she replied, "call me Good-fortune, while they who hate me nickname me, Vice."

In the meantime the other woman approached and said: "I, too, have come unto you, my dear Heracles, for I knew your parents and carefully observed your disposition while you were being educated. Hence I anticipate that if you direct your steps in the path which leads to me, you will become a very good workman in all that is beautiful and noble, while I shall appear yet more honored and more distinguished for good deeds. I shall not try to beguile you with promises of pleasure. But I will truthfully recount to you the facts just as the gods have ordered them. For of all the good and beautiful things that exist, the gods bestow nothing upon men without toil and diligence. But if you wish the gods to be propitious to you, you must serve the gods; or if you would have the love of your friends, you must show kindness to your friends; or if you have your heart set upon being honored by some city, you must render the city some service; or if you aspire to be admired by all Greece on the score of goodness, you must endeavor to confer some benefit upon Greece; or if you desire your land to bear bountiful crops, you must cultivate the soil; or if you think

you ought to grow rich from your flocks and herds, you must look after your live stock; or if you are eager to become great by means of war, and wish to be able to set free your friends and subdue your enemies, you must learn the theory itself of war from those who understand it, and must put it in practice; and especially if you would have a powerful physique, you must accustom your body to be subordinate to your will, and must exercise it with the aid of labors and sweat."

Then Vice interrupting, said—according to the account of Prodicus: "Do you reflect, my dear Heracles, how difficult and long is the path which this woman describes to you as leading to her delights? Whereas, I will conduct you by an easy and short road to the good-fortune which I offer."

Then Virtue said: "You wretch! What good thing have you? Or what pleasures do you know, when you are unwilling to do anything to get them?—you who do not even wait for the desire for pleasures, but before desire comes, take your fill of everything, eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, and that you may find delight in eating, procuring for yourself skilled cooks—yes, you who provide costly wines, that you may drink with relish, and in summer run about in search of snow with which to cool them; and that you may enjoy sleep, provide not only soft beds, but couches and rockers for the couches. For you desire slumber not on account of toil, but because you have nothing whatever to do. You provoke sensual indulgence before there is occasion for it, resorting to all manner of devices. Yes, you educate your own friends to these things, at night running riot, and sleeping the best part of the day. Though immortal, you are an outcast from the society of the gods and held in contempt by good men. The sweetest strain the ear takes in, your own praise, you never hear, and the most charming sight the eye can see you never behold, for never have you beheld a noble deed of your own doing. Who would believe anything you said? And who would share anything with you when in need? And who in his right mind would venture to make one of your company? The young among your companions are weakly



in body, while the old are become silly in mind, during youth supported in affluence and without toil, but passing old age in servile labor and in want, disgraced by what they have done and weighed down by what they are now doing, having exhausted their pleasures in youth and stored up sufferings for age.

"But I live with the gods; I live with good men. No good deed, either divine or human, takes place without my help. I am honored above all, both with gods and with men, with whom it is meet that I should be. I am a beloved fellow workman with artisans, for masters a faithful sentinel over their houses, a well-disposed assistant to house-s'aves, a worthy sharer in the labors of peace and a staunch ally in the operations of war, and a most excellent partner in friendship. My friends have sweet enjoyment of food and drink, with no care to disturb. They patiently wait until they have an appetite for them. Sleep is at their command, sweeter than that which they have who are strangers to toil, and they are neither weighed down when deprived of it, nor for the sake of it do they omit to attend to their duties. The young rejoice in the praises of their elders, while their elders exult in the honors paid them by the young, and delight to recall the deeds of olden times, and take pleasure in doing well the deeds of the present; through me they are friends of the gods and beloved by their friends and honored each in his own country. And when the end appointed by fate comes, they lie not down unhonored and forgotten, but are remembered in all time to come and flourish in song and story. By going through such labors, my dear Heracles, child of noble parents, it is within your power to have the most blessed good-fortune."

Such substantially is the account that Prodicus gives of the education of Heracles by Virtue. He, however, clothed his thoughts in far more splendid language than I now do. It, therefore, becomes you, Aristippus, to lay these things to heart and to endeavor in some measure to take thought also for the coming years of your life.

*Xen. Mem. Bk. II., ch. i, 21-34.*

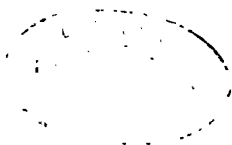
## APPENDIX II.

**PEREGRINUS**, §§ 11-13. At this time also he made himself proficient in the marvelous wisdom of the Christians by keeping company, around about Palestine, with their priests and scribes. Yes, and would you believe it?—in a short time he made them out to be mere children in comparison with himself, who united in his own person alone the offices of prophet, master of ceremonies, head of the synagogue, and everything. And of their books he explained and interpreted some, and many he himself also wrote, and they came to look upon him as a god, made him their law-giver and chose him as their patron. At all events, they still worship that extraordinary man, who was crucified in Palestine for introducing into the world this new religious sect.

Just about this time Peregrinus Proteus was seized on this account and thrown into prison, which very circumstance procured for him no small honor during his subsequent career and the reputation for wonderful powers, and the popularity of which he was passionately fond. However, now that he had been put in bonds, the Christians, looking upon the thing as a misfortune, left no stone unturned in their efforts to secure his release. Then, when this proved to be impracticable, they all the time zealously rendered him ministries of every other sort. From earliest dawn aged widows and orphan children were to be seen waiting at the door of the prison; and men of rank among them even obtained the privilege of sleeping with him within by bribing the prison guards. Then they were wont to bring in all manner of viands and read their sacred Scriptures, and our most excellent Peregrinus—for that was still his name—was dubbed by them a new Socrates.

Moreover, there came certain even from the cities of Asia, sent by the Christians at the common charge, to

help the man, and advocate his cause, and comfort him. They exhibit extraordinary activity, whenever some such thing occurs affecting their common interest. In short, they are lavish of everything. And what is more, on the pretext of his imprisonment, many contributions of money from them came to Peregrinus at that time, and he made no little income out of it. Why, these poor wretches have persuaded themselves that they are going to be every whit immortal and live forever; wherefore they both despise death and voluntarily devote themselves to it—the most of them. Moreover, their first law-giver persuaded them that they all are brethren one of another, when once they come out and reject the gods of the Greeks, and worship that crucified sophist and live according to his requirements. Therefore they esteem all things alike as of small account, and regard their property as common, having received such ideas from others, without any adequate basis for their faith. If, then, any cheat came among them and a trickster able to manage things, in a very short time he got ever so rich, laughing in his sleeve at these unsophisticated folk.















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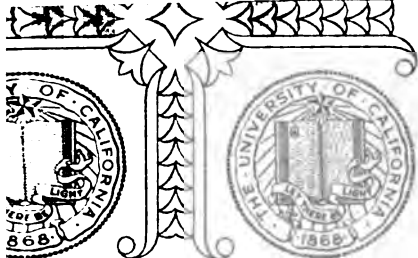
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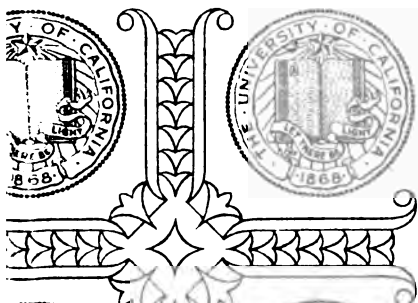


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